

THREE WORLDS LOST

The History of
MU, LEMURIA, and ATLANTIS

by

Denny
Highben

Based on the Deep Catatonic Trances
of
William Allen LePar

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For more about William LePar and The Council visit -
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The Awakening

For many decades psychic William Allen LePar has been nationally acclaimed for the array of psychic abilities he exhibits, particularly the Deep Catatonic Trance, a remarkable and rare phenomenon even for the realm of the paranormal.

While in the Deep Catatonic Trance, a gathering of 12 highly evolved spiritual entities known as The Council speak through Mr. LePar, providing our world with an incomparable and abundant supply of spiritual information. More than just a psychic ("a unique and distinct personality in the world of psychic phenomenon," said a professor of psychology from a major university), Mr. LePar has been referred to as a modern mystic by many of those who have encountered him.

Mr. LePar exhibited his psychic abilities quite early in life, but society's traditional reaction to such an unsettling aspect of human potential caused him to repress his gifts until adulthood. A series of unusual events triggered the state of Deep Trance, a dimension Mr. LePar had never before experienced, and he found himself catapulted back into the psychic world. For several years he conducted Deep Trance sessions privately while publicly doing psychometry, inspirational speaking, and psychic counseling.

Convinced that The Council's information held tremendous constructive potential for our troubled world, Mr. LePar in the mid-1970's invited others to share in the experience. SOL, a non-profit organization, was established to handle all aspects of preserving and disseminating the Trance Information. The organization developed a complex computer network to facilitate its duties. The Council delivered well over two million words of material. Among its many responsibilities, SOL coordinated Research Group inquiries into new topics of investigation at Trance sessions, currently operates a speakers' bureau for appearances by SOL Associates, has a membership program that provides participants with library files of verbatim Council transcripts and a frequently updated website - www.WilliamLePar.com.

Through the years, Mr. LePar's presentations on aspects of spiritual and psychic development as well as on The Council's profound information have been enthusiastically received across the country. He was in constant demand, and lectured and led workshops at colleges and universities, and for organizations such as Spiritual Frontiers Fellowship, REST, the Western Reserve Awareness Conference, Star Stream Cosmic Experience, the Human Development Center, and various chapters of Aquarian Age Encounter. The subject of uncounted newspaper and magazine articles, Mr. LePar also

appeared on many local and syndicated radio and television shows and permitted television taping of Trance sessions for broadcast.

In addition to his myriad activities, Mr. LePar worked with writers investigating The Council's material and has authored the books *Meditation: A Definitive Study*, *Controlling the Creative Process in You: Androgyny*, *Spiritual Harvest: Discourses on the Path to Fulfillment and Life After Death: A New Revelation*.

An Introduction to The Council

The Council has often referred to themselves as "spiritual beings." We must remember that this is a very elusive term and can mean something far greater than what we normally have been taught to understand as a "spiritual being."

In our finite minds we look upon spiritual beings as living beings confined in similar manners as we in the physical, and this is not the case with some levels beyond the physical. But in this expanded description of themselves (The Council), we begin to realize that there are levels that we can reach as spiritual beings that far surpass our present concepts.

Respectfully, I submit for your edification The Council's own personal description of themselves.

The Council Speaks of Themselves

"After a soul or an entity has accomplished a certain level or degree of perfection, through whatever system that is the ruling belief system of that time, then the individual or the soul or the entity is elevated to a level wherein it is not necessary for reincarnation. Once entering the spiritual realms without the need to reincarnate, a growth period is undergone. Many steps of awareness or many levels of awareness are accomplished, many degrees of elevation, many degrees of perfection; until finally the soul or the entity has evolved into a state where there are no levels, no degrees, but begins to expand in love and awareness to the point where there is a total mergence or merging with other beings, where all ideas of limitations, all awarenesses of false limitations, have been done away with. Where the

person or the soul or the entity then begins to realize its true unlimitedness and in that begins to expand greater and greater and greater, interweaving more delicately and more closely with all others and all other things, and in so doing grows closer to the Divine Himself.

"Once a soul or an entity has reached this level, then they are in union with others, total union, yet completely individual, and yet completely united. This soul, this entity, has his own personality, yet delicately flows in and out and with the other souls but yet maintains its own personality, its own being. The soul, the entity, becomes more god-like in that it becomes a part of all things, yet maintains its own personality, its own being.

"Once a soul has reached this level, then there is no name, there is no body as you would recognize or understand, but a more complete and unlimited Child of God; one who is so developed that no name could ever describe him.

"That is the existence we live in, and if you wish to use confining and restricting terminologies as levels, then we would have to say that is the level we exist in. In all of mankind's history this level has never before spoken in the physical plane.

"Even though we refer to ourselves as 'spiritual beings,' we use such statements only to give all who have come to us some idea to relate to, or some concept that they can relate to."

Prologue

Something was different, the being thought. It had a sense, an indistinct, shallow, lingering sense...

The being did not know what was different, or even if that thought was accurate, for the apparent awareness was virtually gone before it occurred, as the being moved on across the land.

The animals of the woodland knew what was different, only to them it seemed quite a natural, welcome blessing. Many of the godforce were

sharing more with them, becoming an ever more fulfilling part of their existence. This was another loving presence, vaguely familiar to many of the animals but very intense in its loving relationship with some of the larger creatures, the ones that possessed a playful countenance and a dazzling speed. They would make lightning quick jaunts through the woods and over the meadows, even amazing themselves with their swiftness, and this particular godforce would be right beside them; a distinct and powerful presence, always joyous and giving, loving and inspiring. The being moved towards a pair of the swift creatures, lying together; their eyes focused in its direction while it was far off. That disturbed the being in a most curious way, but still it was such a vague turbulence that it carried no significance. After interaction with creatures, knowing their special purity and enhancing, in a careful and deliberate creation, their means to become even greater, the being left to once again explore what was understood to be the waters on this place of creativity for the countless kindred.

It was especially fond of waters, finding much pleasure in perceiving waters in all its facets. Waters was different at different stages of its service to the realm. When contained within the hollow path for so much distance, it was mostly smooth and deep and somehow soothing to perceive. And the being found that it enjoyed the manner in which waters was expressed through the light spectrum. Here, in the hollow path, it often expressed the light spectrum as did leaves and grass at the height of their splendor. At another place the being had been, where the birds and creatures were very different, the waters in its awesome length and breadth reflected the endless space above the land.

The being moved along the waters' hollow path, as it had done so often in this region, until it came to the great break. There, the land dropped away and the waters rushed over the edge in a foaming, splashing display of energy. The being moved through that waters, as it had done so often before. Then it stopped. Something was different. The waters did not react the same. The waters caused something to happen that the being did not comprehend. It was as though the waters moved almost as it always did, but at the same time brushed against something as it brushed against the land. But that something had to be, had to be the being.

It was a most curious perception to the being, as though it was there, within the rushing waters, in a different way than ever before. It could almost perceive that it was interacting with the water dimensionally, as the creatures did with all the aspects of the creative realm. It contemplated this curiosity for some period, after moving from the waters to a place where the full glory of the sun could be perceived upon the open land.

There it perceived what was different as it studied the light pattern before it. The light from the sun was not touching the land directly before the being as it did around the being. The absence of light was not nearly as great coming from behind the being as when it came from behind trees and animals, but there was a degree of absence.

The being realized. It was becoming more closely related to this realm. It had tarried to a new point, a different perspective. And much, it was now realizing, was vaguely different.

Chapter 1 - Impending Storms

The explosive flash BANG! of the suddenly brewing storm startled Uhnimer, yanking him from a mood as deep and brooding as the darkened skies. The disruptions, of his focus and of the electro-magnetic attunements, caused his transport to jerk spasmodically and slow to a stop as the thunder's reverberation rolled across the lands before him.

Uhnimer began to refocus, so the sleek, small craft would again proceed. But something told him to wait. He was anxious to return to the village, to the comfort and intimacy of like souls. Investigation was a duty he accepted out of love, and he had been masterful at it for seasons uncountable, but it was a duty he never enjoyed. Through all the seasons, the ever darkening and treacherous seasons, investigation was an increasingly draining service.

Atlantis had seen darkened times before, he knew, but in these days new ground was being covered. The community's chronicler had similar conclusions, and his were built on his knowledge of the past, as well as on his senses. Uhnimer felt a twinge of weariness at those thoughts, and was even more anxious to be within the community.

Something told him to wait.

The wind whipped the tree limbs above him and threw leaves about in a frenzy. Brilliant flash and immediate BOOM began to follow one upon another in quick succession. Uhnimer allowed the travel field he created for propulsion to dissipate, so he could fully experience the beauty of the storm. His hair and robes were tossed about and he had to clench the rim of the transport's hull to keep his footing, such was the strength of the gusts. He closed his eyes and simply felt. It was refreshing, although he realized he could not enjoy it completely. The other elders awaited his observations from Bargmord, and the time had arrived for another mission to the encampment. This one would carry additional significance for Uhnimer because his twin sons, Pulon and Mahtha, would be among the young men making their initial journey as part of the Rites of Growth.

"Father of Light, please strengthen Pulon," Uhnimer prayed silently, as soon as the thought of his sons entered his mind. As he prayed, he focused his mind on Pulon, seeing the young man united with a field of pure white energy, standing straight and noble. The storm danced wildly about him and hurled great blasts of wind upon him, but so deep was his focus that Uhnimer was untouched.

"Thus, so be it, Father," he concluded. A pulse of creation shot upward and out, so powerful it momentarily drained him of physical strength. In that moment Uhnimer regretted that all his requests of The Creator were not as intense. There was no reason except that, like most other Sons of Light, he confessed that not all concerns stirred him as greatly as they should. That fact he accepted as a facet within his being that was requiring refinement.

Pulon's welfare was something that stirred him greatly. He detected a weakness in Pulon, something undefined and something the boy's mother or other villagers did not see. He was a good boy, an obedient son, yet something about him caused concern for Uhnimer. He was not at all accustomed to such uncertainty and he found that, in itself, was a source of turbulence.

At that moment he tried to quantify, to measure, the feeling about his son — yet another effort to detect validity or error in his observations. He loved the boy so very much. The feeling was constant but vague and far in the back of his awareness, like a faded and blurred memory of some minor unpleasantness of ages ago. It was different, and not as strong, as the feeling that kept Uhnimer there...

In a snap he was back, attentive to the feeling. No rain had fallen but the mighty electrical storm intensified. What was it? Why was he waiting? He was not as accustomed to having the sensitivity as were his brothers.

Uhnimer stepped out of the transport and, with a minor focus, caused it to hum lightly and raise a few inches off the ground. He pushed gently, guiding the craft back into the trees. He had been following the edge of the forest, where long ago man cut away the growth for fields to till. The fields were abandoned years before, and were today high with wild grasses. Now that he was zeroing in on whatever caused him to stop his journey, he knew he had to conceal the transport. With the craft well inside the sanctuary of the trees, he carefully rolled it over and withdrew his focus. It settled onto its open top, so the inside would remain dry.

At first he stood quiet and still, again ignoring nature's fury about him. The rains began driving hard, creating silvery sheets that crashed into the fields and quickly penetrated the canopy of leaves above him. Uhnimer was drenched in a moment, but he was not concerned. He began to walk deeper into the woods, following his sense that something needed to be observed. The pace quickened as his eyes narrowed into a squint from concentration.

Many minutes passed before he came to a clearing in the woods, at the bottom of a long, slow rise. A chill of fear gripped him, but he had to continue. A few moments' walk to the left, at the edge of the rise, and he found what his senses had detected.

Rainwater streaked down his face, blurring his sight. The storm rose in crescendo, as though the thunder/lightning was locked in final, furious combat with itself. Uhnimer knelt down to examine the gruesome scene before him: mangled remnants of a human leg, and some bits of other flesh

and shreds of deep red cloth. So hard was the rain that he watched for several seconds as the pale, bare leg was simultaneously washed and splattered with mud.

There was so much blood at the site that much of it still stained the soupy earth, in spite of the downpour. The scene sickened Uhnimer. He stood up and studied the surroundings. The area was bare of covering in that particular spot, which apparently had long been used as an overnight stop or a ceremonial location. A number of cut stones, now scattered, were visible. But he was interested in looking for different clues to solve a different question. He quickly saw two large prints not yet washed away by the storm. They led away, across the grassy field and into the woods.

Uhnimer found it took effort to control his fear. He had never before been so close to one of the fearsome monstrosities. They were relatively few in all of Atlantis, and none had been known in this region for years. He rubbed his fingers along the edge of the nearest footprint, which was quickly vanishing in the torrent. The thing had to be an old one, he realized; maybe 20, 25 feet in total length. He muttered to himself, "What a colossal, horrible monstrosity upon our shoulders!"

This person must have been totally consumed in some fashion of activity, Uhnimer thought, to have been so totally consumed by the monster. He chuckled at the inadvertent joke and immediately felt badly about it. He was weakened to such unkind humor by the conclusion this victim was not a follower of the Law of One. From the location, the cut stone, and the particular color of the cloth fragments, he was certain the person was of Belial's legions. And they were the persecutors of Uhnimer's people. But, still, he knew his reaction was ungodly. A brother is a brother, even if he is of a cruel persuasion.

"Whoever was the unfortunate soul," he prayed, "grant him peace, guide him to self-respect, and allow him entrance into eternal joy and liberation from these bonds. Forgive me, and thus so be it, Creator." The released pulse of creation was, like the one moments before, very intense. Uhnimer was truly sorry.

The time had come to go. The monster was certainly of the variety krukssk, which was the most violent and most resistant to any moderating human influence. The krukssk was truly a monster that knew nothing but a constantly erupting need to destroy —not to kill to satisfy hunger but just to destroy, especially the hu`man because of an animalistic hatred that it rightly had for humans.

The attack had been recent, Uhnimer knew. The krukssk was near. That was why it was time to go. He did not want to encounter it; and he had to warn the village. This new development would add one more aspect of danger to the mission.

The young men, he surmised as he moved swiftly to the transport, may grow up faster than we want.

Journey

Prepare, reader, to "soar into worlds unknown."

If that phrase is somehow familiar to you, it is for a reason. The time will come later in this effort to discuss the origin of the phrase. For now, if it has pricked a slumbering memory far, far in the back of your mind, one which you can't quite identify, all the better.

"Soar into worlds unknown" — it has just the right double-edged quality. You are, indeed, about to set off on such a journey; and, as you take this journey, you may experience the whisper of a moment, of an event, etched delicately into your own personal history. Such little treasures are with us always, and they drift harmlessly in the vast expanse of our beings, usually without notice. But every now and then our consciousness will be focused on some unusual course, one very much out of the ordinary paths of our awareness. We will sail into the path of that long-forgotten event, floating just below the surface of our present, in the realm of our virtually boundless and bottomless past. And the two will meet: What was that? That noise, that fluctuation? Something real or imagined?

You will wonder, but you will not happen upon a conclusive answer. You will wonder, and perhaps feel a mild irritation because you cannot even remember what it is you are trying to remember the details about. Or why. You will only know that there is a mystery within, one which you didn't ask for but one you would like very much to solve: Was it a compliment unpaid? A kiss? A curious look from a stranger? An oddly phrased passage in an old book that inflicted a twinge of melancholy, because that phrase scraped over the surface of a moment floating just beneath the surface of that day, so long ago, when you read it? Was it something you hardly noticed just a week ago, a month ago? Is that why you can't place it? Or was it years ago?

Yes, you may wonder if that elusive, teasing turbulence within your being belongs to the you of many years ago. But, normally, you would never wonder: Has it drifted into this time and space from many lifetimes ago?

We are taught to think in terms of one life, one time, one world, one universe, one reality. But there is more. Listen to The Council, speaking about our state as individual entities:

The Council:

"Regardless of what words we choose, what examples we choose, it is hard to conceive of one unit still made up of many, many, many levels. It is hard for even those who firmly believe in reincarnation to understand the massive effect that all the lifetimes have on you who are here right now, you who must act in the world right now, you who must show a godly love to the world right now. You are not aware of all those levels; you are not aware of all your lifetimes."

The immensely more narrow view — let us call it the Contemporary Focus — is convenient, and in some respects necessary, for the orderly and efficient conduct of human affairs. After all, why take a trip with cumbersome and excess baggage? The Council says we should in fact be grateful that, in this experience, we do not have a complete picture of our own personal, individual, reality. If we did, The Council remarked:

The Council:

"You would be overwhelmed. You would become totally unfunctionable. That is how magnificent each of you are."

But within so many of us, an aspect of our human spirit rebels at a restrictive understanding of our reality, thus establishing an inner struggle. It is because we have to function efficiently here, in the earth manifestation, that our awareness of what lies beyond this manifestation is limited. Yet, because we are "magnificent entities," as The Council said, it is only natural that we yearn to know more.

Our quest to go beyond the confines of the narrow Contemporary Focus has as its greatest ally the enduring fortress of religion, which promotes the existence of, and refuge in, a higher power. A religious belief system is something that virtually all of us, now and in the history that mankind accepts, have at least been introduced to, if not inculcated with. The same intellectually polished minds that ridicule personal journeys beyond the Contemporary Focus - such as inquiries into our greater nature – also often cluck that religion is an invention to shelter the weak from blunt fact. But religion often assails the seeker from another front. If it cannot jam the round pegs of our curiosity into the square holes of its particular dogma, then our curiosity is discounted as ignorance or condemned as dangerous heresy.

Perhaps religion, as designed and practiced by mankind, and the intellectual structure (Contemporary Focus) upon which we operate both fear losing a measure of control. That is a cornerstone fact, the recognition of which is necessary for the construction of greater undemanding: Individuals and institutions naturally desire complete control over their own fate.

Uncertainty is simply not accepted. The uncertainty of tomorrow is constantly being destroyed either by eliminating it through preemptive actions (never admitting such actions are not foolproof) or – and this is now as natural to man as breathing - by simply ignoring the existence of uncertainty.

The problem of desiring complete control, to nullify uncertainty, emerges when that control extends over others. Since it is an institution of and through mankind, religion is often an instrument of abuse in the exercise of

control. At least though, religion has as its primary concern what it describes as the eternal condition of the human soul.

The narrowly defined Contemporary Focus, however, really has no such concern; and its suppression of uncertainty is not just to promote certain efficiencies in the practice of life. It also serves the less noble purposes of those who would be power brokers over man and material. In one fashion or another, to a degree mild or severe, that includes us all because we all desire control over our own situations and destinies. The Contemporary Focus allows us, in any number or in any constitution, to ignore the control which religion would put upon us — the restrictions of a moral standard.

Hence, those of us who feel deep within that there is more to know, that there is more to experience, are between the proverbial rock and hard place. We strain to break free with our probing, but the weight of convention — secular and religious — is great and it is constant. Many make it for a spell; few make it, unscathed, for long.

The weight of convention is heaped upon us because those who would manipulate others, for golden purpose or for selfish gain, want no little whispers from beyond the all-encompassing present. For those little whispers weaken control. If we have lived before, if there are universes beyond universes, if past experiences stretch out behind us in an immeasurable wake, then there must be more to us than convention says. Therefore convention, be it the forces of Contemporary Focus or the religion concerned with our well-being, would lose its exclusive rights to our attention, and lose its ability to define the borders of our awareness (in other words, its control over us).

That, reader, is the purpose for the journey upon which you have embarked: to learn more about the entities that we are. We are going to visit Atlantis, approaching her from a new and previously unknown angle, just as daring mountaineers make a greater conquest out of a challenging peak by taking a previously unused course. We will also proceed even further back, to the land of Lemuria and, before her, to the land of Mu.

Our goal is to see, and to understand, that there is more to us than what we are credited with by conventional wisdom. Some of the specifics are not pretty, but the overall conclusion will be this: Mankind, and each of us individually, has complete and marvelous control over his tomorrow. There is no uncertainty, save how he will choose to exercise that control.

So, if you are one who is of such constitution that you must go beyond today's shallow explanations of the cosmos, prepare for a journey both exciting and rewarding. If you have no reason to hide from the truth, prepare to discover much that will amaze, and much that will open new frontiers for your exploration and contemplation.

The world in which we live, finally, may begin to make sense.

Perspectives

Uhnimer's world is Atlantis, well before what we will discover was the first period of destruction. We shall visit him and his time, to more fully grasp the nature of our world before our version of history began being played out upon it. Material provided by The Council is the framework upon which the stories of Uhnimer and his people are constructed. The incorporated elements, such as the transport craft and the "krukssk" monster which we have already encountered, will all be explained in the detailed presentations of The Council's material.

And who or what, precisely, is The Council? It is a union of 12 souls who have answered a request, a plea, from the material world. The Council comes to us through the rarest paranormal phenomenon of today, the Deep Catatonic Trance of William Allen LePar. In one sense, the souls of The Council are extending a strong hand to those in our world who need that assistance today. But in a larger sense, they are constructing a fortress of insight that is available to all who come tomorrow.

Mankind, from a higher level of his being, has asked: Who are we? How did we come to this condition? What awaits us? The age for us to be made aware of these things has come. The Council is providing the answers. Before we proceed, preview what you will learn about yourself.

The Council:

"You are such an intricate piece of creation that man's most advanced computer, in fact, if the world is here as you understand it in a thousand years, the most advanced computer at that time will not even begin to be able to function as marvelously as you can right now. In fact, man will never create a computer as complicated, as magnificent, and as capable, as you are right now."

We will learn more of The Council in a later chapter. Now, let's return to Uhnimer.

Chapter 2 Preparing the Way

The storm grew in ferocity, turning the usually tranquil woods into a wild and nightmarish place. Uhnimer bent and twisted against the raging winds, dodging tree branches that danced insanely and sometimes crashed to the ground. With the sky blackened, it was midnight dark in the woods and knowing that the krukssk was lurking about filled Uhnimer with apprehension.

Each flash of lightning illuminated a dozen giant and ghastly shapes that could have been the beast. Each BOOM or KEERAAACK of thunder could have been its bellow. Uhnimer's pace quickened and he had to invest greater effort to maintain his composure. He could not remember anything to compare with that trek back through the woods.

Finally, thoroughly soaked and physically and emotionally disheveled, he reached the concealed transport. A moment's strong concentration and it slowly rose from the ground, to the height of Uhnimer's waist. He knelt and crawled under the protection of the shell-shaped craft. Immediately, it began to descend. He quieted himself, focused more upon the craft and it stabilized.

With all the interference from the storm, not to mention the discomfort and danger it presented, and with the krukssk roaming about, he would have just as soon allowed the transport to settle around him. He would be safe and

dry, and could genuinely rest. He was weary, but the villagers awaited his return. Still, he waited just a few minutes in the hope the torrent would at least subside.

It did, just as he was about to give up and proceed. The investigator swiftly rose from under the transport, turned it over in midair, and easily pushed it to the edge of the woods. He carefully scanned the fields and the tree line, searching for any evidence of another soul or any evidence of the krukssk. If there is one, Uhnimer suddenly thought, there may be more than one. One krukssk is rare, two or more hunting together would be even more rare; but it was not unheard of.

Without further hesitation he entered the transport, knelt down to be as concealed as possible from all eyes, and glided along under the boughs of the tree line.

Eyes were focused on Uhnimer's course, and they were not the eyes of a krukssk.

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Atlantis, in Uhnimer's time, had uncounted ages before it. It would not be unreasonable, however, to assume that most Atlanteans thought little of such matters as the future. Nor would the bulk of our brothers and sisters back then have cared anything about how much experience man had already gained in the physical world. For, in many respects, they were not much different from mankind today and we, by and large, have other things on our minds. Regardless of the historical age or the society's level of advancement, scant few of us have been disposed to investing significant time wondering about tomorrow and yesterday.

The desire for security, peace and harmony, or the desire for wealth, power and control have filled most of mankind's attention since the beginning of his involvement with the earth. It is the friction between those two perspectives for life that has propelled us through time and to the place we are today, trying to remember where we have been. And why.

Atlantis, in Uhnimer's time, was already an old world; one that long before had emerged pre-eminent upon this minuscule sphere floating in the boundlessness of space. But its position on this planet was not due in any way to a superior intellect or spirit or character of its people. Atlantis became the dominant civilization by default, by the crumbling of what came before it. And her people were originally refugees, either seeking a sanctuary from the dangers of man or the dangers of nature. Atlantis began initially blessed and burdened with the products of yesterday, in what man had accomplished within himself and within the world.

And man had much more opportunity before Uhnimer's age...

"When Mu was in its glory," The Council once summarized, "THAT was the world; when Lemuria was in its glory, THAT was the world; and when Atlantis was in her glory, THAT was the world."

We have observed, in our view back into the mists of time, a vehicle powered by the mind of Uhnimer. That such a vehicle existed, that such a power existed among men, is not why that is among the first elements from The Council material brought forth in this book. It has surfaced now, at this early stage of our journey, to emphasize how much man had already lost by the time of Uhnimer.

The Council:

"This [type of energy] is probably the last real manifestation of the qualities of your true being ... [using] a crutch more than anything else, mechanical devices or small boxes that would contain crystals or quartz that could amplify the minute mind energies so that there would be an easier mode of using these energies, or a stronger mode for using these energies, to do specific jobs....

"As far as the flying machines or those that traveled across or under the water, there were central units that were part of the construction of the machine itself that contained quartz, crystals, what have you. They were capable of intensifying the electrical patterns that were projected, or in their natural existing pathways, and converting this into power or motion for propulsion. It was basically the electromagnetic field that was used."

The ability to "think up" energy! Imagine what freedom, what improvements in life, such a power could bring to every soul upon the earth. To begin with, realize that it would eliminate much cause of conflict between nations. In early 1991, remember, thousands of Iraqi and Kuwaiti citizens and several hundred allied soldiers died in a war that had oil as its point of contention. Incredible amounts of sorrow and grief, anger and hatred, were created just from that one situation, which was a relatively puny war as wars go on this planet. The direct environmental damage from burning oil wells was still being inflicted upon the peoples of the region, and upon us all, many months after the bombing stopped, and that will influence the atmosphere and weather conditions for centuries, as indicated by The Council.

Greater freedom and improved life for all — that's one of four basic thoughts or responses that can quickly come to mind when we think of having an ability equal to Uhnimer's. It is the most noble. It is the one that best reflects mankind's true nature, the examination of which is one of the primary reasons for this journey. Call it Brotherly Love.

The other three are: 1) Cynical Resignation as in, "No way would the governments and conglomerates of the world allow people to have that much power"; 2) Acute Materialism as in, "Such a drastic change would destroy the economy"; and 3) Absolute Denial as in, "The whole idea is a crock. Man never had such power and never will. It's impossible."

That any of those three would occur before or with a response of Brotherly Love is a symptom of what ails mankind. They are the result of acquired attitudes, not the result of our natural being. They point directly at a critical lack of trust in ourselves.

That ailment, the multi-faceted lack of trust in ourselves, has been a catalyst for all the fearful consequences with which we contend today. The bottom line is, we are ignoring what would become obvious with a modicum of reflection. Of course, that reflection will strain and finally break through the restrictive view of reality which is a vital component in maintaining the status quo.

It would be easy to say that such attitudes were acquired for good reason. The proof is in the pudding, so to speak, and: 1) we all know of the power wielded by government-business; 2) we all know if so vast an area of the productive sector is shut down, drastic consequences will roll out across the economic landscape like a tidal wave; and 3) we all know mankind has been progressing, not regressing, through time and we know it is scientifically impossible to create even a perpetual motion machine, let alone motion-at-will with no fuel and virtually no machinery.

But to simply accept those attitudes as a natural response to the conditions around us is rationalization. And rationalization is a great adversary to improvements in the condition of individuals or of societies. For improvement means change and change, as we understand it, means a degree of uncertainty. We would rather contend with conditions much less than ideal than to admit a better situation is attainable and embark on a course of action to achieve that improvement, because that would necessitate a degree of uncertainty.

We dislike uncertainty because we don't have trust in ourselves, in who and what we are. Our dislike is intensified because we are creatures of habit, which becomes something of a problem within a problem. The Council has described our involvement with the physical world as a habit of the soul. We find it difficult to break a variety of small habits, which is the most obvious way to begin recovering a trust in ourselves that would lead to breaking the bigger habits, and on and upward.

Mankind is usually propelled to action, to risk creating uncertainty or to risk breaking a habit, for one of two reasons. When the ill effects of the status quo become so painful that they are worse than any uncertainty, we will cast them off or die trying. When we are somehow convinced by outside forces (from advertising to charismatic leaders) that there is definite improvement waiting at the other end of a course of action, then we will move. In that case, there seems to be no uncertainty because the outside force convinced us so (true or not).

Even with such external pressure, however, there must exist one of two conditions within each individual to bring about the certain risk of

uncertainty for the sake of change. Either there is a great deal of dissatisfaction or a strong streak of greed present. With the first, we know a satisfied customer doesn't complain. When satisfaction reigns, an occasional spark is harmless because there is no powder in the keg.

The second, greed, has been the more exercised of the two conditions throughout history. Satisfaction never seems to be found through that avenue, but that conclusion has always had little influence on the next round of mankind's decision-making. To see the emptiness of greed requires a broad and objective view of cause and effect through history. Such a view has never been one of man's strong points, even with help. In the fable of the dog and the bone, for instance, the dog was crossing a bridge with a bone in his mouth when he saw his reflection in the water. But he thought it was a larger dog with a larger bone in its mouth. He was sufficiently greedy to discard his own bone and attempt to swipe the big one, only to wind up with no bone at all, and all wet for his troubles. If the pooch had been a man, he would have done the same thing over and over again.

Our world is approaching a new millennium. It doesn't appear to be as significant an event to humanity as some believe it should be. It has not achieved that special status because the investment of anything resembling significant time and effort on such materially non-productive and non-entertaining subjects goes against the habit of man. Dwelling on such ethereal notions can, after all, incite an inner desire for change. At a deep level of our awareness, buried under layers of earthly involvements, we know that.

And yet mankind as a whole should also realize, at that deep level, that a new millennium is a very significant event for our awareness. At this time great dissatisfaction with the status quo is evident. Perhaps it is even greater than at any moment in our history. Will it lead to wholesale casting off of the status quo? Will it lead to a great rallying behind an idea, or behind a clever and magnetic leader? Look over the world, over man's immense variety of societies and activities. You will see that both have started, and both can be treacherous.

Or will this dissatisfaction lead instead to more inner searching, to more reflection on the nature of the human identity? If that is to be the case, understanding our roots is essential. So, too, is it essential that the acquired attitudes we have touched on at least be recognized for what they are. Let's do that now:

Cynical resignation? An attitude those who seek wealth, power and control want the rest of mankind to develop. If we believe there are earthly powers we must fear, powers that are too great for us to overcome, powers that will not allow us certain benefits and freedoms, then we're far less likely to even try obtaining those benefits. It is a fact that there are men in power over us, men hidden behind the facade of business and government. Such was the case even before the dawn of recorded history. Remember Uhnimer's transport? It had a built-in unit containing a crystal that amplified his mind energy.

The Council:

"Earlier, small contraptions or machines or apparatuses were carried upon individuals [to power vehicles], but as this gave too much power to the masses, then they were restricted for the elite or the ruling class."

At the time of our story, a few transports were still in the hands of the people, especially those Sons of Light who had substantially withdrawn from major population areas for self-preservation. But it was considered prudent to keep them concealed, thus Uhnimer took precautions not to let his people's transport be spotted.

The next acquired attitude on our list was Acute Materialism. Without getting into great and boring detail, suffice it to say that we have become more materialistic as time has passed. Why? Because the availability of more material possessions meant another avenue to increased wealth, power and control for somebody. We have been convinced that man cannot live by bread alone, because he also needs the latest clothes, two cars and a gold card.

Look back at the so-called Dark Ages. The church was the dominant force in Western life. The Roman Empire (at least that phase of it) had collapsed and

the church filled the governmental void as well as addressing spiritual needs. That is not a healthy condition in itself. But were the Crusades really launched to free the Holy Land from the infidel? Or were they inspired by the few of property and means to tap a vein of commerce, something Europe longed for? The scenario: A few Crusades, renewed commercial activity, and lands begin to be consolidated; nations and empires spring up where fiefdoms and kingdoms once stood; secular governments develop, and the church begins to lose its influence. With commerce picking up, non-Christians are used to get around the religious prohibition against usury; but banking - an avenue of control through the manipulation of currency - is such a sweetheart of a deal, the Christian movers and shakers of the day can't pass it up. They eventually get their way, and the seeds of the modern economic life are planted.

Finally, the third acquired attitude from our list: Absolute Denial. This one will take more attention. It will also serve as our gateway to the past, where we'll meet our ancestors and ourselves.

Time, Ally of Denial

It is said that once you learn to ride a bicycle, you never forget. That may be true, but I personally know it takes a few tries at riding to remember. And, somehow, being much bigger upward and outward, much older and considerably less flexible, it is not the same. The body and the mind, uninvolved with the bipedal device for a period of time, grew unaccustomed to it. The proper amount of attention to remastering the task will bring results accepted as satisfactory, but the relationship still won't be the same.

And, in this admittedly silly analogy of the bicycle, we are talking a span of a few decades. Thirty years later, an individual can still ride a bicycle, but there are easily discernible differences. In the march of history as we know it, 30 years is hardly a step. Recognizing the differences between riding a bike at 10 and riding a bike at 40 is relatively easy. But there is fantastic change in short spans of history that we don't recognize. We live daily with small, barely perceptible, changes that in the course of a generation will have changed a significant element of our lives. It is rather like being

administered poison in small doses. You don't realize anything is wrong until you are sick, and then you are dead.

In those same few decades that I was becoming a stranger to the bicycle, the way we are has changed considerably. We are still, in this country, Americans; at least in name. We still love cars and vacations, sports and shopping. We still, by and large, put in a day's work for a day's pay. But we are so much different. Technology has wrought incredible change, true, but even more important is the difference in the way we think and the way our thoughts come to life in our actions. There is a deep, and in many respects justifiable, disillusionment with our institutions from government to business to church to education. Thirty years ago, in the early 1960's, this condition was barely discernible compared to the early 1990's. Hence, cynicism and apathy.

Divorce, for example, is commonplace today; in fact, much of the so-called civilized world practices serial monogamy. In the early 1960's, 30 years ago, divorce was rare and shocking.

And, 30 years ago, no one was so disrespectful of society in general to slap a bumper sticker on the car that says, "Don't Like My Driving? Dial 1-800-EAT S**T!"

Anyone can come up with a list of how the components of a quality life have deteriorated in the past generation. But the effort would take just that, effort; and it would require a degree of sensitivity to the change because the change has been subtle, in small doses. Modern man has simply never been much interested in the former. Additionally, he has been losing his sensitivity by incrementally developing a callousness to tolerate the small doses of deterioration. Why? Because we don't like bucking the system. After all, that could mean change.

Here we are, in the 1990's, and at best we can faintly remember what it felt like back then. If we have witnessed such change in 30 years, how much different was man, in the way he thought of himself and in the way he viewed the world, 100 years ago? Five hundred years ago? Can we

understand today, 500 years after Christopher Columbus journeyed into the unknown, how he thought?

Think of the greatest bit of exploration of this century and that of 500 years earlier. When Neil Armstrong landed on the moon, he called it a giant leap for mankind. He had plenty of time to think of what to say at that historic moment, knowing that it would be recorded immediately and be remembered for as long as man cares about discovery. He, in essence, credited man's technological prowess with the achievement. After Columbus's journey, the true significance of which he was still unaware, he wrote that he was certain the idea he could sail to the Indies was the Lord's doing.

We're not here contrasting the two men so much as the two periods of human endeavor and how mankind in general thought of his world. Armstrong was perched at the very summit of achievement by science and technology; that is, how man applied himself to mastering his world. So, too, was Columbus. He was intelligent, educated and well-equipped for his day. He may have even had a little more in the bravery department, but that is open to debate. (Personally, I wouldn't volunteer for either trip.)

Five hundred years ago, much knowledge was still hidden from man in his ignorance. Nobody walked around saying, "Boy, are we IGNORANT!" and the peoples of those times did confidently advance conclusions and explanations for the world about them. Their men of wisdom were certain in their knowledge, and woe be it to anyone who challenged them.

Nonetheless, much that was not understood was ascribed to the personal domain of God, and accepting that conclusion was an element of the enlightenment of the times. So a foray into those areas was tantamount to tampering with His personal library, so to speak. That would create a stir not unlike telling the learned heads of the day that they were wrong.

And that is not unlike today. Try, for example, telling the masters of science and public health that you think massive fluoridation of water systems may be unhealthy. You will be overrun by hordes of well-dressed and finger-waving folks with rows of initials behind their names. No one likes to be

wrong, especially when their personal identity and reputation is staked on the issue; or, at least, when they think that is the case.

The point here is that in each age, there exists for each subject a baseline of accepted knowledge. It may prove to be wrong in the future, but it is gospel at the time. The pioneers who start chipping away at it can be assured they will pay a dear price based on two acts of sabotage. Not only are they challenging convention, they are creating uncertainty.

So, a reaction of rejection about something so fantastic as a mind/crystal-powered craft, such as The Council said existed in the days of Atlantis, is understandable. The idea shatters our current baseline of knowledge in physics and related disciplines. Even more, it hurls us into a great canyon of uncertainty. If we are uncomfortable with the uncertainty that would come from, say, voting out all the incumbents in Congress, the uncertainty that comes with accepting the reality of Uhnimer's transport could be sheer torture. That is, unless we can blend some of history's lessons with an improved trust in ourselves.

The past that we routinely recognize is replete with examples of man's knowledge being feverishly and often violently championed, only to be proven wrong. Just because we have been to the moon and have created telecommunications and variable interest rates, does not mean we can't be wrong. We should at the very least trust ourselves enough to accept the fact we will learn more. We will leave old facts, proven to be unfactual, on the scrap heap of history.

Where are the facts that say Atlantis did not exist? They can never be verified or proven wrong, to the satisfaction of intellectual man, because they do not exist. When Copernicus challenged the design of the solar system, the conflict arose because he was assailing a way of viewing the world based on what was considered granite-solid fact. Not so with Atlantis, with abilities that may have existed then, or with even more ancient civilizations. There is nothing and there has been nothing, except strange tales, upon which to build a view of a past so distant.

We habitually gloss over huge gaps in time while at the same time trying to fill them in, in ways that fit nicely into the interpretation we have already developed to understand the few facts we think we know. Archeological anomalies are explained away, molded to conform to our preconceived notions, or simply ignored. New discoveries are inserted into our picture, with little bits of perspective shifted around here and there to make everything fit.

There is a marvelous reference work called "The Timetables of History," that summarizes events as modern man understands them. The first exactly dated year in history, says the Timetables, is 4241 B.C.

It is from that point that, for the purposes of this book about Mu, Lemuria and Atlantis, what we call modern man begins. But how does one exactly date the first year of history? For the same time period (5000 to 4000 B.C.), the reference notes that the earliest cities in Mesopotamia are recorded, and that Egypt has a pretty accurate calendar, based on that people's knowledge of the sun and the moon.

Nothing before, and that is all for that one-thousand year period. From that point, human activity in and around the Middle East suddenly blossoms like the desert after an unexpected rain. As the years roll by, century after century, "Timetables" adds the knowledge of what was happening in the Far East and, even later, in the Americas, to the columns.

But those cultures were unknown to the people in the area we like to call the "Cradle of Civilization." Even today, the human experience that we can describe in those areas, east and west of the Cradle, never seem to measure up in our eyes to the worth of human activity in the Cradle. You can be sure the Chinese and other Eastern cultures, which can trace their lineage back to periods of greatness thousands of years ago, feel differently. The cultures of the West, in the Americas, are a different story. They either vanished (which we are still to explain) before Columbus or they were wiped out by invasions of the white man, which can literally and figuratively be compared to the invasion of a disease for which one has no cure.

When one journeys through the columns of "Timetables," one gets an impression of how scattered, how imperfect, our knowledge of the past is. What also becomes more evident is how, in and around that "Cradle" area that we consider so important, noteworthy human activity practically vanishes for many, many years. Why? The seeming absence of progress, of social evolution, of inquiry and achievement, generally correlates with the crumbling and final collapse of the Roman Empire.

In other words, great calamity put that segment of humanity on the canvass; knocked it silly and laid it down for the count. We recognize this span of inactivity as the so-called "Dark Ages."

Could there have been other Dark Ages, when the glorious civilization of an age was wiped out by great calamity? Calamity so intense and powerful and awesome that it took not decades and centuries but untold millennia for man to get back up to his knees, let alone to his feet? Calamity so great it wiped out the physical evidence of what was, and periods of recovery so, so long, that the non-physical evidence of memory would evaporate like a puddle in the road on a scorching summer's afternoon?

Remember, the great bulk of what we know about our distant past has come to us just in the last few hundred years. It has come since Western society has been sufficiently organized and advanced to allow some of its members the freedom to inquire, to wonder, to dig. The history had always been there, awaiting discovery and interpretation. A very few members of Western society, all within the same general time frame and with a generally unified perspective based on a common Judeo-Christian heritage, have done the discovery. They have done the interpretation. They have constructed the theories and the models.

The majority has neither been inclined to invest self into like inquiry or inclined to dispute. Such information was totally irrelevant in the daily struggle to survive, a struggle which was aided by deep involvement with the prevailing belief system. Today, the prevailing belief system of the West is based greatly on that information, because the prevailing belief system places man's intellect, man's science and man's technology on the altar.

There was great calamity, The Council has explained, that scored knockouts on the three past major eras of man. But, for now, another element is more important: time.

The Council:

"Man, the entity that makes up man, is extremely old or has been in existence for a length of time that is not conceivable in the mind of the physical."

What can we, with our physical minds, conceive? We can have a loose hold on understanding what men in recorded history have done and have said. Likewise, we can have some fashion of conception on the time involved: 500 years back to Columbus; 1,000 years back to William the Conqueror; 1,500 years to the Spanish Visigoths conversion to Christianity; 2,000 years to the preaching of Jesus Christ; 2,500 years to the time of Greece, of Plato and his references to an ancient civilization, the mighty Atlantis.

But what does it mean to know 2,500 years have passed since Plato passed along what he said he had been told about Atlantis? And how precise is the instrument of time? Calendars had to be adjusted by 11 days during the life of George Washington, and that was less than 300 years ago. Going back to Plato, it is less than 3,000 years and that period is incredibly ancient to us.

Quickly calculating from the material Plato left, the Atlantis of which he wrote would have vanished between 9,000 and 11,000 years ago. Remember that our first recorded year, from where the Western world's sense of identity and security begins, is 4241 B.C. Is it any wonder that modern convention holds Plato's Atlantean references not as factual but as a fictional tool he created for his own purpose?

The Council:

"As those writers that write of Atlantis, or that advanced civilization, from the Greek lands, their understanding of that land was not quite brought out in their writings, in that the biggest part of Atlantis by that time had long gone, and only those northern islands that were still above the water were obviously populated by Atlanteans, and thus some of the writings, the Greek writings, referring to Atlantis, were not actually to Atlantis proper but the

very outlying islands that remained and some of the history of Atlantis proper."

It is interesting to note that The Council refers to more than one Greek writer. We know, or at least we think we know, of only one. Additionally, it is significant that The Council says these writers did not bring out their understanding that Atlantis proper was long gone.

After The Council had delivered extensive material on the plate tectonics of earth through the histories of all three civilizations, this conclusion was given.

The Council:

"Now that you have all this information do you know any more than what you did before? You still do not have a full picture, you cannot imagine masses of land moving and grinding against one another, creating pressures and pushing up lands and pulling down pieces of land. You have no better picture than what you did before. Because you have such a tremendous span of time it is impossible for you to be able to relate really to the whole situation. The basic information available on Atlantis, to give you a for instance, is 50,000 to 55,000 years ago as far as the first eruptions or times when the land began to break apart, but you have no real idea of its existence prior to that, which was quite extensive. So what more do you know than before?"

The Council's question was answered with a question from a member of the research group: Could you give us any indication of how long Atlantis had been in existence before the first breakup?

The Council:

"Again, you would be talking about years that really you cannot relate to."

Now it may be more clear to the reader why it was written that Atlantis, in Uhnimer's time, was already an old world but still had uncounted ages before it. We are placing Uhnimer, and therefore the bulk of our illustrative tale, in the ages prior to, but quickly approaching, the first breakup. The Council says "first breakup" because there were three major destructive

periods. The final one sent the island scraps to the bottom, along with a people considered mysterious and powerful by the surrounding cultures. And yet these strange people were not much more than cavemen in comparison to their ancestors of 45,000 years earlier.

What of the years, the centuries, the eons before that? And before that, when there was no Atlantis but a world now known as Lemuria? And before that, when there was no Lemuria but a world now known as Mu?

Is it all possible? Should we deny it all outright and turn our attention back to, to ... to what? To television sitcoms? To the horrible news of the day? To games of trivia? Where is our attention focused in the modern world, as we approach a new millennium?

More importantly, is our attention mostly focused on things that will benefit us, harm us or, disguised as entertainment, steal away our time upon this earth?

If you are not sure you can accept that Atlantis was, in fact, a fact of our distant past, with vehicles like Uhnimer traveled in, fine. Much of what The Council has said through the years has challenged individual beliefs and has created uncertainty. A bit of advice The Council has given to individuals new to participation in the Trance Communications is to accept what they can, and store the rest.

A particular quote that might be useful here, delivered in 1981, dealt with the material in its entirety and the difference between it and other psychically-derived information. But it is quite applicable when considering the topics with which we are dealing.

The Council:

"Some may believe; some may not; it is not that important. For those who do believe, good; for those who do not believe, it is not important; use what you can use in what we are offering you; what you cannot use, do not be foolish and toss it completely out of your grasp, for a day may come when it may be useful to you then.

"Remember, much of the psychic information that man has gleaned over the time of his existence has very little sustenance to it; this on the other hand is food for life for those who are willing to partake of it, and that is the difference."

Now, we are better prepared to return to Atlantis and beyond, to a new awareness of ourselves.

Chapter 3 Creator/Creation

We left Uhnimer rushing back to his village, to report his observations from a visit to Bargmord and to report the presence, in the region, of at least one krukssk:

A great relief filled Uhnimer as he saw the village come into view. It stood about two leagues away from the river, and nestled in a bowl-shaped hollow on the side of a great ridge—the far side of the ridge — away from Bargmord.

The city, which had risen in prominence through the ages and had long served as the center of Atlantis' commerce and instruction, was a vast distance from the village. So it really made little difference that the village sat on the far side of the ridge. That decision was symbolic by the founders, who left Bargmord so long ago it had a different name. Turithian. When it was Turithian in glory, it was filled with reverence for the Creator and service to His people; even to those primitive societies scattered across the World of Wilderness, beyond the seas.

But times and the hearts of many men changed. They focused inward and the purity of the Light in their hearts dimmed. It was an ancient truth, as strong and as dependable as the grain of the field: Wherever man's attention focused, the Light shall grow behind. If he is tending to those about him, the Light grows within him. If he is tending to himself, the Light grows without him.

When Turithian was still a city of illumination, the founders of the village left. For they saw the shadows deepening even then. They remained loyal to the history, which chronicled how many Sons of Light were lost unto the ways of Belial even before a danger was recognized. Those sad, sad, days had occurred again and again; the loss of each soul like the thrust of a dagger into the heart of the Divine's earthly kingdom.

The founders of the village, so many years ago, even suffered the great burden of temptation. Because Turithian was still within The Will, their sensitivity was seen as a challenge to the priests, to the elders of administration, to the people. It was an insult to all; no one would listen. Anger and much other ungodliness was unleashed, and the founders determined that their leaving would have a two-fold benefit. It would eliminate sources of debt for the people and the city; and it would preserve their knowledge of Divine Truth as they knew it was meant to be preserved.

All that was many generations before Uhnimer's father's father's father had volunteered to slip into the Great City, Bargmord, to learn what dangers may be brewing and to learn what opportunities for service may exist. Even then, the city was filled with treachery and darkness, but many of its people were still Sons of the One Law. And all of its people were still brothers in origin.

Uhnimer concealed the transport in its place, just in case visitors of unknown loyalties passed near or through the village. As he made his way to the house, Uhnimer shared pleasant greetings with the villagers he encountered. It filled him with bliss, with thanks, to again be within the loving arms of the village.

Chalani, his wife, and Pulon were in the garden, tending to the family's herbs.

"At last! I always miss you so," she said as she ran up to Uhnimer and threw her loving arms around him. Pulon was right behind her, also filled with joy at Uhnimer's safe return. He hugged both his father and mother tightly.

"Is all well here?" Uhnimer asked.

"Yes, yes," Chalani answered. She tried to brush streaks of soil from her robe with one hand and wipe the sweat from her brow with the other. "Pulon has been through preparation for the rite; and Mahtha will conclude it this evening and be home."

"It is so, father," added Pulon, "Meeka the Chronicler congratulated us on our attentiveness." Uhnimer looked deep into his son's eyes. Love, sincerity, obedience, emanated from the boy. Uhnimer knew he was good, but the whisper deep inside was there as always. Uhnimer was not known to be a sensitive, as others in the village were, especially the other elders. Sensitivity rarely worked with blood relatives or those with close bonds anyhow. His special gift was an extra measure of inner toughness and cunning, talents that allowed him to remain effective in the most challenging environments.

Maybe that was it, Uhnimer thought, as Pulon summarized his experience with the preparation. The three of them began walking to the house.

Maybe what he sensed about Pulon was a lack of toughness; maybe it was nothing more than that...

"Oh, Chalani, please go inform Meeka to do what must be done to conclude the preparation quickly. The elders will have to meet tonight, yet, before the sunset," he said. "Perhaps Mahtha and the other candidates will have to finish before the dawn meal."

"Sorry to interrupt, Pulon," he said. He gave the young man a gentle slap of encouragement on the shoulder. "Please, son, continue."

Chalani stayed still and her two men walked on. Uhnimer's instructions did not sit well with her, not at all. To alter a tradition as sacred as preparation, that meant the news from his investigations must be troublesome. Her thoughts turned to prayers of guidance for the elders and prayers of protection for all the people. She fulfilled her husband's request.

Uhnimer reported many things to the gathering of elders; for he had been gone many days and momentous times were on the horizon. An investigator's task is important, for he is the eyes of the village into the realms beyond. He

must be strong within, and wise; and able to be as the eye of the storm, unaffected by all manners of turbulence and threat and pain about him.

He lived in the city, saw the defilement; heard threats to the Followers of the One Law who remained there, and whose small numbers dwindled even more as the allure of shadows stole their offspring's hearts like a tiger cat steals sheep who wander too far from the shepherd.

Other investigators from other villages of the Light had been there, and those who served the same function in the legions of Belial, as always splintered in varying degrees and with loyalty only to the moment, were also there.

A new ruler was over Atlantis. All the realms of Atlantis, from the Sons of Light pure to the Sons of Darkness at their vilest, and all the peoples in between, wanted an indication of what was to come. He was of the royal lineage, which in itself was threatening to the Sons of Light. The closer in proximity to Bargmord, or the more dependency that existed between Bargmord and the villages, the closer peril always was. When a new king, or even when new royal administrators gained influence in the court, anxiety filled the land.

Would this new king be more evil than the last? Would he leave the Sons of Light alone? Would a hint of the Light still shine within him? Uhnimer explained the bits of news, the signs, the impressions. All the elders listened intently, asked several questions, and contemplated what it all meant. The new king was young, a brother of the king just deceased.

Some questioned why the king died for he, too, was young and should have had great spans of seasons before him. That could be read either way, they decided. If Bladdas, the deceased king, was the victim of foul play, it could mean turbulence in the royal house and, therefore, less attention paid to outside matters. But if his demise was brought about for a successful consolidation of power behind the new king, Ciopp the II, outside matters may come under swift and brutal scrutiny.

As the elders conferred, the fingers of night began to creep into the village. A large tree beside the worship house took on an odd shadow, as though the tree was giving birth to another tree, short but full-bodied, and yet without limbs spreading into the air. The smaller shadow split away swiftly. It glided, snakelike, to the wall of the worship house and blended into the blackness. The only sounds to be heard were the words of the elders, and they lumbered wearily upon the sweltering night air, so weighted down with concern they were.

But those words were priceless to the man in the shadows; they were the treasure, the money, which would purchase him great power in the court of Ciopp, King of Atlantis.

Before the gathering of elders concluded, Uhnimer told them of his discovery.

"A krukssk so close," sighed Youm-El. "Does anyone have any thoughts?"

The mission, they knew, simply could not be delayed. The remaining men would have to put in extra duty, watching after the families and fields of those leaving. Chalani would be without any man, with both her sons joining Uhnimer.

"How long has it been since this village was so threatened?" wondered Peller, "and what did we do then?"

Meeka had only been the Chronicler and, as such, an elder for a brief span of years. But he had already gained great respect.

"In ages past, hunting parties went out to find and destroy the beasts. Such events were more common in our early times," said Meeka. "But it seems that, never before, was a krukssk or beast in our vicinity when a mission was in process. The question is, do we think we can spare even more men for hunting parties?"

That was out of the question. Enough disruption was brought to the village by a mission.

"Then the people will just be more wary while we are away," Youm-El said. "The risk is not great that the krukssk will come to our fields. We will trust in our Father. Let us be about our needs."

The elders prayed a longtime afterwards, in silence and in their own way. Uhnimer had opened his heart and thoughts to the Infinite Father, but concluded before the time for prayer did. His thoughts wandered: Would the village's great fortune be threatened, finally? Every other settlement of Light, all of which came after the village, had at one time or another suffered direct atrocities from the Sons of Darkness. Crops stolen; elders imprisoned; heavier taxes levied; women defiled; members murdered. The greatest sadness of all, though, came when the Children of the One God gave in to the pain and resorted to violence to defend themselves.

But Uhnimer's village was so far removed, in time and in distance, from Bargmord that it was often considered only a myth from ancient days. Even other Sons of Light were unsure. Only the elders of a few villages knew of its existence and knew its location.

It was so old, those who knew of it called it the village. Other settlements of the Children of the Light had names, but it did not. It was the first, THE village, the great star in the constellation of Atlantean settlements devoted to The Creator. Its well-being was of great importance to all the Sons of Light, for the leaders of the Forum of Elders came from the village.

As the others prayed, Uhnimer wondered, too, why so many Sons of Light stayed in or near Bargmord. That always mystified him. The Sons of Light knew why they were at times so hated and so tormented by the Sons of Darkness. It was because those of dark ways were driven mad by their own guilt and by their own self-hate. When their minds and their hands, their desires and lusts, could be easily filled and entertained, they were a minor threat. Rude, ridiculing, but rarely deadly. When the Earth Kingdom brought suffering to all, in payment for injury, the followers of Belial forgot their hatred and only saw that their foes were generous, forgiving and helpful. But at other times, when they needed an excuse for their shortcomings or when

they simply, deep within their souls, could not stand themselves any longer, they struck out at the Sons of the Law of One.

So why, Uhnimer wondered, stay so near to them? He had seen so many who could suffer so much if this Ciopp was more wicked than his brother. But, Uhnimer realized, it was not for him to judge. He returned to prayers, specifically for those in the path of Belial.

At last Youm-El, the leader of the elders, gave the traditional conclusion to such gatherings:

"Thus so be it, Creator and Protector. We seek your guidance always. We ask that you always stand before us, so that we might always see the truth and not stray from it. We again this day and every day swear allegiance to you, whom we are incomplete without."

###

Youm-El, Uhnimer, the other elders and all the people of the village are Sons of Light. Throughout the presentations of material on mankind's past, The Council has generally used this terminology, but has also referred to this line of our ancestry as Children of the One Law, the Children of the Law of One, Sons of the One God or Sons of the Law of One. Many times, on a host of topics, The Council will use multiple references to make sure everyone understands the points being made.

It should be obvious by now, if not from the preceding pages then from the preceding paragraph, that the existence of a superior and eternal force or being was the central factor in the lives of these people. The Council has also used several names in reference to this being: the Divine Essence, God the Father, the Divine Creator, the Universal Force, the Whole.

The meaningful story of our lost worlds is not the tale of amazing powers and fantastic cataclysm. Those aspects are fascinating, and this tale can be enjoyed on that level. But in and of themselves, those aspects have no real relevance for us. The relevance and value of The Council's material is that it

offers a more complete insight into how we came to be in our current condition.

It is often said that those who fail to learn from history are condemned to repeat it. We don't have to journey to Atlantis to discover that; examples in more recent history prove that such is the case. The evils that can emerge when the administration of spiritual and secular guidance flow from the same office led to the separation of church and state in the United States Constitution. In that case, we heeded the lesson of history.

The Council's material on our distant past is actually the "Spiritual History of Mankind." For the story of Mu, Lemuria and Atlantis is the story of how mankind has treated his own godliness. The story begins with the Creator and the creation and continues to the roots of our present awareness.

Our present awareness includes all of history as we know it, which fades into the murkiness of time once we pass beyond the ancients of Egypt, Babylon, and the Hebrew fathers. If our present awareness is to avoid the same pitfalls mankind has fallen into throughout his spiritual history, then he has to understand that history. Actually, when all is said and done, modern man can no longer avoid some of those pitfalls, as we shall see. For there was much to the crumbling of the ancient worlds upon which we are focusing that parallels contemporary woes. But he may be able to climb out of the pits, by better knowing the past, before the sides cave in on him.

So we shall begin at the beginning, at least to the extent we can comprehend it. That beginning is the Creator, "the very essence of all that you consider life," as The Council once described.

The Western belief system, the Judeo-Christian system, tells us of the Creator, the God. Those who continue to partake of the belief system, although their numbers are drastically diminished from just a generation earlier, find their meaning and joy is interwoven with the existence of the Creator. But they still do not fully comprehend that existence. Those who gather great followings by saying otherwise may be remarkably convincing to some, but they are only performing intricate and gilded works of intellectual prestidigitation for a willing audience.

That The Council has commented on this lack of comprehension is no surprise. Our own common sense should tell us we cannot fully know God.

The Council:

"God is a Being whose whole existence is a Consciousness. Now mind you, regardless of what words we use, we are doing our Creator a grave injustice in trying to explain or describe His Glories."

Words are tools for identifying and comprehending, so by their very nature they establish limits. Consider the word eternity, for example. It means forever, endless, which in themselves are terms equal in depth of meaning to eternity. But saying eternity means forever and KNOWING what forever is are two different things. Our minds are finite, defined by the world in which they exist. To utilize a tool of a finite reality to comprehend eternity, or a God that is more than eternal, who always was all, is an effort doomed before it is started.

The Council:

"You have a tendency with words to box in or lower the whole situation....

"It is impossible for the human mind to comprehend something like that. [That God just always was.] It is almost impossible for us to comprehend something like that. Yet, even though we have a greater degree of understanding, we cannot even put it in words because there are no human words available. The closest one could come is that there is a Conscious Being, a Conscious Existence, that is in total complete. Now this probably does not make any sense to you, but that would be the closest explanation."

How often has each one of us, in all seriousness, said we cannot conceive the way some people think? And these individuals whom we find so unfathomable were molded by forces and influences that are of our world and therefore within our grasp.

Even those who, in many ways, are cut from the same cloth, so to speak, can become so divided on a single issue that each side mystifies the other. Consider the topics of abortion and capital punishment. These have torn

families apart, friends apart, church congregations apart. It has been to the point, in fact, that it seems some church congregations have avoided much discussion on either topic to prevent dissension (and, perhaps, the subsequent loss of members and offerings.)

We generally accept that so-called liberals favor the right to abortion and stand against capital punishment. Conservatives, on the other hand, are against abortion — taking the "right to life" position — but are in favor of capital punishment. Then there are others stumbling around the American political/religious landscape wondering where they belong. They think consistency of spiritual beliefs dictate that both abortion and capital punishment be opposed; regardless of what compelling arguments may be made for the former and what satisfaction can be found in the latter.

We have often battled over these two topics, sometimes violently so. The abortion issue has even been referred to as America's new Civil War. Remember, this divisiveness exists not among ignorant, hostile brutes in some backward country. This is contemporary America, supposedly blessed with a people educated, mature, insightful and tolerant. If we see a vein of hypocrisy in any of this, especially if we are among the indicted, then the point is being understood: Sometimes we can't understand our brothers and sisters, or ourselves.

With no intent to be critical of any particular denomination, consider further a report on human relationships that was issued by a committee of the national body of the Presbyterian Church in 1991. Among other controversial suggestions on human sexuality, by condoning some premarital sex the report undercut the sanctity of the institution of marriage, the very cornerstone of the family unit. And the family unit, of course, is a key to the material world's spiritual health, according to Christianity, The Council, and every other traditional religious system in history. Many people, Presbyterian and non-Presbyterian alike, were absolutely flabbergasted. How could such a document come out of an organization supposedly in existence solely for the spiritual well being of mankind?

How, indeed? Have we been bushwhacked by our own education, by our own standard of living, by our own deftness with science and technology?

As we have streaked along our way the past century or so, making so many vast strides, have we forgotten some detail critical to making all the pieces of life's puzzle fit?

We can put a man on the moon but we can't stop hunger in our own country. We can create amazing productivity and wealth, but we can't stop the few from bending and twisting the economic fates to fit their whim, at the expense of all. Or CAN we stop hunger, poverty and the other ills of the world — except that we have forgotten how and, more importantly, we have forgotten why we should?

We have forgotten why we are here; we have forgotten how we came to be here and from where we came. All we have, in the Western world, are the accounts of our creation in Biblical stories. And we even fight over them.

How and why we are here today is found in the spiritual history of mankind. By the spring of 1978, The Council had already delivered considerable information on the Divine Force, the creation man, and that creation's involvement with a physical manifestation. All this was to the same core group of investigators who had gathered around William Allen LePar to question The Council and to record and disseminate what was revealed. Still, as The Council said, there was a "need for further information." They devoted an entire Trance, uninterrupted by questions, to an overview of the origin of mankind and his physical world.

Some excerpts will help establish the background we will need to fully benefit from the story of Mu, Lemuria and Atlantis.

The Council:

"One might compare the very beginning, or that state prior to any manifestation of anyone but God Himself, could be likened unto a vast sea that encompassed everything. This vast sea would then be in essence the Spirit of God or the Force, the discerning energy that occupies all of space and all of time..."

There is nothing else we can do, in life generally or, specifically, for the purposes of this book, but to accept the existence of God as that which now

and always occupies all of space and time. Even in the beginning of the Bible that fact is accepted, though the reality of creation is explained using symbols mankind no longer understands. Genesis starts out, "In the beginning God created..." There is no further effort to explain that which cannot be explained. God just is.

From this point, when God was all that was, the creation account from The Council continues.

The Council:

"This we could consider the first existence of God the Infinite Father, the Divine Force, the Ultimate Vibration. In this existence then the Divine Force desired to express, to create, and in this desire then the Ultimate Father or Divine Source desired companionship. So one might say then the Divine Spirit, the Infinite Father, made a decision to create a separate vibration, yet very much part of itself..."

We'll break into the middle of this passage to stress the idea of "vibrations." The Council has referred to God as "the Ultimate Vibration," and now is stating that He made a decision to create another vibration; the only other thing that would be in existence in addition to Himself, and it would have to originate totally from God because there is nothing but God.

The Council:

"...and in the instigation of this thought then a facet of this Divine Essence separated into a manifestation of a Force that was the creative expression..."

The Council has always taken great pains to explain the material they have presented to man. After all, if we cannot understand it, what good is it? They have refrained from explaining some areas because it would be simply impossible to explain it so that we could comprehend. Often, the curiosity of those questioning The Council will begin to lead down a path fascinating but one that would dump the group into an irrelevant quagmire. The Council will, in those cases, guide the Communication back to areas with more potential for productive results. No point in getting a headache from mental exertion for material that will only confuse and will not be of use.

The mechanics of how the physical illusion is maintained for our use is one such area that has been scratched but, for that reason, has not been dug into. It is extremely useful to know that the physical manifestation is but an illusion. When one knows what is not real, one logically focuses on what is real. But knowing how the illusion is created and maintained would not be useful, even if the finite mind could understand it. How many of us already struggle to comprehend some of the materials our fellow finite minds have come up with? The theory of relativity? Quantum mechanics? Or the greatest stumbler from any finite mind, the Form 1040?

This single act that we are now discussing, the initial creation by the Infinite Father, certainly falls under the heading of BHC — "Beyond Human Comprehension." But it is one of the aspects so crucial to the goal of mankind's spiritual growth that at least a rudimentary grasp of it is essential. The last quoted phrase, which is a description of that first process of creation, is one of the more difficult Council comments to master. By the instigation of the thought — that is, the inciting or stirring up of the thought — a portion of this Total Being became a unique or special manifestation. It was a manifestation, or a special form or demonstration of the reality, of "a Force." This Force is an aspect of the Total Being, just as an individual's sense of compassion or sense of humor is an aspect of that individual.

In this case, this separate manifestation - which also remains of and within the whole just as compassion or humor remain with an individual - is the revelation or demonstration of the Divine Being's creative expression. That creative expression, as we shall now see in the continuation of the quote, is love.

The Council:

"... the accumulation then of this love portion was brought into a pinnacle or a point, and from this point then those peaceful and harmonious vibrations would be sent out or formed in a manner that would present a companionship for the Divine Force."

This is a terribly inadequate comparison but, if you can, imagine that the quality inside you which creates joy when you see something wonderful, imagine that that quality could separate and walk beside you. Inside it would

still be, in there creating even more joy for you because you are seeing something else wonderful. What you are seeing is the joy is also revealing itself separately, because you chose that it do so, which makes it joyful that it can now experience itself for itself.

The Council:

"And so one may say then that a Light was formed, the first expression of this Divine Mind or this Divine Spirit, the first manifestation of that Spirit. Today man recognizes this as the First Son who emanated from that Spirit, from that Source, and this was truly a magnificent Light or Being because it was composed of the Creative Love and it was composed from the Creative Love of this Divine Source..."

Now there are two Beings, two Vibrations, one totally of and from the First. The Light or First Son is what we also refer to as the Christ. Before continuing, let's look a little closer at what The Council means by the term "vibration." Remember, God the Father is "the Ultimate Vibration."

The Council:

"... understand these forms [beings, starting with God and the Light] as conscious states or states of consciousness that express in the form of electromagnetic forces or what could be referred to as heavenly electricity or spiritual electricity, capable in its descending complements taking more solid form. As the vibration lowers, it becomes more dense."

The easiest comparison to understand, which comes from an example used by Mr. LePar in many lectures and seminars on the realities of man and God, is that of the life-giving substance water. That manifestation, as water, is the one vibratory rate or vibration of the substance that we consider its normal state of existence. But at a different vibration or vibratory rate, and for our purposes we will call it a higher vibratory rate, the same substance is steam. At a lower rate, it is ice. From another viewpoint, either one of these could be considered water's natural or original state.

But, what is it after evaporation and before condensation? Maybe that is its natural state. Or, perhaps, water is something we cannot know at all in its original state, but can only know and benefit from it in one of its

manifestations. Trying to track it back to its source, of course, is fruitless because then it is not water. It is oxygen and hydrogen. The source that gives life to the substance is not the same as the original or natural state, or vibration, of the substance.

You could say the spirit element behind the original state of H₂O is the Father, and the form H₂O is that First Creation. The substance as commonly recognized by us is water, but apply an influence (temperature) to its state of existence and it changes to a solid. Apply a force (heat) and it is back to a fluid and then is transformed to a vapor. Different manifestations of the same substance.

Now back to the topic at hand: The Divine Essence or Infinite Father experienced, The Council explained, a fulfillment or satisfaction from the First Creation. He had given a part of himself a uniqueness. The Infinite Father then gave that First Creation the right to continue the process.

The Council:

"So from this Source then other souls, and other entities, other electro-spiritual beings were created in likeness to its creating Source, but not in quantity, or not in the position of having the same power or amount of power or ability. But these beings, these souls, these entities were created in a perfect state and they were in full accord with the Divine Will of their Source."

In other areas of The Council material, the further explanation is presented that these creations, these souls, were equal to their Creator in quality. That is another way of saying what is contained in the last quotation: "in likeness" and "in a perfect state." Equal in quality but not quantity is an important distinction. A small gold nugget is still gold, far more impressive than a chunk of silt stone. Or, if you have an ingot of absolutely pure gold and break a piece off, that piece is small but still absolutely pure gold. (And a small Cadillac is still a Cadillac, far better than a Yugo!)

And yet, accepting the fact that these souls did not have the same quantity — that is, creative power or muscle — really says nothing about the quantity of top-quality creative power they did have. That question is left open, inviting

the full power of the human imagination to be exercised in trying to answer it. Just remember that quality is not determined by quantity.

Of course, these electro-spiritual beings or souls or entities are the creation from which mankind originates. We are talking about us; and not about us as in our very ancient ancestors, but us as in me, the guy compiling this book, and you, the unique individuals reading it. When these "other souls" were created, it was in an act of creation that brought all beings or souls into existence. No new spirits or souls are created.

The Council:

" 'New spirits' are those entities who have not found it necessary to reincarnate as often as the older ones. The older spirits are the lazier, because you cannot just sit on the outer realms and wait for a choice opportunity. The time now is somewhat different, but you do not just sit and wait or come and go in the material [the earth plane] as you choose. There is a definite form of entering and exiting. There is a panel that help you. Now we are using very loose terms here so that it will give you a better idea that you do not just float in and out as you choose. You have done very little to start with even with guidance. How much would you have accomplished if you were all left to your own resources, to your own desires?"

Part of that "form of entering and exiting" The Council mentioned has to do with the mechanics of the physical illusion, including the fact that it is not a permanent facility. The mechanics of the physical illusion, of which the laws of nature should be considered a part, do not allow a soul to create a fully grown, adult body out of thin air, in downtown Manhattan, in time to catch the evening performance of the Rockettes. So we are all here by design, by choice, with the right to be here at this time and under the general conditions present. But we arrived by following certain forms of entering.

This is mentioned here as a reminder that we are not in our natural state and that we are here for a purpose, which is to free our natural selves from the encumbrances with which we have adorned ourselves. Here is a glimpse of us as we were, in our natural state, following our creation.

The Council:

"[The souls] experienced a totality of Creation, of Divinity, that was inspiring to them. Their will was free as their will today is free. And in their awareness of the goodness, the unitedness of their beings, they were content in living in the accord or living with the accord of the Divine Will, and in this state they expressed freely within this Divine Will. Each expressing somewhat differently. Each finding its own awareness, its own personality. Each growing in this communal situation, free to move, to come, to go, to grow as each willed."

Have you ever been on a guided tour, perhaps a trek through a museum, down an historic street in an old city, or into a marvelously mysterious cavern? As the tour continues, all those with you are learning in their own unique way. They absorb, filter and transform for their own utilization all the sights, the sounds, and the expertise provided by the guide. This process is done in a manner special to each tourist because they each have their own past and present, their own essence, which is even at that moment being altered by the experience.

That each is permitted total freedom to enjoy the experience in their own way is so obvious, so natural, that no one actually considers the significance of having that freedom. We cannot fathom how it could be otherwise. But, it could. Formal education is, in its fashion, a guided tour. In both instances, a great degree of trust is placed in the guide. On the one hand it is someone in uniform who, perhaps, works only during a tourist season but nonetheless should be a master of the specific topic. The tourists assume that is the case, but rarely require it be proven. On the other hand, the teacher is a guide who has first learned what must be passed on to succeeding generations and then has accepted the great responsibility to do so.

In that case, the freedom to learn as one chooses is limited to varying degrees, depending on the style of the particular school system and particular teacher. The objective is considered too important to leave the task to such chance, whereas on what we normally consider a tour, the objective is not to mold successful, contributing members of a society. The particular period in history also has had a strong influence on the freedom to learn in one's own way. Forced memorization, learning by rote, are not commonplace today but were standard in past generations. They certainly restricted a student's

freedom in how the learning process was to transpire. The desired results, however, were in most cases achieved.

Thus reminded that the freedom to learn as we choose is not an absolute in the physical world, it should be easier to appreciate having that freedom. Now, let's get back to the analogy of a guided tour. There, the freedom is absolute. Everyone on the tour knows two basic facts when they start. One, the closer attention they pay, the more they will gain from the experience to utilize however they wish. Two, if they dwell too long on a particular feature on the tour, they will find themselves behind the group. The tour doesn't wait; for if it twists and bends itself to suit the fancy of every participant, chaos will reign and no one will gain anything. The choice remains available, though. One can stick with the tour, tarry at a feature and risk missing something; or even disregard the benefits of staying with the group and go it alone completely.

As an example, there was once a honeymoon couple on a tour of a cavern. Perhaps you have seen the signs for the tour, and chomped down on the hook just like this couple: Ruby Falls. If so, you know Ruby Falls is in a cave way, way down deep under Lookout Mountain in Tennessee. The female of the couple lost a contact inside the cave, en route to the Falls. The two of them started looking, he all the time exhibiting a great deal of patience. I know that for a fact because I was he.

My wife and I soon discovered something more important than one contact. There was no artificial illumination in that part of the cavern. As we tarried, too embarrassed to ask the others to stop even for a minute, the light got further away. What we discovered was that it's better to stay with the light with one functioning eyeball than to be left in the dark - and if you have never experienced absolute dark, go way, way down deep under a mountain!

Existing within the Divine Presence, the Divine Will, could be thought of as enjoying the best aspects of a guided tour and a self-guided tour. Call it the Super Tour. You can absorb, learn, grow at your own pace; savoring every experience to the degree you choose, with the invaluable blessing of assistance, companionship and guided insight that is always yours for the asking.

And yet, there is one string attached, if one chooses to use such terminology. That string, or condition, is that the participants in this Super Tour accept that everything worth experiencing and everything they need for complete growth and eternal fulfillment is to be found on the tour as it was designed. In other words, the Super Tour has certain boundaries. Everyone within those boundaries may be going at a pace unique to them, but the tour in itself is proceeding as a defined entity. Go outside the boundaries, and you risk not being able to catch up to the Super Tour.

The entity man, which to our finite minds is an uncountable numbers of souls through uncountable numbers of years, went outside the boundaries of the Divine Will. Today, so long removed from that Divine Will, his natural home, he can't even remember what he was like then, let alone what home was like. Some of his number cannot even believe a home, or a Divine Source, ever existed or exists today.

More important is that many of his number do not care and will not take the time to think about it. Their focus is too dedicated to the physical. It was the same eons ago, when a portion of mankind still did have a vague recall of being with the One True God. That was in Atlantis, at the village, where Uhnimer had just concluded his report.

###

The last blessing of the day had faded beyond the ridge, and Mahtha and Pulon decided to go to the worship house to meet their father. The worship house was highest on the ridge of all the buildings in the village, so that it was the first to be blessed with the day.

The houses of the people were scattered a good distance about the ridge, with fields cut in steps upon the ridge as well as in the valley below. A few houses and the common structures made the heart of the village.

The brothers had talked softly during the walk, which took several minutes. But as they neared the worship house, it seemed proper to fall silent, considering the gravity of the situation. There was silence until a soft slap

against Pulon's chest stopped him in his tracks. Mahtha's left arm was stiff, yet almost quivering with tenseness. Pulon knew not to speak, and his pulse quickened.

Mahtha leaned over until his lips brushed his brother's ear.

"Someone is hiding below the window, there," he whispered, and his arm extended into the darkness in the direction of the worship house. Pulon could see nothing but faint lights from the several windows and the vague outline of the structure. While he was still trying to penetrate the darkness, Mahtha vanished ahead of him.

As he followed, he realized Mahtha veered off the path to the right. His brother's direction must be behind the figure, he concluded, and he veered off to the left and crept carefully forward. He knew he would be the snare if Mahtha flushed out the intruder.

It was a new and frightening experience for both sons of Uhnimer. Mahtha's senses were so sharpened by the unknown before him that he was more alive than ever before, it seemed to him. He could not explain it, but even as he stole closer to danger, he was filled with almost joyful anticipation. This must be, he thought, the sense of a great cat about to feline a wary animal. He loved it.

Pulon's stomach bubbled with fear, a feeling that he, too, was unfamiliar with. He felt as though he were two beings; the one in the core of the body quivered and, from his bowels to his lungs, had great difficulty functioning. The other being possessed the legs and arms, eyes and brain, and all its possessions were cold with grim resolution.

Mahtha sprung from the darkness, his right shoulder ramming into the lower back of the figure, which screamed in surprise. The muscular young man wrapped his arms around the figure and twisted hard, smashing the man into the wall.

The intruder growled like a wounded beast and kicked and hit fiercely. The blows landed with little harm upon Mahtha's back, but a knee caught

Mahtha in the face just as Pulon threw himself against the intruder and pinned his arms back. The three of them fell to the ground in a violent mass.

"Stop! Let me go! Dogs!" the intruder yelled. The elders and several other men gathered about, and Uhnimer and Meeka helped subdue the man.

It seemed that an eternity passed at that moment. The area was illuminated with a pale orange light that was given off by the crystal lanterns, pyramid-shaped affairs that hung on the end of short poles carried by several of the men. In the center of the light stood Meeka and Uhnimer, each holding an arm of the intruder behind the man's back. His face was filled with hate and contempt, and his chest heaved for breath after the short but furious struggle. His right eye was already bruising and swelling shut.

Pulon and Mahtha stood close to each other, as though still ready to be their brother's protector. Mahtha had blood smeared over his lower jaw and neck, from the smashed lip he had suffered.

Every Son of Light gathered there, and there were many more now beyond the ring of the light, was filled with apprehension. They stared in silence at the strange one; only a few had seen anything that could compare with the nightmarish countenance of this angered and hate-filled man. It was obvious he was not a Child of the One. Darker forces prevailed within him.

As they stared, the question that was within them all grew to near menacing proportions: What now?

As he stared, the lone figure concealed in the darkness cursed silently. He could barely make out his comrade, Raggaws, in the grasp of the villagers, but he was filled with such disgust for these villagers that he envisioned himself leaping into the light and slaughtering them all.

Youm-El turned away from the captive. Something pricked his sensitivity, something so strong it was even felt through all the emotional tumult that existed. He could see nothing beyond the light, but his vision was cast directly at Wert, comrade of Raggaws. Wert could see the whiteworm looking at him, and he held his breath and stayed perfectly still in body and in mind.

"Youm-El, what are we to do with this one?" asked Meeka. Youm-El turned his attention to the intruder. The man had regained much of his composure, and he looked at the man the others called Youm-El.

"Who are you, and why have you come?" Youm-El asked. The man responded very naturally, as though he were telling the truth or had long planned for such a moment.

"My name is Raggaws, kind leader, and I am from beyond the glens of Hittaum. I am only here by misfortune, and it is yet greater misfortune I have encountered from your people. Are You always so kind to the unfortunate?"

"I will ask the questions for now, Raggaws," countered Youm-El sternly. "What misfortune put you here?"

Mahtha interrupted. "He was hiding under the window of the chamber for elders. He was listening to your discussions."

Raggaws smiled sheepishly, "I had to determine if this was a place of friendship before I revealed myself to seek aid."

Youm-El did not bother with further inquiry. He knew the name was the truth, but a string of lies had already started. One more question, correctly phrased, may confirm his suspicions.

"You are not alone, are you?" he asked, with a gaze that burned deep into Raggaws eyes. On the small hill out in the darkness, Wert froze.

Just for an instant, Raggaws hesitated and then stumbled over the first sound from his lips. It was not perceptible to most of the others, like Uhnimer and even Meeka. It was sensed by Mahtha, even in his distracted state. But it screamed volumes to Youm-El.

"You are here to bring harm to us," Youm-El commanded. "Belial. Be silent."

A great gasp of woe rose from the gathering. Their fear was realized.

"Confine him in the tool house; bind his feet and tie his arms to the center beam, and we'll need two volunteers to watch him until daylight."

Mahtha offered his service, but Youm-El declined. Something was amiss in the son of Uhnimer. The gathering descended the path, taking the illumination with it.

Cowardly whiteworms, all of them, Wert said inside himself. They will all pay, and I'll slay that leader myself.

Many steps away from the worship house already, and lingering behind the others, Youm-El stopped. A great cry within him, a piercing pain. He was certain Raggaws was great trouble for his people; he was almost sure there was someone else out there, in the night. Almost sure, for it was such a turbulent night that interference was strong.

A cold cloud of doom slipped across his heart, so evil that Youm-El almost fell to his knees.

Wert had slipped away, swearing inside that he would return.

Chapter 4 Pieces of the Puzzle

Youm-El directed that the two guards posted on Raggaws would not be elders, who were immediately returned to the worship house.

"Elders," Youm-El said to the 12 men gathered around him, "a great challenge is now before us, as you are aware. We must decide what to do about our visitor."

All were silent, trying to comprehend the vast change that was initiated with the coming of Raggaws. Life as they knew it, in this island of peace and seclusion, insulated from the strain of existing alongside Belial's Legions,

was ending. They knew it, and the shock of the realization was unlike any test to the spirit they had ever encountered.

There, in that dark hour, the thought was born. It eventually occurred to every man. It passed through some minds as nothing more than a wisp of smoke, barely discernable for what it was and quickly gone, because their beings were so absolutely attuned to the ways of the One God that the thought could not exist within them. To a few others, the thought revealed itself in all its promise, calling them to be saviors of their people and their way of life. But in those minds, an absolute revulsion erupted at the idea, and it was buried forever in their prayers for strength and forgiveness. Still, within a few others, the thought was allowed to linger, to dance illuminated and glorified by the very act of consideration. The thought, thus given a measure of control, began to whirl about seductively, inviting those souls to caress it, to hold it, to fill it with life and create with it. Uhnimer was one of those, balancing the reality they knew against the lives they had led to this moment, and the potential destruction that awaited. Kill Raggaws. The dead cannot lead evil back to the village.

Youm-El cut through the silence with his voice and with the fiery stare of a father about to punish a child for unacceptable behavior. "May our Father, our Eternal Master, forgive us for any weaknesses that try to feed upon us in our time of need," he said.

Uhnimer did not feel guilty for his thought. He had seen what the others had not seen, through his years of surreptitiously observing the Sons of Darkness. He knew just how much agony Belial could unleash upon the people. Oddly, in a way he could not understand, Uhnimer did feel bad that he did not feel guilty for seeing an attraction in the death of another.

"We are men, Youm-El," stated Durrea, the oldest of the elders. "We cannot help these thoughts. If this Raggaws is permitted to leave, our village will never rest as it has for all this time. We all know what this village means to the Children spread throughout Atlantis; it provides strength and light that emanates throughout the land."

"Are you, Durrea, suggesting something?" Youm-El asked sternly.

"No. We must accept the world as it comes to us, but stand fast against its deteriorating influences. I am speaking so that the others, young Meeks here, and Breumel, and Uhnimer who has endured so much to keep us aware, so that they will not be too hard upon themselves for the ungodly thoughts we all have felt."

A crushing, tormenting, notion came to Uhnimer's mind at that instant. Youm-El and several elders picked up on it and looked at him.

Uhnimer's spirit fell deep, deep into despair as he wondered: Could the intruder, who brings this great threat unto us all, could he have followed me here? His mind raced back across all that had happened from the moment he took his leave of Bargmord. He had taken all the usual precautions and even more so, since no one was sure if the new king had not already scattered spies of his own across the land.

He said nothing for the remainder of the session. Durrea, whose sensitivity at times rivaled that of Youm-El, knew exactly what Uhnimer had burdened himself with. It was he, during the discussion about what should be done, who argued that Raggaws should be taken along on the mission.

Youm-El suggested the mission be delayed, filling them all with surprise and dread.

"But, Youm-El," Breumel said, "the intruder can do no harm as long as he is with us. If we take him, perhaps we can touch something in his heart."

That is what Durrea hoped for, thus allowing Uhnimer a chance to deal with the man and, perhaps, scatter his own doubt.

"It is not the way of God to hold someone against his will," Youm-El reminded them.

"Is it the way of God to not bring protection to those who love him, if it can be done with nothing more than the temporary interruption of another's plans?" countered Durrea.

"It will be such a brief time, and it may do so much good for this man Raggaws, and protect the village and our families and all the Children of the Light," Breumel said.

Youm-El hesitated. Should he tell them of his fear, that Raggaws may not have been alone? Would it do more harm than good, if unfounded?

"We shall take him, if that is the decision of this body," he said at long last. He said nothing more, but prayed fervently that the decisions were wise 'both his decision of silence and the elders' decision to keep Raggaws a captive through the time of mission.

Before Yesterday

How did these beings, who were "small gods," reach such a point that, in Uhnimer's time, they were already divided by hate and fear? How did they come to the point where those who were totally devoted to a godly life could consider, even for a moment, the destruction of another's existence?

The time of the Atlantis that we know through Plato's writings, as we have discovered, was many thousands of years earlier than thought. And that was the scattered remnants of an amazing society that, in itself, was long gone.

One could say that, as another way to better comprehend spiritual reality, time equals distance. In other words, the longer man is man, focusing on the physical, the further he is away from his source of life. And, the harder or more intense is his focus on the physical world, the material manifestation, the more real time becomes to our awareness. Finally, the more real that time and the material existence are to us, the less real or more distant our spiritual reality becomes.

That concept helps here, trying to understand why there even was a need for Atlantis.

The Council:

"The thing that man fails to see because of his intellect is the consistency in God. He constantly repeats things over and over in hopes that His children will begin to go beyond the intellect and strive to accomplish a degree of wisdom so that he may see the workings of his Creator, his Infinite Father. The progression of the truth has been quite obvious to man if he were to use but a touch of his God-given wisdom, instead of his intellect."

When we say that time equals distance, we must remember that in reality both are illusions. They are both tools and consequences of themselves. The more that mankind has focused away from his source or origin, the more distance is created between mankind and that source, and the more real time seems. Today time seems one of the few absolutes of our existence: Death and taxes and the inexorable march of time. (And, given enough time, we will be taxed to death.)

Man cannot see a progression of truth because of the intellectual filters through which he first pours the data he must interpret. The process puts us in the active position of creating a reality from that data. Wisdom puts us in the position of observer, which seems to be a passive and dependent position when, if we understood the nature of our own God-given wisdom, we would understand that such is not the case. The exercise of intellectual prowess is an effort to avoid meeting our true selves by impressing the physical self, be it us or those around us, with our creative prowess. But it is a mistake. Through wisdom we do not create from the data observed but we understand what the data is as an entity independent of any marks we may put upon it.

Mankind, remember, shuns uncertainty. What is uncertainty to the intellect is a workshop for wisdom. Thus, the reality of an Atlantis and a past even more distant in which mankind was considerably superior, clashes with intellect. Wisdom will work through the data. But there is even a more fundamental problem than facing mankind's intellect and his phobia for uncertainty. Nobody likes to admit they are wrong, that they have failed. The past worlds with which we are dealing stand, if accepted, not as a tribute to man's success but as testimony to his failure.

Atlantis, literally and figuratively, rose from a sea of failure. But, it rose from a sea of failure as a haven for those who were still trying to succeed,

and as another opportunity for those who succumbed to the distractions of the day.

It took uncountable ages for man to reach that state of being illustrated in our tale, uncountable ages and immeasurable distance from his origin. In the physical world, The Council has said that an area did exist that could be "generally described as the Garden of Eden," and it is there that we begin to see how God's children reached the point experienced by Uhnimer and the others. The initial time of this location, The Council said, "cannot be stated because it goes beyond, you see, years that are even recordable, that are even recordable. So we cannot give you a time."

They went on to say that this place that could be described as the Garden of Eden was not the location of the origin of human existence and, further, the physical world is not what it once was.

The Council:

"You must realize that Adam and Eve or life did not start in a place but there is an entrance of life in many places. And since that time till now there has been a definite change in the shape and surfaces of the land. For us to say that life started here or there is absolutely foolish because much of that land is not there now. But there was not a single life that started and then developed the whole earth."

Again:

The Council:

"To give an explanation or a history of the progression of truth could become quite involved, and many of the things that we would speak of, man has no awareness of...

"If you were to go back to the earliest point of man's recollection, you would arrive at a time when the civilization or the civilized world was the land of Mu."

Because man is so honed in on the concept of time as an absolute necessity, questions about the times of these civilizations have occasionally cropped up

in Trance Communications with The Council. Years after that last quoted segment of information was delivered, The Council was asked for time parameters on each civilization. The response:

The Council:

"What purpose would this serve really? Your first segment, when the soul itself actually began to move into the material manifestation, is a far greater span of time than the actual full entrapment. That is more essential than a division of time. There we run into a problem, here is why we hesitate, the real reason why we hesitate, is because in the very beginning, oh, you have quite a fluctuation of time, quite a fluctuation of time, because of the intensity of one's concentrated activities. The simplest thing for us to say is that for X number of years the soul has been involved in the material manifestation, when it is really not that rigid or solid of an activity, since in the very early time, ... time almost did not exist; it was a general frame of time, but many other small frames of time were formulating because of the intensity of activity of either groups or individuals. This would not be of any real value as far as becoming involved in or pursuing that sort of information any more than that."

The Council has often been critical of the field of science, because it has permitted ego and intellectual pride to cloud and confuse our understanding of truth. In this matter of time, The Council said:

The Council:

"When it comes to judging time, there are a lot of factors that are not always taken into consideration, and since they [scientists] are judging time from their own opinion, it is only as good as their opinion. In other words, their calibration or their scale of determination is based on their opinion of time; so consequently, that scale may not be as accurate as it could be or their observations may not be as accurate as it could be. When existences are more intense, more violent, time is somewhat condensed, thus adding to the intensity and thus condensing more. When there are times of peace and gentleness, time is extended, far less condensed, so time is not consistent."

Science depends heavily on certain tests for dating items from earth's past, thus providing a picture of the past. In some situations, the tests can be fairly

accurate, The Council said. But an intellectual influence in other situations affects the accuracy of that picture.

The Council:

"A lot of the accuracy depends on the administration of these tests and we cannot truly agree with the calibration that is normally used. They [scientists] seem to want to judge or determine age based too strongly on the atomic activity of certain particles and the deterioration of this activity is not truly as consistent as they hope it to be."

It was the suggestion of The Council, in Trances about these past civilizations of man, to shy away from time because of the very fact we have been discussing. Time is not consistent. A logical consequence of believing that it is and always has been consistent is that modern man misses the mark in understanding the past from that particular viewpoint; that is, understanding the whole picture through the application of time to the data we have to work with. The Council's advice:

The Council:

"To be relatively simple and to give a great degree of insight for those who are necessarily tied in with calendars, count backwards in time and leave the Garden of Eden and the first formulating stages of Mu undefined. That would be your safest and would bring less confusion to the whole situation."

Eden, of course, correlates to an early time on Mu or, to phrase it better, correlates to a state of involvement at Mu. That does not refer directly to an Adam and an Eve for, as The Council said, there was no Adam and Eve, per se. It refers generally to a quality of existence. Recall the illustration used previously, involving the different manifestations of water. We noted the three easily recognized states of the element are steam, water and ice and considered that an example of a descending vibration or vibratory rate of the same material. The point of the example is applicable here, for the vibratory rate of the souls involved with the material world has lowered, as has the vibratory rate of the material world itself.

What has caused the lowering of the vibrations? For now, we will ascribe it to the same cause of time being more real and the same cause of greater

distance between us and our natural state as godly entities. We have concentrated our attention away from our natural state.

An Eden existence came on the scene once, at a point so far distant from where we are now that we cannot even grasp the time involved because time itself was different. Its existence was made possible when a number of souls went beyond the boundaries of the Divine Existence, and it became the well-defined state of activity for these souls at some later moment. As wondrous as Eden may have been, we must differentiate here between it, an existence of lesser quality, and our original state within the Divine Existence. There is no concrete proof to support the statement that Eden was as different from the Divine Existence as modern slums are from Eden. But in light of some of The Council's other material, especially that on the God-Made Heavenly Realms, (which is still not total at-one-ment with the Divine Existence), no one will be misled by accepting the comparison.

This all does not mean that it is impossible for an entity of high spiritual quality to exist in the physical world. That is another matter. For the purposes of this discussion, it will be sufficient to understand that such entities can.

So we are leaving the Eden existence and the formulating stages of Mu undefined. How far must we count back in time, utilizing our crippled understanding of time, to reach this vague and foggy area of our history? Let's look at it somewhat differently: That undefined period was when all souls or entities outside the boundaries of the Divine Existence had an almost absolutely pure, godly love and respect for each other. The only impurity, so to speak, in that love was the hint of selfish pride that had originally taken them beyond the boundaries of the Divine Existence.

At some point that changed, a point that we cannot nail down. Just as there are different states of existence for water between the states of evaporation and condensation that cannot be described. It is the same with much of mankind's history, general and specific, because no civilization and few movements or organizations understand at their beginnings that they are going to become "history."

The Council, in a quote cited earlier in this segment, referred to the span of activity or of time prior to that particular point when the "full entrapment" of mankind in the physical manifestation began. They said that period was greater than the full entrapment. This is an interesting use of the word "entrapment," incidentally. Have you ever been investing your attention in one direction, and suddenly realize your inattentiveness in another direction has gotten you into a mess? That's the idea here. Entrapment.

From that point until the moment that a thought occurred to Uhnimer and the elders — a thought of self-defense through striking first — significant history passed. Two civilizations had vanished, two land masses had been swallowed by the sea. The entity man had lost much in memory, ability, and purity.

Remember, Uhnimer and his people are only illustrative. We are not saying here that this specific ungodly thought actually occurred at that time period, or that it occurred in any particular fashion to the Sons of Light. We are trying to convey an idea with these scenes. The idea is that, with time and distance separating mankind more and more from his original source, the entire manifestation had to deal with the consequences. In our scene, some Sons of Light were almost unaware of the thought; others recognized it but ignored it; and others contemplated it but rejected it. That is an example of the graduated impact of a constant state, the state of living in the ever more dense realm of the material.

What is significant is not that Uhnimer and the others could have the capacity within their beings to kill a follower of Belial. The significance is that, by that time, the importance of preserving physical life was reaching par with the desire to reunite with the Divine Father in the hearts of so much of mankind, that it may have been one of the challenges that drew Sons of Light away from their spiritual communities.

That seems like such a minor point to us now. Virtually all of us would kill to eliminate an immediate and total threat to life, as when a crazed killer would be coming at us. But many would also kill to eliminate a potential, as opposed to imminent, threat not to life itself but to lifestyle. And man kills all the time because someone in a position of authority tells us to. Dying for

one's country is a concept carved into the foundation of the modern altar. The opposite of that, though, is rarely mentioned: killing for one's country.

That any Sons of Light would even begin to weigh the consequences of taking of a life against the value of what would be preserved, would be a sad commentary on the state of the world. They knew absolutely that leaving the physical permanently for reunion with the Creator was their sole purpose for being here. The tool for achieving that purpose was the exercise of godly creative power (that is, love), consistently. That this goal could possibly be conceived as being of secondary importance to physical life is the crucial point here.

And we are talking only of a segment of mankind, the Sons of Light or the Children of the Law of One. They were, by far, the spiritually strongest and most dedicated of all. So, much of mankind had already fallen far, far below that level of godliness. We will soon get a better understanding of why, as we continue with the spiritual progress of man. But, first, let us get a basic understanding of the physical progress of earth; that is, the appearance and disappearance of Mu, Lemuria and Atlantis.

Distant Shores

The Council:

"From the time of Mu to the present day, the earth has undergone countless changes, countless changes. But, basically, looking at the earth as it is today, Mu would have been off the west coast of North America, south of that coastline into the Pacific Ocean."

From that quote, we automatically visualize a land mass filling part of the Pacific, between the Americas and the coast of Asia. But that is not the case. At that period of earth's history, The Council has explained, there were but two masses of dry land upon the planet.

The Council:

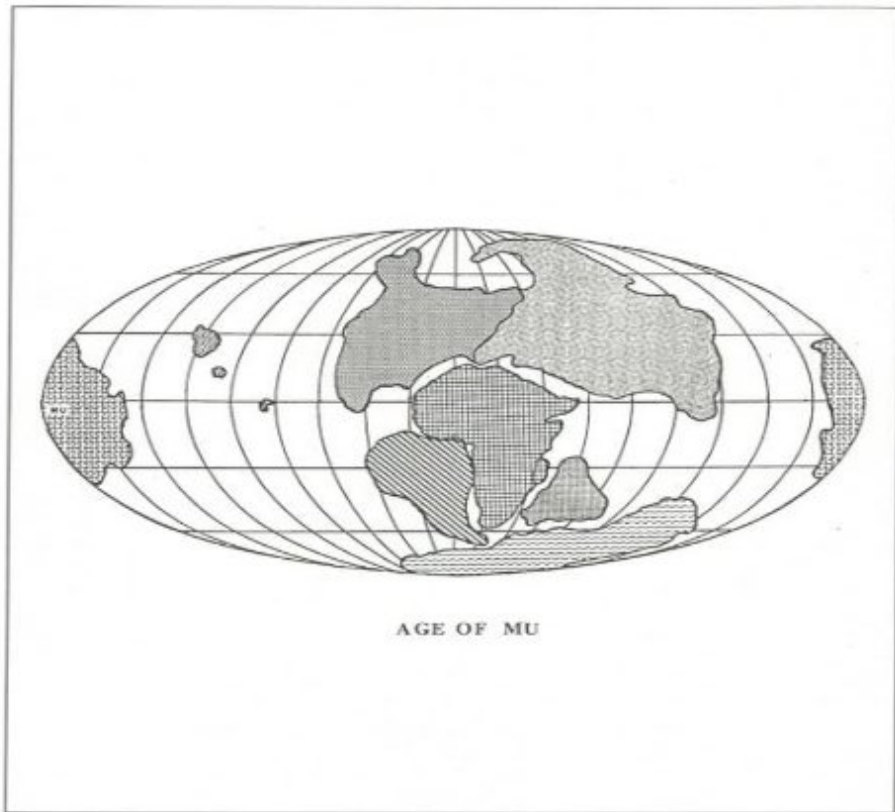
"Those portions of land now known as North and South America and the European and Asian continent and the South African continent were the basis of one large land mass. The other land mass would have been almost

opposite that. That particular land mass now is no longer in existence on the surface."

Two land masses, on opposite sides of the world, and as one began to break apart into segments more recognizable today, the other suffered damage. The basic portion of North America, which was the upper [or, by today's direction, northern] section of the land mass began to break off first, at the area we recognize as the lower east coast and gulf coastal region of the United States. The Florida peninsula at this time was still under water, and the Canadian area remained, at first, attached to the large land mass.

The Council:

"During the eons of time or during the history of man then the other land masses began to form. As the North American continent broke more completely away from the larger land mass, it began to move, again as you would look at a globe today, westerly; it would begin to move towards its present position now. The breaking [away] of the South American continent came sometime later. During the existence of Mu the three major destructive periods are indications when this larger body began to break apart."



If you recall, it was mentioned previously that Atlantis was felled by three periods of destruction, beginning some 50,000 to 55,000 years ago. By that time, as we shall see, the earth was basically what it is today. Great earthquakes and volcanic eruptions in recorded history have altered coastlines, changed the courses of rivers, and caused islands to grow or to vanish. These are minor disruptions of a moment, compared to the creation and movements of entire continents over ages not only unrecorded but unrecordable.

Likewise, Lemuria underwent three periods of destruction. It began to rise and form as a consequence of the same forces that broke up the other land mass and that eventually destroyed Mu.

It came to be in the area of the present location of the upper portion of the South America, Mexico and the west coast of North America. Even at this time, during the rising and forming of Lemuria, the North and South American continents were still near their current positions. To continue:

The Council:

"Lemuria was somewhat of an unstable continent. Its period of time or existence was somewhat shorter than Mu. The actual continental plate was not a true plate, but a portion of a greater plate that could be related to basically now as the Pacific Plate."

The concept of plate tectonics, for those who are not familiar with modern geology, basically holds that the earth's crust is divided into a series of so-called plates. These plates are in movement on the mantle or underlayer of the earth. Their bumping into, sliding past or overlapping of each other has the side affect — as unfortunate as it may be to the edifices of mankind — of creating seismic activity. A trench, one of which will be mentioned in the next quote, is an area where the clashing edges of plates meet and one or both are pushed down into the earth to be consumed.

This next quote is an immediate continuation of the last quote.

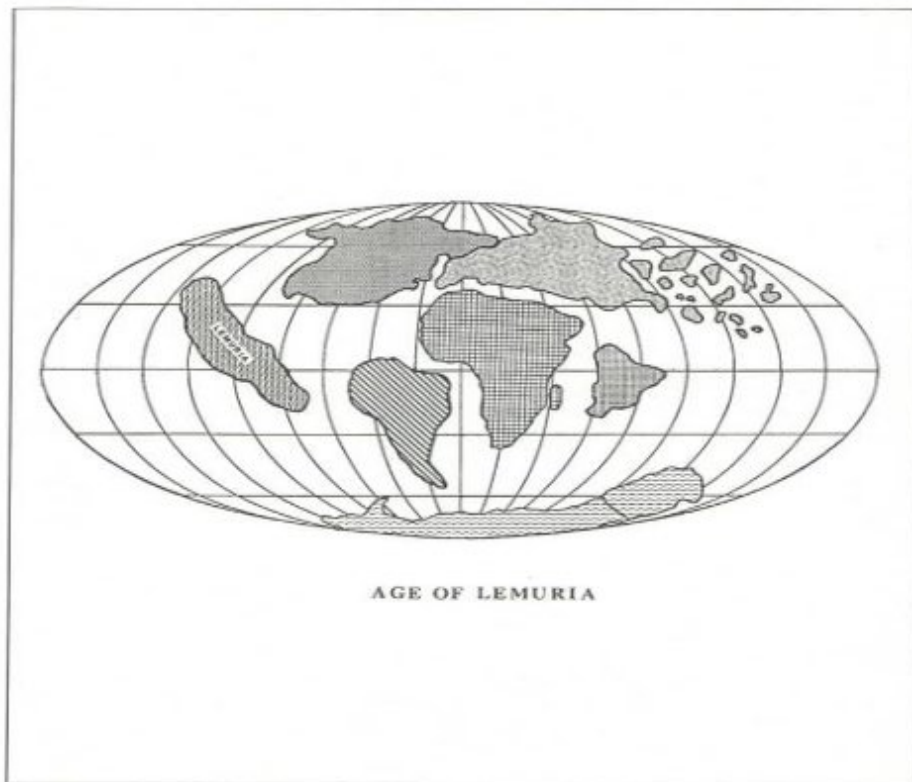
The Council:

"The movement of land that allowed the American continent to move into its present place now can be directly related to the Aleutian Trench which starts in the vicinity of what is known now as the Hawaiian Islands and extends north-northwest. Now these are rough, you understand, descriptions. This area then [the Aleutian Trench area] is the weak point in the crust or in the plate at that time of Mu and Lemuria, and this weakening then was the triggering device, this weak point was the triggering device to cause the two continents to collapse into a lower level so that the oceans then would come over the top. Some lands actually did drop or sink but many were washed over.

"In the collapsing then of these continents [Mu and Lemuria] the North American continent has an easier push because they collapsed inward so that they dropped thus relieving the pressure of the other plates and allowing the continents to move. Also in this process then this allowed a shock wave to disconnect what is now presently known as the South American continent."

In the presentation of this material, The Council stressed the difficulty in explaining what, in essence, was the collapse of one large land mass, the rising to the east (in our current understanding) of another land mass and, farther east, the breaking up of another land mass with portions of it being propelled westward, toward the first two.

There also was action, so to speak, on the other side of Mu, to the west. Mu and Lemuria were both part of the Pacific Plate. A weakness in the plate allowed Mu to collapse inward, across its center so that the central portion of the continent went down.



The Council:

"When this weakness in the plate developed, it gave way and fell inward towards the center of the earth, allowing a large opening for ocean waters to pour in. If one were to investigate the area, one would find evidence of this."

In this movement or collapse, what we would consider the eastern edge of the Asian continent [still part of the super continent] was ripped loose and

fragmented. The force that later collapsed Lemuria pushed this edge of the Asian continent back together.

Back on the other side of the world, the North American continent was still moving towards its present position. Remember that The Council said it was the gulf coast region of North America that broke away from the super continent first. So the bottom portion of North America was sort of swinging out towards the west (as we understand directions), with the southwest quadrant out front. That was early on in this process, but as it continued, the earth changes brought Lemuria up, and the upper portion or Canadian portion of North America broke free. With Lemuria, in its location, in the way of the southwest section of North America, the pressure between the two slowed the progress of that section of North America and the northern portion swung into the lead position.

As to a more precise description and location of these first two lands, Mu and Lemuria, The Council said that Mu was almost as large as the United States. Its location has been covered already. For Lemuria, The Council explained.

The Council:

"Lemuria, if one were to picture it, would resemble the west coast of South America, but the east coast would not have the bulge. The Lemurian continent or island was a curved-shape piece of land, quite long. So that the southern portion of it would be in the area that part of the South American continent now exists, but the northern portion of it would be in the area of the west coast of North America. Now this would be the furthest east coast of Lemuria."

Keep in mind that when the first wave of destruction hit Mu, the basic configuration of Lemuria was brought to the surface, and it began to dry out and solidify very quickly. And, to the east of Lemuria, a new plate was formed in the vicinity of the Gulf of Mexico and the Cuban islands. It was a combination of two plates, the Cuban plate and the Coca plate, The Council explained, and that plate area (plus more) became the basis for Atlantis. Lemuria's final destruction released pressure so North America could move into almost its present position. And the South American continent, the

northern most portion of which had yet to surface, had already moved past the location where an emerged Atlantis would have interfered.

When the first destructive forces did hit Lemuria, Atlantis was already above water and dried out.

The Council:

"The island of Atlantis could be compared [in shape] to the South American continent only turned upside down so that the point was north and the larger segment would be in the southern portion. The northern point would have extended almost to what is now known as the entrance to the Mediterranean Sea, the Straits of Gibraltar, in that area. The actual end of the Atlantean land is somewhat south of that."

The plate that formed the basis for Atlantis was squeezed between lower North America and upper South America, which eventually split the plate into two smaller plates. The pressure also caused some territory to rise and join the two larger continents in the Mexico-Central America region.

Those are the basics of the physical existence for the three civilizations.

The Council:

"Now you must use a little common sense in understanding this whole situation, you are not talking about a mere few thousand years. If you were to think in the area of approximately 150 million years, you would probably be closer. Do you understand? 150 million years. Now we are talking about the entire movement of land masses. So by the time the first destructive forces had hit Atlantis, then everything was in its proper position. The only thing necessary then was the drying out of certain areas of land..."

"You see, the story of Mu and Lemuria and Atlantis is not quite so close to the past as what some may think."

Does that figure stun you? 150 million years? Remember, the Garden of Eden existence, and the formulating stages of Mu, we are leaving undefined. The 150 million figure is a loose point of reference. It refers to somewhere back in time, when there were but two masses of land upon the face of the

earth, and the entities that came to be known as human beings were concentrating on the land known as Mu.

But, that is still millions and millions of years before today's scientists recognize anything that resembles a hominid form was upon the earth. That is because our science, as it comes to us, expects to see man rising up from lower life form. In the spiritual history of man, The Council is saying that, instead, we lowered from a higher, more godly attuned, state of awareness.

That is the true, or important, object for measurement. A great, great gulf existed between the beings as they were at the very dawn of a physical illusion and the same beings as they were in Uhnimer's Atlantis.

Let us go back to that time, when darkness seemed to be on the horizon for Uhnimer and his people:

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At home the rest of that evening with Chalani, Pulon and Mahtha, Uhnimer tried to maintain a normal, positive attitude. But it was impossible. He explained the elders' decision to take the intruder along, pointing out how the experience may be of great benefit for the man called Raggaws but not delving into the concerns for the future, once the man is freed. The subject surfaced nonetheless. He refused to discuss it.

"Conjecture has no point," he said. "We know that it means the new challenges could be closer in our future than they were before he came; but we have always known they were there. We must do now what we would do with any eventuality - add this to our prayers and be about our business."

Still, they could tell something else was troubling him. It was, and it continued to haunt him until it intruded upon his sleep. Uhnimer had a horrible dream: Death followed him into his house and it was ready to slay his wife and sons, until he realized there was only one way to save them. He had to destroy death by clutching the cold-fanged beast and not letting go until both he and it were hurled into a black pit of woe. As the two figures

slipped off the precipice, Uhnimer lurched up in his bed and gasped for air like a man drowning in liquid misery.

He was in the worship house, deep in prayer, before sunrise.

At sunrise, Mahtha and the remaining two candidates for passage were to gather at the house of Meeka to finish the preparation. No more than three were permitted to partake of the service at once, and six young men were going on the mission. That was the most in a generation. Pulon and two companions had gone first. The preparation took a day and a halfday, with fasting demanded until the end. Since the last portion of passage was interrupted by the meeting of elders, Mahtha and his companions had extra fasting to endure.

Mahtha had a hard time concentrating on the prayers and the ritual.

After his time of prayer, Uhnimer went to the place where Raggaws was confined.

"Has he been told that he is not to be released immediately?" he asked the outside guard.

"I think so, Uhnimer," the guard replied. "Youm-El was here earlier."

Uhnimer entered the structure and told the guard inside that he was temporarily relieved. He wanted to be alone with the intruder. The man would not look at Uhnimer, who again played out the thought in his mind: One misguided life for the life of many...

At last, Raggaws broke the silence. He turned to Uhnimer and in a sad, faintly admonishing voice, said, "Why do you hold me against my will? I told you I am here through misfortune. I am not a threat to you."

That angered Uhnimer. "Do you think we are fools, or is your heart so corrupt that you cannot understand our dilemma?"

Raggaws showed no reaction, only a piteous expression that begged for release.

"Those who care for me will worry about me," he said. "But you have no care for their plight."

"If there is someone who should know you are safe and only delayed, we will see to it that they know. Did Youm-El give you details of why this decision has been made?"

The intruder looked at the floor. I can only believe that you are planning some harm for me," he said with a sigh so dramatic Uhnimer almost forgot his turmoil in bemusement.

"We can do you no harm," Uhnimer said after a moment's hesitation. Deep inside, he knew it was true unless, unless the harm was a result of self-defense. To slay Raggaws outright, he admitted to himself, was impossible.

"It is hoped, it is prayed for, that you will see the truth as it is," he continued. "That mankind was meant not to enslave but to liberate..."

"Hypocrite!" Raggaws interrupted. "You talk of liberation while confining one of your own kind."

"You are one of my kind, yes; but you are NOT one of my kind," Uhnimer said, almost in pleading tones. "I have been to your world. I have seen. Look at your world; look at your world. The hate, the violence. Is this what man offers in return to his God?"

Chapter 5 Worlds Apart

The Council:

"Look at your world; look at your world. The hate, the violence: Is this what man offers in return to his God?"

The lights were on, the cameras were rolling. But the only action was on the floor, in the form of a man whose body appeared so rigid and tense that at times it seemed near the point of shattering.

The man was William Allen LePar, and the date was April 17, 1981. The nationally syndicated television show "PM Magazine" was filming a Deep Trance, or Catatonic State Trance, which would bring The Council once again into communication with man.

The miracle of television was trying to bring a miraculous effort to the public. In one sense it did just that when the segment aired on "PM Magazine" a few weeks later. But in many other senses, it was and always will be an impossibility.

First, that particular show or any of those that have followed, or the newspaper and magazine articles, have not been able to devote the time or space to sufficiently deal with background of the man or of the phenomenon. Second, photographing a Communication cannot do justice to the literally amazing physical aspects of a Trance. Third, an understanding of who and what The Council is cannot be obtained through a limited forum. Finally, in this short list, the material itself deserves significant contemplation. It is already recognized by many as a sanctuary from the divergent forces pulling at the spirit of modern man; as a light in the darkness; as a foundation upon which one can find secure footing in this insecure world.

Here is something The Council gave about the total experience.

The Council:

"Many forms of belief have been created over the eons of time. Some of them have built a strong avenue of existence; others somewhat weaker, others have been totally consumed by other thoughts, other beliefs. This particular information, these attitudes, our efforts to clear away the misunderstanding brought by man's words and ignorance, by his desire not to accept what is, will eventually develop into a form that will, how shall we put it, be equal to even the greatest thoughts, at least...

"It is like building another road to heaven. Some roads are well-built; others are thrown together quite quickly, and thus deteriorate very fast, with the season they crumble and fall away and the brambles grow over that spot, so that those passers-by who come tomorrow are never aware that there was a road there the day before; and in this experience you are building a very firm and wide road that will not crumble in your lifetime or in any lifetime to come. This road will exist long after all of creation has been done away with."

Those are pretty big words, and pretty big promises to keep. How can we tell if there is a high quality substance to them, and be certain they are not just another example of metaphysical snake oil which has been foisted upon mankind, in one form or another, throughout recorded history? Discovering that, The Council and LePar have each said, requires what some might consider a little effort, or work. The work is simple, requiring the minor investment of time, common sense, and contemplation.

Someone relatively new to the experience asked just about that very question once, 11 years after the Trances began.

The Council:

"As we have said before, weigh our words in comparison with what is universally recognized as the truth. There is a theme that runs through everything that we have said over all these years. A wise man will see this thread that is interwoven in all subjects, and in this thread then is the essence of Divine Truth, Divine Knowledge, Divine Wisdom. This same essence can be found in the absolute purest form of all religions whether they be eastern or western, whether they be new or old. The truth will always be maintained for mankind to find..."

When this situation began, of course, there was no body of information to investigate, to find that thread of truth. It began years before the increased interest in metaphysical topics started in the 1980's, so there was not even a rough point of reference. LePar was, at first, on his own not to judge just the spiritual quality of the material, but to decide if he was going insane. Or worse.

LePar now lives in a middle-class neighborhood near his hometown of Canton, Ohio, about an hour's drive south of Cleveland. The yard is not large, but it is beautifully landscaped and manicured, all by he and his son, Thomas. Included in the adornments of the yard, and in the house, are statuettes of Jesus and Mary, for the LePars are of the Catholic faith.

His wife, Nancy, is a nurse and she has developed an occasionally broken cease-fire with him over the issue of his cigarette habit.

Now retired after 30 years as a steel mill machinist, LePar grew up in the ethnic, blue collar atmosphere of Canton. He says he always had psychic abilities, although as a child he did not know what to call them. After causing an aunt a terrible fright by explaining he "saw" her daughter struck by a car (it happened, as observed, a week later) and enduring the punishment, he realized it would be smarter to keep his mouth shut.

His school years were generally an unpleasant time. He is not blessed with the talents for studying and learning that most others have, he says. Those who have worked with him steadily through the years confirm that.

"I can hardly read; I usually have people read stuff to me, and my spelling is the worst," he said. "In school, I couldn't learn what I needed to know for tests, because I couldn't read. But I would just sort of 'know' enough to put down on tests, and I got by.

"What got me the most bad grades was my spelling. I don't know how many times the teachers would say, 'How can you have the right answer and not know how to spell it?' What was I going to say, 'Well, I sort of just knew what to write down but the spelling didn't come to me?'"

The Council makes many references in its material to the concept of accidents. Basically, there are none. Nor is there really such a thing as a coincidence. All things happen for a purpose. As he looks back on his high school years now, LePar can see that befriending another boy with peculiar talents had its purpose.

That friendship served as the triggering mechanism, years later, for the phenomenon that has consumed so much of his adult life that it has been like another spouse or another job.

His friend, Jeff, also had psychic abilities. The two of them were soon delving into their talents together, actually playing with the paranormal. One evening, they decided to sit in a darkened room with only a small candle for light. The plan was to achieve and maintain a meditative silence, focusing all their attention on the little flame. They had a strong sense that something of interest would transpire; they just didn't know what.

The silence, the darkness, the flame, did the job. LePar was suddenly in the midst of a city. The images of massive buildings were there, looming forth from the shadows and crashing down in a horrendous cataclysm. He was terrified, for the scene had a life of its own, a life that had drawn him into it and wouldn't let go. It continued for what seemed an eternity, waves of destruction all around, growing worse and worse... then nothing. Darkness. The candle. Jeff on the chair across from him. Bottomless silence.

That experience scared out of him all desire to explore such uncharted frontiers of human potential. He grew and worked, loved and lost, and learned the poignant lessons of caring emotionally and financially for ill parents. Jeff grew, and moved away.

LePar eventually met and married Nancy, after a deep friendship turned into a courtship of several years. They bought an old farmhouse and 90 acres, in secluded hills a half-hour's drive east of their jobs. One night, as they were eating dinner, the phone rang. He had not told Nancy about the paranormal aspects of his past, so when he said, "Oh, My God, That's Jeff!" and then got up to answer the telephone, she was stunned.

Jeff was back home for a visit, and wanted to see his old friend. When LePar told him that he had not allowed his paranormal gifts to surface, in all those years, Jeff told him that hiding the ability would not work forever.

The friendship renewed, the two men promised to keep in touch. Jeff returned to his adult home, in California. With LePar's great difficulty at

writing and spelling, he decided it would be more effective to keep in touch through verbal letters; that is, by using cassette tapes.

The stage was set, the time was right, and what is possibly the most amazing example of paranormal and spiritual phenomenon was about to begin.

"I went out on the front porch one morning on my day off, as Nance was leaving for work," LePar recalled during an interview. "I had a tape recorder with me, to make a letter. The next thing I knew, I thought maybe I had dozed off, because Nance was driving back down the lane. I figured she must have forgotten something.

"I went over to see why she was coming home. She looked at me funny and said, 'I should be coming home, I just worked for eight hours. What did you do all day?

"I could hardly believe her. I was kind of confused about the whole thing. What did I do? I couldn't really give her an answer. I said, 'All I know is I sat down in the chair over there to make the letter.' "

They examined the recorder and heard strange messages to Jeff; messages in LePar's voice but utilizing words and getting into concepts beyond his experience or knowledge.

"The voice was my voice, but it was also very different. It had an authority to it, and a cadence or a meter, that my voice doesn't have.

"That started approximately eight months of a living hell for me, because I really thought I was going insane. I thought all kind of terrible things," he said. The tapes were mailed to his friend, for that's who the information was directed at.

"In that first period, Nance thought maybe I was drinking, or maybe taking something I shouldn't. That kind of caused a problem, because she should have known me better. I am not a drinker and I certainly wouldn't take any kind of drug. But we were at a loss for any kind of explanation. Even when my friend said it was from a trance, that didn't mean anything to me."

It took more than four years for the situation to evolve from the original shock and uncertainty to what is regarded as The Council's first official public Trance. More than 40 hours of Communication took place in between, always preceded by a powerful and peculiar drowsiness.

"After talking to a great number of people, my priest and anybody else I thought would have some kind of knowledge or expertise, I began to realize that maybe I didn't understand what was going on but, whatever was going on, there was a lot of good information there," LePar said. "That's when the situation began to open up."

His parish priest was once contacted by a reporter from The Independent, the newspaper in Massillon, Ohio, near LePar's hometown.

"He is a very devout Christian, a good Catholic, a good parishioner and a good man," the priest said. According to the article printed by that newspaper, the priest said LePar kept in constant contact with him about the situation, to "ensure that there are no conflicts between matters of faith and the psychic."

The priest, who has since passed away, continued: "I think that God speaks through the ordinary events of life, not to say God doesn't speak in other ways. ... I'm not so much interested in this psychic stuff personally. I don't know much about it. I have read something about it. I don't see any conflict between his practice of his faith and his own personal conceptions."

In the early years of the experience, LePar also was examined and observed by professionals from a number of disciplines, including a practicing psychologist who was also a university professor. The doctor was intending to write a book about his work with LePar but, as is the case in many associations, other demands took the psychologist into new areas of interest. But at one point he summarized his impressions this way:

"William Allen LePar is unquestionably a unique and distinct personality in the world of psychic phenomenon ... Without preconceived notions or expectations, and guarding against varied sources of bias or contamination,

Mr. LePar has subjected himself to a wide range of psychological testing instruments; providing demonstrations of his psychic abilities through the media of psychometrizing photographs, slide transparencies, and other objects, hypnotic trance state readings of individuals identified by name only, spiritualistic impressions, and Deep Catatonic Trance state experiences; and, openly has presented many interesting philosophical points of view. Mr. LePar has demonstrated a remarkable high level of accuracy of psychic awareness for countless verifiable events."

As the years have passed, the so-called "New Age Movement" began and gained momentum, and an aspect that grew rapidly in popularity is known as channeling. Some of those who do channeling, whether it is a genuine phenomenon or a shrewd scam, have become filthy rich, as the saying goes. LePar has not taken any financial profit from his experience, being instead dedicated to ensuring the integrity of The Council's material is always maintained. One of the ways to do that is to keep his personal financial matters separate.

Several people volunteered to help collect The Council's information, and the group they formed eventually evolved into SOL, a tax-exempt educational organization dedicated to presenting a variety of quality wholistic and spiritual material for public consideration. SOL encompasses in its forum the Trance information from The Council.

The channeling efforts of the New Age are to LePar's Deep Catatonic Trance States what a pee-wee football championship is to the Super Bowl. They are worlds apart.

LePar, who long ago learned to control the frequency and timing of the Trances through prayer and meditation, has taken his share of persecution and ridicule. Psychic phenomenon is not received kindly, or with open minds, by most segments of society even in our supposedly enlightened world. But he has endured the slings and arrows with a quiet determination to persist, for he firmly believes that this situation is part of what The Council described as "building another road to heaven ... a very firm and wide road that will not crumble in your lifetime or in any lifetime to come."

Who is it that, through the Catatonic Trances of LePar, says they are building this road? The Council is a union of 12 souls, formerly involved with the physical world as humans but now evolved to the point where they are experiencing what is known as the Celestial Level of the God-Made Heavenly Realms. They describe that level of spiritual awareness, in symbolic terms, as being on the portico of the House of the Infinite Father.

The Council:

"There are many doors to the House of the Lord that open to this portico. There within this portico is where we reside. This is our last lesson to learn. We have offered our services to you. As you accept these we then fulfill or learn the Creation in Perfection and then are able to enter the House of the Lord. During such Communications you may be pleased in knowing that quite possibly you will have assisted a spirit entity to pass from his last grade to the House of the Lord or the House of the Infinite Father."

In other words, the composition of this remarkable forum of spiritual insight remains the same in number but changes in members, as individuals leave for what they term their final reunion or "at-one-ment" with God. The Council provides a singularly unique understanding to mankind of humanity as it was in the beginning, as it has been through physical history, as it is now, and as it CAN be in the eternity to come.

The Council:

"We are here to answer the spiritual needs, to educate the spirit, to bring back the true truth that is from God or the Infinite Father. Much of the truth has been dressed up and kept only for those who feel they are solely the proprietors of the truth. The truth is simple, the truth is plain, and it belongs first to the lowly and then to the mighty. Those who sit on top professing the truth will be the last to hear it."

Before we return to The Council's account of Three Worlds Lost and to the story of Uhnimer and his times, let us review the complete quotation with which we began this brief interlude. The question asked, as the "PM Magazine" cameras were rolling, was, "Why have you chosen this particular time to speak to us?" The Council responded with a question of their own:

"Have you any idea of the condition of your world?" The answer, of course, was "Yes."

The Council:

"Then you have the answer. How long can man go on this way? Where will it end? Why has man become so desensitized to his God? What must he bring upon himself before he has an awakening?

"Look at your world; look at your world. The hate, the violence: Is this what man offers in return to his God? Heaven is saddened by the condition of the world. Man talks of God, but he has lost almost all awareness of his God. He has turned his back on his Source of Life. Man must awaken; he must become aware of what is important and what is essential for his real life. Man searches for himself only to find nothing but those things that he can never claim as his. When the world returns to spiritual thoughts and actions, then man will live again. Until that time he only exists in his own self-indulgence; but even at his worst God the Father does not abandon His children, for He is the example of true love. He will not infringe on your free will; but He will wait patiently for you to accept Him as your life. Why have we chosen to speak now? Hopefully, to add some life in the hearts of some men."

Chapter 6

Journey to Rica

Ten men from the village, the six candidates and Raggaws, the intruder, left the village at sunset the night after Raggaws was captured. The annual missions to the encampment, by their method of marking the cycle of seasons, traditionally started at sunrise on the next day. But this was an untraditional time.

The early start was an effort to confuse Raggaws about the distance to and location of the meeting place, where two representatives of the Forum of Elders would join them. The Sons of Light throughout the principalities of Atlantis all took guidance from the Forum of Elders. Youm-El led the Forum, for that was a traditional duty of the village's chief of elders. The full Forum

met once each season, always at the meeting place, which they called the Eagles' Perch.

The mission delegation began on foot, with Raggaws blindfolded and guided. Only four candidates and six of the men, including Youm-El and Uhnimer, were with him. The others took the transports ahead and waited. The walk greatly tired and irritated Raggaws, and it also confused him.

Before sunrise, the Forum members arrived in a small transport. Meeka greeted them at the bottom of the great hill, and told them of the complications.

"This is a grievous situation," responded Sallac after some contemplation. "Of course, blindfolded or not, the intruder cannot ascend to the Eagles' Perch. That would be too dangerous."

The other Forum elder, Hamesh, asked, "When do we expect the others to arrive? It will soon be time to embark, and I would like to ascend and reflect on all this news."

Meeka was unsure. No one had ever walked to Eagles' Perch from the village before. They had all agreed that enough stayed with Raggaws to make sure he did not escape. Not being a follower of the One God, he had no idea how many were in a mission delegation, and he had been blindfolded before the party gathered. The less details he had accurately, they knew, the better.

Those who came with Meeka prepared to ascend with Hamesh and Sallac. Before they left, Meeka added one last bit of news.

"So much turbulence, brothers, that I almost forgot. Uhnimer the investigator, he found evidence of a krukssk to the west and north of the village."

Sallac sighed. "Well, Meeka, with so much turbulence, that really is of little consequence, as long as we are prepared."

"Yes, and I imagine with the intruder along, we will be posting a guard at all times anyhow," added Hamesh.

Near the crest of the magnificent hill, hidden behind an outcropping of rocks and concealed from below by all the forestation, the Sons of Light had constructed a simple platform. It actually was several platforms, one under another, sticking out slightly so that the treetops below them fell away. On the ground under the platforms was an altar, for this was a sacred place.

The darkness was nearly broken when the party arrived, and the individuals each said a brief and silent prayer at the altar before taking positions on the platforms. Eagles' Perch was on the east side of the hill, and the sunrise was always a time of great inspiration.

To the east and south, the great sea between Atlantis and Rica spread out like an unending blanket. Some days it was a deep gray, and others it sparkled almost emerald green. But it was always beautiful. Rica was too far to be seen, but that was where they were going.

"There are other lands out there," Hamesh said to no one in particular as he watched the golden beams spread across the land. "Our people have known for many ages that, someday, we would have to go to those lands, beyond the waters, and even beyond Rica. Maybe the time has come."

Pulon and Treb, son of Llemle and one of the candidates who went to preparation with him, were on the same platform level with Hamesh. Treb responded.

"Meeks, down below, is our chronicler," he said. "He told us in the ceremony for this mission about the great migrations."

"The roots of our faith, as we know them, and the tribulations we have faced all must be told to the young men," Hamesh said. "These missions, and may there be many for you, are an act of our faith, to show love for the Infinite Father's Earth Kingdom."

Pulon looked at Hamesh. "I know we are to know nothing more until the proper time," he said, "but I am unsure I am worthy."

"Why do you say that, son?" asked Hamesh.

"I am filled with fear. My father does not fear; the other men do not fear. But with the intruder, the krukssk, this passage mission, I am fearful of the morrow."

"Do you fear?" Hamesh asked Treb. The young man stared out at the sunrise for many moments. Finally, he nodded his head.

"It takes courage to admit such a thing; as I am sure your fathers have told you from the time you played with children's toys. It is not ungodly to feel fear; it is ungodly to be ruled by fear."

Sallac's voice, from the platform above them, ended the discussion. "The others have arrived," Sallac was saying. "It is time to go."

They descended in scattered paths. Treb and Pulon stayed together, for they were deep friends and felt safer together. In a small clearing on a ridge, they spotted three equus, beautiful creatures that had great love for men. They were adorned by the Creator with sleek coats and with thick manes and thick tails, and they could run swiftly across the land.

"Look, Pulon, look!" Treb whispered excitedly, pointing past the equus. It was a horned one, a guardian of all the other equus. Magnificent beasts they were, so small yet so brave.

The horned one spotted the young men. It lowered its head as to bow in homage to mankind. The sunlight glistened off the horn in a dazzling array of colors. Then it followed the other three into the trees beyond.

"I'd love to stay and play with them," said Pulon. "Their touch is said to be as a balm to the spirit."

But they knew better. The mission, and whatever stern lessons it held for their manhood, awaited.

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The Council:

"In the earlier years of their glory, they were basically a good people. They had humanitarian desires. And they were interested in helping those who were not as advanced as them."

We left the account of mankind's spiritual progress at the time Lemuria was fading from the awareness of the physical world, and Atlantis was coming into its glory. Very briefly, the history of Atlantis can be summarized like Mu and Lemuria: The Sons of Light ruled, the Sons of Darkness overcame them, and the resultant ungodliness sank Atlantis into the sea.

But we can look a little more closely at Atlantis. The Council explained that in the original governing structure of the island continent, that which was established by the migrating Sons of Light, a communal format was used. Someone who was specially attuned to spiritual wisdom would be the main source of guidance, with 12 individuals below that one, and then branches of learning and guidance would spread out from each of those 12.

As different areas of the continent were settled by different segments of the Sons of Light, the land was naturally divided with each group or area having a ruler.

The Council:

"The motivating principle in the development of this rule was the Sons of Light. They would have gatherings or meetings on a regular basis in which they would discuss what was necessary for the maintenance of a good, spiritual life and a good healthy physical body."

Also, "As far as the civilization goes, there was very little division amongst the people in the very beginning. They were more or less blended together without social divisions..."

These conditions, of course, were before the Sons of Darkness began to have greater influence on the workings of Atlantis. Once they did, things changed. In the early times, the Sons of Darkness that also migrated from Lemuria remained on the outskirts of the situation, The Council said. They did intermingle with the people of Light or the groups who extended from the 12. The Sons of Darkness banded closer together as more came to the new land and they grew in power.

The Council:

"They became workers of the material realm, and in so doing they produced in excess of what they needed, regardless of what it was. Immediately, they had arms for protection where the Sons of Light did not bother with such things; they moved to the land in peace and so they found the land peaceful. But the Sons of Darkness did not. They did not come to the land in peace so they did not find it peaceful."

As the Sons of Darkness took over power, they allowed the small communities of Sons of Light to exist, but they watched them very closely. The Sons of Light gravitated to the position of priests in the religious system, but the priesthood was eventually infiltrated, corrupted and controlled by the Sons of Belial. Of course, they could better manipulate the masses by controlling what came out of temples, in the way of teaching. The Sons of Light who remained in the priesthood were manipulated, too, so that they had no control.

The Sons of Darkness brought about a civil government in the form of a central monarchy. As the ages passed the throne would be held by Sons of Darkness, by Sons of Light, and by individuals who were neither.

The Council:

"The difference between that individual and the true Sons of Light and the true Sons of Darkness was that although the individual was basically godly, the individual did not really consciously understand his rightful position. So one could not say that such an individual was either a Son of Darkness or a Son of Light."

A key to further understanding this last quote is remembering what the phrase "his rightful position" means. The Council is talking about an awareness or sense that the individual is a child of God. Although we talked of awarenesses getting dim during Lemuria, of the Sons of Light losing the brilliance of their understanding, the basic sense was still there. The Council continues.

The Council:

"So through all the time that Atlantis existed, from its very beginning to when it climbed to its peak it had a number of rulers that would be beneficial to mankind and a number of rulers that would be detrimental to mankind."

Now, when the Sons of Light would choose a leader, one from a group of 12 would be selected by the others because he stood out by inward or outward criteria. That was not the way of the Sons of Darkness.

The Council:

"In the Sons of Darkness, in the very beginning it was who had the greater strength and as one family was established and their strength was situated, then it went to their heirs."

Thus far in this segment, we have observed where some of the details in our illustrative tale have originated: The Forum of Elders, the existence of a monarchy, the darkness within the priestly caste, and the Sons of Light's preference for the number 12. More on that now. Someone asked The Council why that particular number kept cropping up. The answer:

The Council:

"Do you recall when we have mentioned to you before that your Divine Father always works in cycles, always repeats?" (The answer was yes.)

"Well, one of the indications then of that direct working of that Creator is through the number 12. It is simply a symbolic number.

"A negative situation would not last very long functioning under a number 12. In other words, if the Sons of Darkness were to function on a system of 12, they would function themselves right out of existence. There is too much

balance in 12 units and negativity does not work well in balance because then it is no longer negative but positive. Negativity is the imbalance; the positive is the balance. You see, the Divine loves each and every one of you so much that He sets many, many road markers and signs. They are there for you to see as clearly as you wish to see them."

Also, in our story of Uhnimer and Atlantis, there was uncertainty about what kind of ruler the new monarch would be. Since he was from the same family as his predecessor, it was suspected that he would be of Belial. But one never knew, as witnessed by The Council's statement about the differences in rulers. There is this additional quote on rulers, to further clarify what transpired in those days:

The Council:

"There were a number of leaders in Atlantis who were absolutely Sons of Light, now we are making reference to the entire continent of Atlantis. So you see as Atlantis established itself as a civilization and as a continent they eventually had one ruler over all. There were a number of subdivisions, but in those times when one of the Sons of Light had been the ruler of all of Atlantis, their life style had undergone changes in that the thrust for material things would be set aside and there would be a tremendous quest for spiritual things and through this process then we had somewhat of a balancing situation so that the Atlanteans did not move out and conquer the rest of the world. Instead they would move out and try their hand at helping the rest of the world, colonizing and raising the standards of the rest."

This passage helps us to properly visualize the Atlantean efforts to go out to others in peace, to build pyramids that symbolized gateways to spirituality; all without conquests. But, they weren't stupid either.

The Council:

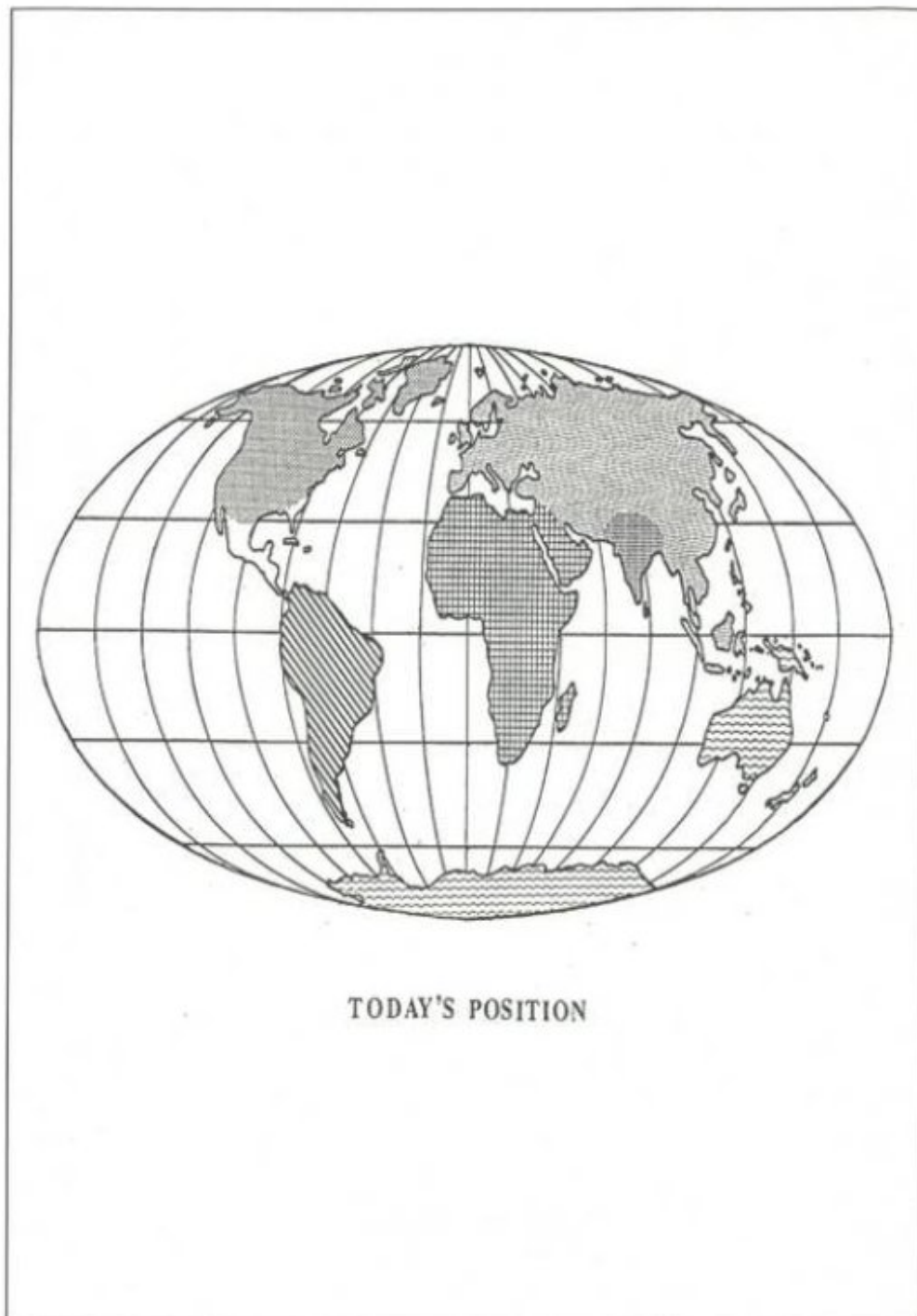
"They were very stingy with their technology. In other words, they did not pass their knowledge to all the other countries or all the other people of the world. They would be beneficiaries; they would be as caretakers to the less civilized people. They did not want competition for control. They wished to be the absolute rulers of all that existed."

Powers, Dawn to Dusk

Much of what the Atlantean colonists took to other lands around the world involved what The Council has called the technology of the mind or the soul. These powers were with small gods from the time they entered the physical manifestation.



AGE OF ATLANTIS



The Council:

"The technology that is referred to does not necessarily mean technology as you think of it today. You see, man has traversed time from the height of Atlantis to now, and in that time his ideas of technology are somewhat different than the Atlantean's ideas of technology. Much is said about mechanical technology, true there was a degree of mechanical technology, but the true technology was that technology of the mind and the abilities of the mind. The greatest moves of the Sons of Light [throughout Mu and Lemuria to Atlantis] were basically in an easterly direction and with the Sons of Light they maintained the highest degree of awareness concerning their spiritual abilities, the natural properties of their own being."

In this field of technological abilities was mastery of crystals, sun power, magnetism, high-frequency sounds, and the like. To utilize these in the Atlantean era took a certain amount of mechanics.

The Council:

"But this was a minimum, and basically, if these actual mechanical pieces were to be viewed today, they would hardly be recognized as advanced technology. So the technology even at the height of Atlantis was still the manipulation of the spiritual powers."

The concluding sentences of this particular passage, which was contained in one large paragraph as originally transcribed from The Council, deserve to be separated, so we won't miss their significance as we move along. Here they are:

The Council:

"There was a sharp decrease though in these powers with Atlantis. When things became so corrupt in its height, the decrease in these powers were at a super-escalated rate. So that by the time the third set of quakes came this ability was practically nil."

That means, basically, the end had come of man understanding his natural abilities of the spirit. From Mu until the destruction of Atlantis, the awareness or understanding had been fading. The Council put it another way, saying that entities were developing a lack of faith in themselves. So in the middle to late stages of Mu, in Lemuria and beyond, many of the powers that were natural abilities were manifested with the use of supports or

crutches. Those few mechanical pieces that The Council said would not be recognized as advanced technology were, in effect, crutches.

Remember that it was the Sons of Light who maintained the greatest awareness of man's natural abilities. With that in mind, it becomes apparent that there were two forces working on man's ability to utilize his nature as small gods. One was the great span of time man was away from his natural state within the Divine Will, the time equals distance factor; the other was the negativity or ungodliness that crept into his being, an obvious conclusion from knowing that the Sons of Light had an easier time maintaining the abilities than did the Sons of Darkness. The Council also indicated that was the case when they discussed the migrations that went to the Asian lands.

Those peoples who went west, as we understand directions, instead of east ...

The Council:

"... did then come around through all the eons of time, or all the years, centuries, did come around and begin to populate what is now known as the European, African, Russian, the Arabian, the Arabic countries, and what have you."

Basically, then, some of the peoples who were helped by humanitarians from Atlantis were in fact descendants of migrants from Mu and from Lemuria. They were far less civilized and advanced than the people of Atlantis who came to them. Another factor to keep in mind when trying to comprehend all this is that the Atlantean humanitarians would have tended to be Sons of Light or, at least, good souls. The outreach of Atlantis, as we recall, occurred during times of control by the Sons of Light.

Why were the descendants of Mu and Lemuria thus constituted, when found by Atlantean explorers and missionaries?

The Council:

"The thing that one must recall was that, since the greatest migrations were to the east and much less to the west, the dispersion of individual ideas became intermingled. In other words instead of those Sons of Light being

very strict in their concepts or holding very rigidly, because of the lack of civilization or means to develop a more civilized existence, they found that they had to tie in very closely with the Sons of Darkness in order just to sustain themselves. Now in this mixture the Sons of Darkness mellowed somewhat, as did the Sons of the Law of One; so you have kind of a bastardized version of an understanding of God and man's relationship to his Creator, wherein it did not continue as a communal understanding or a united effort. It became withdrawn. It became a religion of drawing into one's self, and it developed into levels of people. One was more attuned than the other. Consequently, in this we begin to see a development of a caste system which is quite pronounced. There are the elite, who have the true understanding, and a graduation from there down to those who are nothing more than a herd of goats or sheep. That is not to say that those at the very top did not progress, they did; it was a very slow and tedious progression and quite small at that."

Modern Americans might think of the early pioneers in this land as they read this particular portion of The Council material. Not the immigrants who huddled together in the East to form the first cities or those who moved in the great waves in the middle and late 19th century; but those who plunged deep into the unknown land, those who could take very little with them but their faith and their hope.

They endured emotional and spiritual hardship as well as physical hardship and danger, and there was much adjustment to attitudes and to the way their spiritual values were manifested in daily life. The children's children of the earliest pioneers had ways about them considerably different from those of the kinfolk left behind.

Imagine, then, centuries upon centuries passing as you move through strange lands that have never been blessed, or cursed, by the taming hand of mankind. Consider, too, that the only other human contact is with individuals who, in the past, belonged to the group you abhorred and that abhorred you - sort of the Hatfields and McCoys on Gilligan's Island, but just as serious as that thought is funny, serious from the dawn to the dusk of your life.

Could modern man even take a portion of that kind of hardship, and not be changed? Imagine your last pair of pants unraveling from wear, your last cook pot rusting out; and the fire you've kept burning for weeks, after the last flick of your Bic, getting accidentally doused. If that wasn't bad enough, consider what it was like to lose, say, the power of levitation.

Here's more of what happened to those who went west through all the years of Mu and Lemuria, to the lands we consider today the Far East and the underbelly of Asia:

The Council:

"... the western movement was into areas that were much more rugged, less pleasant for existence than the mother lands of the migrant people.

"They were accustomed to having what is referred to as the luxuries of life, many more luxuries than what he has now. They were a refined people. Many of their luxuries included the ability to do things other than with manual labor. In other words there were powers of what might be referred to now as the mind or powers of the soul, that were very easily manifested in that time. Now as the awareness of an entity's divine origin leaves him, he also leaves the abilities that are naturally his in his purest state."

Before we continue with The Council's account, let's stop for just a moment to consider that last sentence. It is another way of looking at the time equals distance equation. It also puts a new twist onto the idea: that intensity can also equal time or distance, or that it at least impacts on time. That is, actually, what The Council said earlier — the more intense the activity, the more sharply time is focused in our consciousness. These migrants really had to concentrate hard on surviving. They were cut off from everything they had and, as The Council said, the new land for them was quite rugged. The more intense focus on physical survival, the less maintenance of non-physical matters, so to speak. To continue, now, with The Council's explanation.

The Council:

"Today you would refer to the menial aspects of this [the powers of the mind or soul] as the psychic abilities. But they extend much further than that in

their fullest intensity, and this is just in the material existence in those times. The Sons of Darkness had lost much of their abilities. The Sons of Light maintained a greater degree of these abilities. So the Sons of Darkness, although they had the power in number, they did not have the power in the spiritual aspects or the psychic aspects or in the ability to manifest. So that they were more or less forced to be leaches on the Sons of Light.

"The Sons of Light, being of a much godlier nature, tended to their brothers' needs, but of course they were taken advantage of. In this tending to their brothers' needs there was a certain amount of enlightenment of the Sons of Darkness. They became reaware of this inner awareness or the origin of themselves and in the process of trying to reach back or go back to that origin, the originating source, their original existence, they developed a religious system in where they would go into their own beings, into their own minds, into their own bodies. Similar to what is referred to as meditation today, the going inward of oneself.

The Council:

"The purpose of this at that time was a desperate search for that source of power that they originally had. Their grossness was to the extent that they could not understand the explanations given to them by the Sons of Light and, of course, by this time the Sons of Light, their awareness, had begun to dull also. They had the inner knowing, but they did not have the ability to express it, so that it was understandable.

"So you see here that we do have a kind of blending of the two aspects. The eventual outcome was that through the progression of time in this area that the Sons of Light did manage to have the upper hand; they did manage to enmesh with the Sons of Darkness to stabilize the situation and hold it from further deterioration.

"So that there was a certain bottoming out and that is where it stayed. Now as time progresses then in this particular area, there is a definite breaking away though of segments, but those that did maintain that bottomed out area of awareness or that level of awareness of the One God and the inner relationship, did not drop further, those maintained a specific level. If there was any change, which there was, there was a complete breaking away then.

"In other words, the Sons of Light managed to stabilize the Sons of Darkness by intermingling, intermeshing with them.

"The sharp awareness, the true awareness of their relationship with the Law of One diminished only to a certain point; there it stopped. From that point on then any breaking away or any diminishing of that awareness was not a degreed diminishing situation, it was not a degree of diminish, but it was a complete breaking away.

"Now this is not to infer or to suggest that those that did break away from this one level, that they completely lost their awareness of their relationship. Consciously, in some cases yes, but never completely. So that if you were to look at the Tibetan belief system, it is basically the same today as it was back then. Oh, yes, there are changes, but the basic principle, the basic idea, the basic thrust has not changed. Exterior dressings, yes; but the interior reality, no."

Enlightened by this material, it is ironic to think that so many of those raised in the Western culture, under the Judeo-Christian belief system, have delved into Eastern religions in search of truth. That is not meant to denigrate any of those spiritual philosophies or ways of religious practice. All basic, true religions developed for a purpose and serve a purpose, and are to be respected. But the purpose of this book is to show how the true awareness of spirituality, of man's relationship to the Being of Eternal Love, progressed from the earliest moments of the earth manifestation until the present.

No matter how mysterious, inviting, or "right on" the Eastern philosophies may seem to some probing and searching Westerners, The Council is showing us how the progress of that true awareness took place and led, as we shall see, to the Western belief system. The others have their place, serve a need of a segment of mankind, but the little flame of awareness that still burns in man from Day One, burns in the West.

We have the additional benefit here of getting an insight into how and why the Eastern systems developed. Finally, keep in mind that The Council said

throughout the evolvement of those spiritual philosophies, the awareness of a relationship with the Divine was never completely lost.

Let's return now to the purpose at hand. The main reason for this particular discussion was to see another aspect of the process of time, material and negativity on the natural talents of the entities that became mankind.

Now we are going to look at how, during a section of this time line from around, perhaps, late Mu to Atlantis before the first set of quakes, mankind built and tore down mountains. This will give us a better insight into how aspects of our powers worked, and why we lost them. The mountains men built were, of course, pyramids. The mountains they tore down were, quite literally, mountains.

Going Up

It will be most efficient to present this material exactly as it is recorded in the files of SOL. This is an exchange between a member of a research group, identified here by "Q" for questioner, and The Council ("C") speaking, of course, through the Deep Catatonic Trance state of Mr. LePar:

Q:, Could you tell us, please, how the pyramids were built? That is, any of the pyramids, Egypt or Mu, Lemuria or Atlantis?

C: Through the mental processes.

Q: The same powers that could also be turned to destruction?

C: Power is neither good nor bad. Power in itself is neither good nor bad. Those that apply it determine whether it is good or bad. Does that answer your question?

Q: Yes.

C: No, it does not.

Q: As far as power is concerned, but not the original question.

C: Pursue it.

Q: Did they simply will the construction, will the blocks to move? I suppose that is the question.

C: Basically, it was a matter of willing, but they needed help.

Q: From crystals again?

C: No, only partially.

Q: Then from what?

C: Special appliances. Basically, metallic rods held in the hands. One was a barrel-shaped rod; the other was a staff rod. The high priest then would carry these, and it was used as a tuning mechanism. The assistant priests or the common priests then would concentrate, and through a means of chanting which would have been strictly cosmetic in actuality, the chanting served their conscious mind for concentration, but the chanting in itself served no other purpose; focusing these thoughts then and the high priests holding these rods, touching the stone or that block that had to be moved, created a field that negated the gravitational force, thus allowing that stone or that rock to rise. Do you understand?

Q: Yes.

Q (another researcher): Somewhat, are you talking about vibrations? Through some kind of vibratory energy that the rock gained an anti-gravitational state? Is that following you?

C: The mind emanates electrical field. This electrical field can be focused. Do you understand?

Q: All right.

C: The priests would concentrate on the rising of the rock or the elevating of the rock. Do you understand?

Q: Yes.

C: They were of one mind then. The high priest then which held these appliances, with the use of the appliance would be able to be what you could refer to as a power element or the priest with these appliances then would accumulate these electrical impulses derived from the extreme concentration and would trigger then, with the help of these appliances, a force that would negate the magnetic field in relationship to the object. Now the priests would lay hands on the object or the stone. Do you understand?

Q: Yes.

C: The high priest would walk ahead or behind of the stone, and one could consider then, because of the appliances, the high priest would be used as the power source to cancel out the gravitational force on the rock itself. This would be done in a manner that is hard to explain because the concept is not in line with man's normal understanding but what constitutes material form but atoms. Again, what are atoms but fields of energy or electricity, and so by activating the molecular structure of the stone in such a way it would eliminate the relationship with the magnetic field or with the gravitational field, thus causing it to elevate or levitate.

Q: Is this the same process that would have been used in cutting, perhaps I am using the term loosely, but cutting the stone from the actual quarry and transporting it to a site where the pyramid was to be built?

C: This would be a process used in moving the stone. In some cases those stones that were too large to be truly supported on barges and what have you would necessitate a constant activity as we have described it. Do you understand this?

Q: Yes.

C: The cutting of the stone can be done basically again through the same principle of concentration but because of the need to incorporate many individuals in this process more appliances were needed. Do you understand so far?

Q: Yes.

C: Rough cutting would have been done basically at a manual level. Refined cutting and polishing then would have been done through appliances such as crystals. The focusing of the mental powers for direction and the powers of the sun, one could shear a stone to within one one-thousandth of an inch. Again, such an area will serve no purpose.

The statement that "such an area will serve no purpose" means that, if these technical aspects were pursued in a line of questioning, those attending that particular Trance and all those partaking of the information would probably wind up pretty confused and that much Trance time would have been for naught. But there were other aspects to discuss, other insights into our past to reveal.

Someone asked if the other pyramids of which we are aware, specifying Mexico and Central America, were built in the same way for the same purposes. The Council answered yes, and the exchange continued:

C: You must remember that the system that instigated these activities or, let us say, the class that instigated these activities came from the priest system or priest caste or the priestly caste. Do you understand?

Q: Yes.

C: Within the overall system were many individual segments or orders, and their structures may differ slightly from another order's structures. Do you understand? Their choice of design or style may have differed slightly. Do you understand?

Q: I think so. Do you mean more than one group within the society was building buildings simultaneously?

C: Temples and buildings were built by two different groups. Temples were built by the priestly order; buildings by the architectural orders that laid more in the civil area and all its divisions. But within the priestly order, within the priestly caste, you had a number of different orders who had their own styles.

In these comments we again see, perhaps more clearly than in previous references, that there definitely existed a high level of sophistication in the social structures of these lost worlds. There were defined and specialized fields of endeavor, with tolerance or allowance for differing creative expression flowing from divisions within specialized areas.

Keep in mind that these comments refer to our distant past generally. Such powers were common throughout the first two civilizations and on Atlantis until man's corruption, again, became too prevalent. Then, as was noted earlier in this chapter, the loss of the powers came quickly.

But that does not mean such powers ended. In spite of the intellectual muscle of modern man that may say otherwise, The Council has made it abundantly clear these powers are lost, not ended.

We are taught from birth to death that such abilities — call them paranormal or supernatural if you choose — do not exist, period. The logic of egotistical man is that nothing superior to what we have today could have existed in the past. All of yesterday is judged by today's standards. When distant yesterday is understood as being populated by cave-dwelling, wife-beating grunts, tales such as that advanced by Plato and, for our discussion, material presented by The Council, have a double burden to overcome in gaining credence.

So, no such powers or abilities could exist. That is what we are taught and that is what we accept. Occasionally, though, along happens certain unusual souls who can do some truly wondrous things. But the phenomenon faces the awesome power of cultural resistance, so that an acceptance of the ability never really gains much of a foothold in modern awareness. The resistance is made even greater, and the situation more complicated, by certain souls who

happen along somewhat more frequently: frauds, charlatans, fakes. Call them what you will, they are in reality thieves of trust, filchers of faith. We are all familiar with the saying about one rotten apple spoiling the barrel. In such instances as this, it would be more appropriate to see it as one good apple trying to worm its way (pardon the pun) to the top of a barrel full of rotten ones.

Nonetheless, those apparently rare instances where the abilities withstand scrutiny are still there, waiting. What they get mostly is the official and popular cold shoulder. They are ignored or loosely explained away because man does not like uncertainty; for uncertainty forces an unknown number of questions to the surface of our collective consciousness.

Some further, thought-provoking insights from The Council into this area will be presented right after we complete our look at men and mountains in a bygone epoch, as further insight into how these fantastic abilities were lost.

Going Down

The Council gave this particular illustration of our lost abilities when asked about a statement they made years earlier in reference to Lemuria. The quote was:

The Council:

"They again began to misuse nature and the earth and again she began to lash out at the negative thrusts at her."

The question asked was: Could you explain what they [the Lemurians] did to cause the earth to lash back, and we assume that is through earthquakes and violent storms?

The Council answered in the affirmative, and explained further how the abuse of nature, in its many forms, ultimately leads to problems for mankind. They used the following example.

The Council:

"... what need would there be to remove a mountain, when the mountain can be used to give a greater view of the terrain. Why lower the terrain or level the terrain so man can see a distance, when all he need do is climb the mountain. Do you understand?"

The questioner ignored The Council's question and replied, "I don't have any other questions. Thank you." The exchange continued:

C: Why not ask why?

Q: Why?

C: Why would man move a mountain? Why would he level it? For what purpose?

Q: To get at things underneath, in the earth, minerals and such?

C: That was one of the purposes served. Souls, in that time and in the time of Atlantis, adorned themselves greatly with jewels and what have you. They had no patience with removing such minerals in a proper way, so they would simply remove a mountain at their whim. And for what purpose? To serve them for their spiritual needs? To serve the land? No, but to adorn themselves.

They went on to give some detail to that process.

The Council:

"You must remember that in that time the mental powers were far superior to what you have today. It took very little to destroy or create. Towards the latter days of those times, they relied on crutches to activate the mental powers, such as crystals and what have you. To remove a mountain for those who did not have the power themselves was a relatively simple matter. They formed a group and would concentrate, focusing their powers or mental abilities to a crystal. This then would amplify or magnify that, and through the process of thought could direct or destroy."

The Council clarified that the coming of the reliance on crutches was in the time of Lemuria, and said that individually the people then had sufficient self-confidence and did not necessarily need the appliances. Their conclusion:

The Council:

"But if one were to truly examine the situation, such appliances were not needed truly, but because of the lack of faith in themselves, the lack of their godly abilities, they began to use appliances as crutches. Very well."

There's an old song — "Anything you can do, I can do better" —that comes to mind when thinking about this question of human ability, then and now. Perhaps bragging rights could be determined by the compactness of mankind's appliances for such tasks as moving mountains. In later Lemuria and Atlantis, when crutches were in use, the people could focus on a crystal. Today, it takes several species of monster machines and a local of the Brotherhood of Heavy Equipment Operators. And we marvel at our ability to build such big machines!

Either way, it is still a messy process that still insults nature. That is the key, whether mankind's actions towards nature are loving and respectful or something less. A comment from The Council about the relationship between love and health provides a good illustration for the relationship between our actions and nature.

The Council:

"If more people would love, truly love, unconditionally, without judgment, you would have very little problems in the world, very little disease. The lack of love causes frustration in an individual, causes tension, causes dissension with the individual and that begins to affect the physical body, it stresses the physical body. And when the physical body is stressed, it becomes more prone to disease because it cannot function properly."

One could accurately say that when nature, the efficient system given to mankind for his use, is stressed, it cannot function properly. Something unpleasant will eventually result to relieve and remove the stress, much like disease developing within a stressed body. Ripping down a mountain to

make a bracelet from a stone inside could be likened to ripping off a man's leg to make a good luck charm out of his knee cap. There is definitely going to be a stress between the two of you and, although he may have to limp to do it, he's probably going to sneak up behind you someday and kiss your cranium with a two-by-four.

All things are related, The Council has said repeatedly. When we begin to remember that, the less damage we will inflict on nature, and the less relief from stress will be necessary. That inter-relatedness is illustrated in the point being made here with the mountain. It was such abusive, unloving behavior that cost mankind his natural abilities.

But, as noted before, the abilities still exist. They are only lost. And occasionally, as also noted previously, they surface to be greeted by an unaccepting public. The following exchange with The Council concluded the Trance at which the cited material on pyramid construction and mountain destruction was delivered. It refers to one such example and provides a commentary on mankind that is both humbling and inspiring:

C: Let us cover one more question.

Q: Several years ago there was a man in Florida that single-handedly built these structures out of huge building blocks and rocks and so forth, and when asked how he did it, he said he had a process similar to the way the pyramids were built. Is there any truth to this?

C: You see any evidence of anything else?

Q: No.

C: The secret is not such a great secret, and it is not so well hidden. Does that answer your question?

Q: Yes. Does that mean that presently it would be possible to duplicate the pyramids or has the density of matter increased such that the methods that worked then perhaps would not work now?

C: Your relationship to the density of matter is in proportion to your spirituality, so that anyone of you could be instrumental in rebuilding a pyramid, even today.

Q: Thank you. That is most interesting.

C: Such works are truly no feat of the soul. They are only feats of the physical body and the physical mind. You see, you must look for the true source of activities. What can your physical body do in relationship to a stone that may weigh ten tons? Can your physical body move that stone?

Q: No.

C: So then it must be something else. It must be something far more powerful than your physical body and absolutely more powerful than that stone. If that be the case, then what else is there but your own real source of activity?

Q: I don't find it hard to understand that the soul is capable of moving rocks that weigh tons and tons; it just seems that these abilities are something that by and large we have lost and forgotten and really don't have much of an idea of how to approach it.

C: You have lost those abilities because you do not choose to think in a godly manner, in a godly way. You choose to forget your true potential. You choose to ignore the fact that you are basically a god who is doing less than what he could do. You are forgetting that you are an image of the Divine Source. Even when you are given a personal example of what you can do in the form of Christ, you still refuse to accept your places. Isn't it far greater to rise above physical death than to move a mere stone? For in rising above the physical death, you must utilize your potential and overcome all of the natural laws of creation. You must control absolutely and with absolute preciseness the laws of physical nature to rise above the physical death. Does that answer your question?

Q: Yes. [Author's note: What's a guy going to say after that look into reality?]

The Council finished with this reminder.

The Council:

"What did Jesus say? He gave each and every man in this present age the key: If you wish to move a mountain, know that you can do it and it will be moved."

It is interesting to note that what we would see as great powers had all been lost by the time of Christ who, as The Council explained, brought reminders and encouragement, and served as an example. But none of Christ's time or energy was devoted to such things to elicit a response to the phenomenon. Instead, the abilities demonstrated served as tools to help or to instruct others. His mission was directed at spiritual reality, and the physical manifestations of abilities were but a means to that end.

Years earlier, when these seemingly amazing powers of our ancestors were being discussed, The Council explained that the difference between today and the days of Mu, Lemuria and Atlantis, is that the powers must flow through the spirit, and not through the physical. In other words, know that we can do it, then wish it to be done and it is done. When someone at that Trance said they tried that formula and nothing happened, The Council responded.

The Council:

"Because you do not believe that you can. You talk about spirituality, but you do not really believe you are spiritual. You still hang on to that thread of 'I am me, exactly what I see in the mirror,' and until you can realize that that is only a tool you are using, you will not be able to do the things you wish. The moment you actually realize, actually believe that that flesh and bone is nothing more than a tool, just as your little finger is to your arm, the minute you actually believe that, you will be able to do anything you wish with that piece of meat."

Perhaps the best way to summarize the ideas from The Council mentioned in this section, before we return to the mission of Uhnimer and company, is this: As long as we realized our true identity, as children of the Eternal

Father, our powers as small gods were easily utilized in the physical world. Time and distance wore away at that memory, however, as did actions contrary to the nature of small gods, for actions speak louder than words.

Chapter 7 Challenges

Talk in strained whispers of intruders and uncertainty filled the conversation after all the mission delegation gathered at the base of Eagle's Perch. Raggaws, of course, was kept beyond hearing distance as were the candidates.

"You will learn of all this after your passage in Rica," Uhnimer said to his sons as he sent them as escorts and guards for Raggaws. The intruder tried alternate approaches to gain information from the two, but they said little and nothing to help his cause. When those tactics failed, he goaded them with their hypocrisy, that they are supposedly so good, and devotees of the One God, whom they adore because He liberates, and yet they keep a man like themselves bound and blinded.

Their responses to Raggaws's verbal daggers were always the same: silence.

Uhnimer approached them. "It is time for us to gather. You, Raggaws, will come and listen, and if you are not afraid to think beyond the darkness of your present, you may even learn a bit of truth."

Raggaws recognized the voice immediately as the second one who talked with him in the village shed.

"Are you being cruel?" he asked in a mocking tone. Uhnimer knew what the reference was about. He almost smiled, but the situation was too serious.

"I was not referring to the darkness of your blindfold, intruder, but to the darkness of the world in which you prosper. It is only prosperity of the body, which will wither and die. Come."

A brief worship was held, at the base of the hill. Youm-El led the ritual, which reminded all that man was most at-one with the Father when in service to His creation, whether that be His other children or the Earth Kingdom.

Youm-El's concluding prayer asked that all be given strength, wisdom, protection, and receptive hearts during the mission. He strongly sensed that it would be dangerous to stir resentment within Raggaws, or to give him any assistance in the form of ideas, by mentioning the village and its future. He did pray for Raggaws safety and health, and that he be granted greater understanding of truth. As Children of the One, dedicated to The Essence, that much basic concern for a brother, regardless of his state, was an absolute must. Even that brought a flush of anger to Raggaws.

The gathering swiftly broke up then, and the men divided to fill the transports. The going was faster than one would expect, deep in the ancient forest, but an otherwise unrecognizable path was second nature to the veterans of missions to Rica. They weaved in and out, between trees, as they had done for years and as their predecessors had done for years before that.

Still, it was several hours before they arrived at the edge of Atlantis, at the shore. Raggaws was totally confused and lost, and as a consequence said very little for the rest of the journey.

Youm-El felt the great storm that was within Raggaws and he had to expend effort to control a sense of gloom because of it. And he wondered if he made the best decision for his people when he kept his impression, back at the village, to himself. Had there been another? This was the only instance in his entire life, as best he could recall, in which he was certain his sensitivity was correct, but was just as uncertain. He did not understand why.

How long? He asked silently as they traveled through the forest, how long must the Father's children be divided?

Uhnimer, in a transport behind Youm-El, was also wrapped in a gray cloud of contemplation. With the uncertainty of the village behind them, and the very demanding and draining time of the mission before them, he struggled

to remain strong for the young men and for the others. Did he lead Raggaws to the village through carelessness? He felt very old, and very weary. He wondered. How long, Father, shall we be thus burdened?

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The questions that plagued Youm-El and Uhnimer have been with the entity man, to put it quite appropriately, since Day One. We are familiar with the romanticized versions of our age-old inquiries: What is the meaning of life? Why are we here? Those are great semantic party favors, deliberated on in literature and poetry throughout recorded history. But they are in reality nothing more than contemporary versions of the same questions Uhnimer asked in his time, in his pain. The Sons of Light knew the meaning of life, and they knew why souls were here, on earth, as the entity man. It has been so, so long since then that the entity man is today really unable to know. He can believe he understands, he can have wisps of greater awareness, but he cannot know. Remember the previous example about eternity, the difference between understanding the definition of eternity and knowing eternity. Thus is created the fertile field in which the concept of faith takes root.

While modern man asks "What?" and "Why?," Uhnimer and those actual ancients who were driven by circumstance or by the soul's natural longing to be whole, would have asked "How long?" They had an awareness of the reality of spiritual existence, and of an intimacy with the Divine Source, that we cannot have. Even in the phase of Atlantean history we are illustrating, however, that awareness was incredibly diminished from its original degree because so much time had passed since Day One.

Remember the idea of time equals distance. The longer we are away from our natural state, the further we are away. The other side of the coin, of course, is that the more one focuses on the spiritual instead of the physical, the shorter the distance.

Think, for an example, of those who today regularly attend a mainstream, traditional church. (We make this distinction to reinforce the fact that we are in no way dealing with any of the belief systems of the lunatic fringe while, simultaneously, showing no favoritism for one traditional belief system over

another.) Some of those attendees will try to put into practice the principles of which they are reminded during worship services. In their daily lives they will make the effort to be kind, loving, helpful, and not to pass judgment, condemn, or spread rumors. The principles of their belief system, their own spirituality, are becoming more real to them. Conversely, what is opposite those values, and having so much more influence in the world as time passes, is becoming less intense or less real for them.

This is a general picture and there are always exceptions, or seem to be, for a variety of purposes. But one can be confident that the underlying purpose is for the benefit of all. Consider the devoted do-gooder who is always being hammered by fate but does not stray from the straight and narrow. Is this an example of successful karmic payment, or an example of goodness that can be an inspiration for those around? It shouldn't matter, because what needs to be done for the individual and those around is being accomplished. The world is being made a little better, and many have the opportunity to be inspired; and many have the opportunity to serve, and therefore grow, by assisting the particular soul who is always getting hammered.

Actually, we all should realize, one does not have to be a dedicated member of an organized religion to have the burdens, challenges and allures of physical life become less real, less intense. The Council has said that many people who have no formal religious knowledge or experience, but possess a simple and deep awareness of God, will have a faster trip to the God-Made Heavenly Realms than many so-called "good Christians." But, being with a body of believers does help.

The Council:

"All basic religions have not just happened into existence but are a process of evolvement for one reason or another. We would suggest that each and every one of you should belong to some organized belief system or some organized church or religion. In this then you not only have some basic guidelines that will point you ahead, but you will also have the comradeship of others. There is much to be said for being part of a family or a body of people. The exchange and the friendship and the concern that you would have with that body of people can be sustaining in times of trial and need."

A question which modern man might also ask, that would be something akin to Uhnimer's "How long?" would be "Why any religious belief system at all? Either one accepts the existence of spiritual reality, and attempts to align one's self with that reality, or one does not." Sounds pretty simple. The actuality of doing, alas, is something else.

The vast number of belief systems in existence is due primarily to material man's ego and selfishness, which have also presented us with the near chaos emerging in so many facets of life. Did Martin Luther break with The Church because that belief system had become too corrupted by its leaders? Or because he didn't have the courage to try changing it from within? Or because his ego saw greater things for himself through the separation? Or, did his supporters manipulate him? Whatever the case, and the truth undoubtedly lies in combination, the points of weakness are clear.

Luther's example is just one of many that have led to all the variations on the belief system founded by Jesus Christ and his disciples. Those founders certainly didn't want dozens of differences to crop up and split one group from another, often with great animosity. The same is true of other major belief systems through time. Mankind has been unable to maintain a unity in his understanding and practice of spiritual matters. He has not been able to maintain a dedication to a common goal that would be stronger than any forces that would pull and tear at it. In essence, to borrow a sports cliché, we have not been able to go the distance.

Yet, even with that inability, mankind still huddles around the fire of spiritual guidance, of a religious belief system. It is more so in cultures that we normally consider undeveloped, cultures that still live in concert with, and sometimes subjugated to, nature instead of dominating nature. (Has anyone ever considered that, perhaps, we are viewing the world backwards and it is those societies that are the more developed, because they have concentrated on aspects of life other than material development?)

So, if we ask "Why any belief system at all?" the answer must flow from deep within mankind as a corporate entity. Different religions all over the planet, all through time recorded and unrecorded, endless examples of divisiveness and dissension, (not to mention brutal actions in the name of religion) and yet the basic concept endures in it all and through it all: There

is an eternal Creator and the cornerstone of that Creator's will is that we treat each other with love and respect because we are spiritual equals.

It was noted previously that Uhnimer's people, the Sons of Light, had an awareness of a relationship with the Creator that we cannot possibly have, but even at that point the awareness was incredibly diminished from its original state. At the period of man we have chosen for Uhnimer's tale, that awareness was indeed flowing from deep within man as a corporate entity. One could compare, for better understanding, to the so-called genetic memory of animals that have long been domesticated but still exhibit behavior from the wild. (But do not relate man to animal, as we shall discuss in greater depth later.)

In Uhnimer's time, as we have noted, other belief systems were evolving in other areas on earth. In its presentation of "The Spiritual History of Mankind" The Council concentrated on The Sons of Light to show the direct line of awareness of The Maker, from the beginning of the physical manifestation. Near the end of the major presentation on this topic, The Council said this:

The Council:

"The total unfoldment of the movement of the awareness of the Children of Light has not been completely given to you. There are many interplaying aspects here, many little dramas going on here, going on there, and it would take thousands of volumes of books to completely tell the story. But those [the developments we are discussing throughout this book] are the basic developments or progressions of the awareness of One Law, the Children of Light, as opposed to the Children of Darkness. There has been a direct strain of individuals, a direct belief or awareness from the very beginning of Mu to the very present moment."

At that "very beginning of Mu" the awareness was at the purest, strongest, state it could be in the physical. So, too, was the awareness of our true state — spiritual beings who had creative powers modern man cannot even begin to conceive. We understood, we knew completely, things that the scientific revolution of the past two centuries has barely begun to rediscover, and we utilized talents our science will not discover.

The story of man, as we should be realizing by now, is not one of progressing from some physical and mental lower life form. Instead, the overall story is one of regressing from the existence of gods in unity to an existence where we fear our neighbor and we fear the very air we breathe and the water we drink.

It all relates to one moment, one decision — from the different and divided belief systems of today, to the loss of our abilities yesterday, to Uhnimer's question of "how long?" and our questions of "what is life?" and "why are we here?" One could say, symbolically, it goes back to the moment Adam and Eve ate the apple.

We have already discussed The Creator, and the First Creation or the Light. And we have discussed the creation, through the Light, of us, the small gods. When some of these small gods directed their focus away from the Universal Will or God, is when the tale we are telling began. That was the opening scene for the necessity of a physical illusion and, eventually, Mu and beyond to today.

The reference to Adam, Eve, and the apple is symbolic and it is important to remember the reason for symbology: A tool to provide a more complete or in-depth comprehension. When The Council turned its attention to dealing with the episode we know as the eating of the apple, in the explanation of The Creation Story, they again stressed the limitations of the finite mind.

The Council:

"So we deliver then this portion then in more symbolic terms, and that is the fall of man or those beings that were created by the Light and in this particular episode of that Divine Existence we see that the simplest way to explain this is what is normally accepted by man."

What is normally accepted by man? Briefly, and in a somewhat light-hearted vein, I'll explain: The Devil, in the guise of a snake, conned Eve into eating the forbidden fruit. Why would he do that? Some people say it was because he was a snake and everybody knows snakes are no good. But he wasn't a snake; he just looked like one. Obviously, then, he must have really disliked

these beings for some reason. So she ate and, in turn, conned Adam into eating the fruit. God asked them what was going on and Adam tried to pin the responsibility on Eve. She wasn't buying into that, and she fingered the snake. (Anybody ever wonder why Eve didn't say to Adam, "Hey, buster, I might have offered but nobody twisted your arm!")

Forgive me if you consider that account disrespectful; this is an important topic and The Council handled it with great care. But a little humor always helps. Now, to that snake: Nowhere in the Biblical story of creation is Satan linked to the snake. But through the years this particular entity, mentioned later in the Old Testament, has come to be equated with the serpent, as we understand the story. Remember what The Council said in the introductory paragraph to the topic - that the simplest way to explain the fall of man, and the beginning of the physical, is to use concepts man accepts. That does not mean the understanding man has is in error, and The Council has nonetheless used it.

The Council:

"There is much to be said in the story of the fall of Lucifer. These stories are not fables, but they are an explanation of a division in the heavenly forces at a time."

As the entity man has continued his involvement with the physical through ages untold, he has lost awarenesses of many things. The vessel for this loss is the time and distance which exists between us and our natural state. It is filled with all the inter-related developments, all the causes and effects, of our total experience. One could compare it to an incredible avalanche down the side of a mountain as big as all the world. The avalanche is a jumbled mess of what began at the top and all that has been picked up in the ever-accelerating and increasingly destructive and powerful collapse.

So when we try to look back and see truth, we not only have to contend with the failing inner eyesight of age immeasurable, but we have to try to see back up the mountain through the great wave of debris falling onto us. And it was this way long, long before modern man asked "Why?" For any hope of finding truth, we created stories or accounts that could take us over or around the avalanche and help us to see.

The Council:

"The spirit in its development, manifesting itself in a physical form, has lost sight of the true way. The truth is nothing new. It has been written down many times in the physical expression in those books that have been lost forever, and those books that have not been accepted as the truth, and now in those books that are accepted by man as holy. Do not look upon these books lightly for in these books the truth lies. It is true that it is covered over with many veils, but if man were to hear the meanings of the words that are covered over by the veils, he would only hear these same words spoken now and in the times to come. All these things in time will be spoken in a clear manner and will again be set down in books. So do not take those books of old too lightly."

We are accustomed to referring to what The Council calls a "division in the heavenly forces" as the fall of man. We really think little of the fall of some angels. In fact, we wonder little about where the angels came from in the first place. But, in these tales of old that contain truth, we accept that the leader of these fallen angels suckered us into disobeying the will of God. Here is The Council's explanation.

The Council:

"In the original creation of entities [the beings or small gods] there was also created a working force for those entities along with a working force for the Divine and for the Light, and this force one would understand then to be the angels or the guardians or the workers, the messengers of the Divine Father, of the Light."

If it makes it easier to see in the mind's eye, and thus to comprehend, view this "original creation of entities" as a brilliant and powerful explosion. But, instead of one item or object disappearing into a thousand tiny pieces scattered about the countryside, this explosion blasted nothingness into billions and billions of whole, complete entities. See the blast; see the streams of fire and smoke streaking out in all directions; and see an entity emerging from every stream of power and light and smoke. Each one is unique and individual but, in the entire scene, there are two distinct groups, two different types of creations.

It is also difficult for mankind, generally, to understand that angels are lower on the ladder, so to speak. Because those we are accustomed to hearing about are unearthly beings doing God's bidding, we believe that they are far superior to us. They are not. They are simply a different type of entity and we are more similar in our original nature to the Divine Source than they are in their nature. That does not mean that angels are not amazing and wondrous beings. They are meant to enjoy the Divine Existence in a different way.

It is particularly difficult for many of us to swallow the notion that service to another is something desired and rewarding, and thus we cannot understand why there was a creation of angels in the first place. We could be very fundamental here and very legitimately say, "Who are we to question and find fault with God?" But there is a more productive response: Think of the beauty of our own service to others, and how we obtain incredible pleasure and reward from it. We are the ones privileged, we are the ones gaining the most. Consider the child who has been raised and instructed properly, and benefited further by the parents helping it discover and hone its creative gifts. If the gift is music, for example, and the parental focus was long involved with guiding that child to master the gift, who really feels the greatest joy at each level of achievement reached?

That is the existence of an angel, continuous reward and fulfillment through service.

It is in the nature of angels, according to The Council, to make a decision and stick to it without fail. So after this time or event of creation, the angels had the opportunity to make a choice "of either accepting their positions and existing within the Divine Plan, the Divine Will, and growing along with all the other creations, or to move in their own realms."

Staying in the Divine Will — heaven — sounds pretty good to us, who have been experiencing what the opposite can entail. Just in our own time consider the wars, the disease, the famine, the horrendous and sickening crime, the fear, the sorrow, the misery, the hatred. And, surprise, it has all been self-inflicted, and that is just to mention what we know about. Further,

we have examined some and will be examining more of what our ancestors inflicted upon themselves.

But we are not angels. We are small gods, in our purest or natural state equal in quality to the Divine. (When one remembers that, seeing what we have done to ourselves is really embarrassing.) What their state is today, in either the Divine Will or not, we cannot say and we shouldn't even spend time trying because we have our own state to improve.

Therein existed the original problem. We were small gods, and if the angels chose to remain with the Divine Will, they would serve the Divine Creator, His Light, AND the small gods.

The Council:

"Some truly chose to serve. Others chose to challenge the lesser creations. Their point of dispute was that these lesser creations could not create in total love and perfection as the Father did. They had no restrictions or limitations and thus would eventually create imperfectly wherein the angels had a limitation, had certain areas in which they worked or functioned or existed, where these miniature gods, these inexperienced gods were given full rein of the creative forces or states of creativity."

It is impossible, in our current state of existence, to begin to grasp what it means to be a small god. It is equally impossible to grasp the meaning that we, (individually and together in a unity we do not understand), were given full reign of the states of creativity. We cannot even begin to fathom what the states of creativity or the creative forces are. So, obviously, we are limited in those abilities now. But those limitations are the result of our own decisions.

As we think back on some of the material already presented, and as we delve more deeply into the tales of Mu, Lemuria, and Atlantis, keep that fact in mind: We had, as a natural part of our being, full creative range or ability. Not, of course, in quantity but in quality.

The Council's account of the division of heavenly forces continues.

The Council:

"And so some of these gods went beyond their position by challenging these messengers and in so doing they went against the Divine Law. They created a resistance, a backward movement, since these beings of servitude were lower than the beings of the small gods that were created by the Light. They challenged the lesser or they accepted the challenge of the lesser. Instead of progressing on, they hesitated in the challenging of those accusers. And thus, then, the first negative aspect or sin, that of intellectual pride, pride manifesting in an intellectual capacity.

"So when these souls moved backwards, or ceased their progression forwards, in effect they separated themselves from this Divine Will or from their spiritual home, their natural home, and in essence they severed that link. Now, this was by their own choice."

What is among the first really important things a young man or woman learns when they leave home? All those little things they never thought much about, they soon learn, are extremely necessary and don't just happen spontaneously. Electric, gas, water and sewer and garbage removal, telephone service, all have to be paid for or they do not exist. Laundry, ironing, food as in the obtaining of and preparation for consumption, cleaning and maintenance, all have to be done or things fall apart.

Who did all these things before, when the young man or woman depended on them existing without a second thought? The parents did. Parents create an environment for the child to utilize, thus being able to create new worlds for itself without the burdens of first establishing and then maintaining a home or base of operations. Just in our own generations, how many dreams have gone unrealized, how many talents and gifts have gone undeveloped and were therefore wasted, because young men and women were too anxious to leave the nest and accept the challenge to prove themselves fully grown? The Council continues.

The Council:

"And in accepting this challenge then they were forced to self-create and once this self-creation began then, they fell further and further from the Divine Will until they reached such a point that there was no return. The

situation had become hopeless and they could not return to their natural state...

"Those that accepted the challenges of the accusers or the Satans, would then have to have a place to prove their abilities. And so there was then made that place or that state of existence in which they could work."

That, of course, is the physical manifestation, physical illusion, material world, whatever terminology one wishes to use — as long as it is remembered that the material is not the natural state for these beings.

Chapter 8 The Shadows Grow

The sky over Bargmord was a brilliant, deep blue; for it was that special moment when the last rays of the sun had fled into the ocean beyond but enough daylight lingered to hide the stars. Shadows quickly filled the streets. The orange glow of lantern crystals weakened the shadows in many locations through the inner city, around the royal grounds and out in the vast courtyards of the Pallernon, almost a wide and sprawling city in itself where the great Atlanteans had lived for generations.

All these sites were spread out before Mount Vizil, to the south and east of the city proper, from which even the Atlantic could be detected on the horizon. Looked at with just the right turn of the head, the scene gave the illusion that all the lush green land, now darkened in the twilight, between the Pallernon and the ocean was but a massive wall and a tiny slit of an entrance to the sea rested upon it.

Closer to the base of the mount the light emanating from windows and doors was not the steady orangish hue of crystal lanterns. It was, instead, the yellow flicker of torch fire and lamps fueled with fats and oils; for the people here were crowded and poor. It was not a wholesome place, and often not a safe place, but always a heartrending place for those who still held the light of the Divine in their hearts.

Here, in this part of the city so scorned and avoided by those who brought glory to Bargmord, lived those who toiled for the rich, who begged from the rich, and who sometimes killed and stole from anyone foolish enough to be unprotected. This was an area often frequented by those so twisted and tormented by the priest-wizards that they only came out at night. They came in from the jungles or from the caves on the dark side of Mount Vizil, to rummage through the trash pits, or to beg from beggars while shielding their wretchedness in rags and shadows.

This part of the city was called, simply, the Clusters.

When the city was Turithian, the Clusters was a plain but proud area of artisans and merchants and, like the present, servants to those blessed with material wealth. But it was united with all the city in devotion to the Eternal Father and service to man, even into the many wildlands beyond the seas. The site of the First Temple and the first Sanctuary of the Earth Kingdom, the greatest cause of Atlantis' first Sons of Light, were both in the Clusters.

Sanctuaries of the Earth Kingdom had waxed and waned in number through the years and they were rare now, all over Atlantis. Part of the First Temple still existed, overgrown and tattered, but still a sacred place to Sons of Light. They held small ceremonies there, in secret, on the holiest days. The Fourth Temple, or Royal Temple, of the city was no longer a place of worship to the One God. Priests still held ceremonies that were still attended by many, but they were hollow words that glorified the priests and the kings past and present, more than the Great Creator that was mentioned. The Second Temple, a short transport trip from the Royal, was now the home for priests and a school and a laboratory of the priest-wizards. Wickedness was not unknown there, in any of the three areas.

Finally, the Third Temple sat on a mound near the river. Much of the sacred complex, including a small pyramid, was still around it. There the Sons of Light gathered when there was an easing of tensions between them, the royal house and the priests of the royal house. But it had been two generations since a time like that. The Sons of Light still in and around Bargmord had a good indication Ciopp would be worse than his brother months before he ascended the throne, so another generation of persecution was expected.

In recent times, the Third Temple was used most as a place of entertainment by Sons of Belial; amusement that horrified the Children of the Law of One but drew greater crowds as the years passed.

Bargmord was a city great and strong, the seat of Atlantis and the master of all the Earth. King Ciopp was now the master of that city and, as such, the world lay at his feet. The few who had dared to trouble his brother, the late king, and the kings who came before would be swept away. That was his goal, and it was his goal before he was king, as his loyalists had awaited the appointed time to usher in his reign.

The old road to the heart of the city ran directly through the Clusters. It bore all the evidence of having been abandoned ages before, but Wert was not afraid to use it. He was from the Clusters, the child of servants to the priestly castes. He still frequented many locales in the Clusters, for it was a place of resources very handy to a man such as he.

Wert killed the man who first revealed the rumor to him that he was the product of seduction by a priest-wizard; but he did always have an affinity for the special work performed by that special class. Wert worked his way up from a trainer of warriorbeasts and warriorslaves, and joined the cadre of plotters who allied themselves with Ciopp. They could see he was the true future of Atlantis. He was astute, aggressive and fearless, the kind of king who could provide great rewards for a man such as he.

Traveling the old road saved Wert a little time, and he entered the city at that moment of early twilight, when the sky was a deep and brilliant blue. His approach to the royal grounds brought him past the Pyramid of the Priests, where he had often worked with the priest-wizards in their experiments. The Pyramid was the only structure in or near the royal grounds that predated the line of kings; it even predated the name Bargmord, which had come with the first line of kings to assume control from the Sons of Light. It was those Sons of Light and all their lines of development since who were so reviled by practical men.

The first band of pilgrims to settle at the foot of Mount Vizi from the old land, long, long ago consumed by the sea, had called themselves Light Worshipers. That name had been twisted to whiteworms which, in the mind of Wert and his kind, was much more fitting.

Wert was thinking about the whiteworms he and Raggaws had discovered, and his heart pounded with excitement. A village so concealed deep in the eastern interior of the continent that it was unknown to the chartmakers. He was sure it was the rumored village of the whiteworms, the highest of all Sons of Light left uncontrolled in Atlantis. What excited Wert even more was that all the lands about the village were virtually untouched; it was a vast region crying for a master, for an exalted governor. That exalted governor, he was confident, was about to be named: Wert, The Mighty; Destroyer of the Lost Village; Slayer of the High Whiteworms.

And Raggaws? If they ate him, all the better.

The golden ball on top of the Pyramid of the Priests was glowing a light blue, a beautiful affect with the darkening blue around it. The ball had been mounted some months before, to help enhance emotions of tranquility. The priests who were secretly loyal to Ciopp had manipulated the leaders so that the ball was in use, to indirectly aid in the transfer of power once Bladdas was assassinated.

Wert met with the key members of the cadre soon after his arrival. Their gathering place was in a secret chamber below the Sacred Library of Cangor, which was connected to the Pyramid by a subterranean passageway. The library was named after the High Priest who also became king, who was the founder of the last royal line. Even though he had been sympathetic to the Sons of Light and their crusades for peaceful instruction of the peoples of the wildlands, the name had never been changed.

Wert's plan was simple: Destroy the village as an awesome blow to all the Children of the Law of One over all Atlantis. This would put them on notice that Ciopp was the greatest of all Atlantean kings.

"Perhaps I should return with some slaves from the village; an offering for the king, and some subjects for your inquiries into nature, Tustqun," Wert concluded, smiling at the priest-wizard.

Yudmn-Bor Ek, leader of the holy priests, spoke:

"It would be a beneficial act for us all to have that village eliminated, IF it is as Wert says." He did not like or trust Wert, and only tolerated members of the priest-wizard caste because Ciopp took pleasure in their work. Yudmn-Bor Ek was of the ancient ways, believing that total control should belong to holy priests. Kings, royal administrators, priest-wizards, vipers like Wert would all be subjugated in an Atlantis run by Yudmn-Bor Ek. But he, too, was a practical man.

Tustqun, the priest-wizard, was almost visibly drooling at the thought of subjects from the legendary lost village, subjects whose way of life had been unchanged for, for, uncounted years. He wanted to get into the library to research that very question.

Only Brak, the astronomer and advisor to Ciopp, voiced objection to the plan.

"We should not do this, and we should counsel the King to preserve the village," he spoke. "Tax them, take servants for the court and for Yudmn-Bor Ek's purposes, but do not destroy them. There is much to be learned from them and their ways; they may have abilities that wane in us, and throughout Atlantis."

Wert scowled at the astronomer. "Maybe we should follow you for a time, to see if you worship the king or the god of the whiteworms."

Brak showed no surprise at Weres attack. "Cautious planning often provides the best results for tomorrow, Wert. And, no matter what we may desire, the decision belongs to King Ciopp. It is he who will have to face any reaction. Remember, there are many Sons of Light who no longer have an absolute abhorrence of violence. There may be great strength coming from that village, and if we destroy it, we may bring acts of retaliation."

Yudmn-Bor Ek considered what Brak said. It was persuasive, but he was not going to risk taking the unpopular side in so delicate a situation.

Brak waited, and saw that no one would join him.

"What are we to do, make such a momentous decision under the king's nose, so soon in his reign?" he pleaded. "Is this the decision of wise and loyal subjects?"

"If we so choose, I am sure we can get Ciopp to see it our way, and to even believe it's his idea," Tustqun said in a voice so deeply evil it caused Brak to chill with dread. "There are certain pleasures, if you understand, that the good king would kill for."

He laughed wickedly, and Wert joined him.

Pyramids' Progress

Now we have come to the point where a more detailed explanation of the spiritual history of mankind is required. We have reviewed the rising and falling of the lands and we have a good understanding of the vast time the physical world has existed. We will take a closer look at the progress of the Sons of Light and the Sons of Darkness or the Sons of Belial, from Mu to Atlantis.

First, though, another reminder that the tale of the times of Uhnimer is but a story to give greater dimension to this account of man's past. Let us also have a quick review of the elements in this part of the tale that The Council has verified:

There was an Atlantean city in the vicinity where the fictional Bargmord is located. There were sacred complexes that included pyramids, which had interchangeable capstones for different purposes. One of those tops was, indeed, a ball as described.

The Council:

"... the actual top or the point [of pyramids] was interchangeable. Over the period of times depending on what their intentions were, the actual top of the pyramid could either be used as a ball, a round sphere, or as an actual pointed, four-sided affair; at other times though you would have simply a needle or an antenna at the top. We find it kind of unusual that such information is not widely known at this time. It seems as though man's intellect has channeled the truth into only one aspect. In reality, the pyramid tops were changed from time to time."

Much of the reason for interchangeable tops was simply investigation, looking for different effects. The actual miniature pyramid, The Council said, came after most of the others and was used to "heighten the awareness of individuals." A cap used to generate power was more of a cylinder, and a cylinder-shaped crystal was more effective for other purposes.

The Council:

"With this [the crystal cylinder] it could be used in more destructive ways as opposed to constructive ways. The ball capstone was more of a peaceful force.

"... the ball was solid gold. ... at times under proper atmospheric conditions there was a definite glow [because of the energy collected], especially in the evenings. In the daylight the glow was not quite as apparent, but in the evenings or in the nights this glow would be of a light blue, not a dark blue, and it did actually glow. But the true ball itself which would have been approximately 7 feet in diameter was solid gold.

Time for a quick test: Everyone who is NOT thinking about where that big, solid gold ball is, raise your hands... I thought so. You're all ready to mount expeditions.

There are a couple problems. In the particular questioning session in which this information was obtained, no one bothered to ask where this particular pyramid had been standing. In fact, it was never asked if a gold ball was on only one pyramid, or was a standard top for several or all pyramids of a certain age.

Nor was it specifically asked if a pyramid with a golden ball was in the vicinity of the great city. What is known, from The Council material, is that "such an appliance" as a great crystal was in the area of the Atlantean city in the western portion of the continent, roughly where Bargmord was placed for the illustration.

That particular area is what we recognize today as the Bermuda Triangle. Many still accept that strange occurrences are common there; and many, even in the ranks of the metaphysical, believe the mysteries have all been logically explained away.

All we will say here is this: The Council has a rather detailed explanation of what transpires in the area, and one has the right to accept it or not. For the purposes of understanding Atlantis, The Council explained that the area was at one time the site of a magnetic pole.

The Council:

"The Bermuda Triangle, as you call it, although it is more of an elliptical circle or area than triangular shaped, is basically one of the more populated areas of Atlantis, or was...

"What you find in that particular area and you will find in a number of other areas across your globe is what at one time was one of the poles. In Atlantis or in its prime day or its highest point, they built a very large city in that general vicinity. Now, the unusual happenings do not truly come from what that city contained but more from the fact that at one time it was a pole.

"So what you have in these areas then are warps, if we may use that term. These warps, based on the gravitational fields of the earth and those in relationship to the gravitational fields of the whole universe, create an unusual situation or potential. One might say that there could be a relationship to that mighty city being built in that particular area if one would choose. The relationship would be based more on a spiritual concept than anything that you would consider physical."

The Council went on to say, at that particular Communication, that mankind often senses a uniqueness to certain places on the globe with unusual

magnetic properties. Some of these, like the Bermuda Triangle, were magnetic poles prior to a polar shift. In these places, man often has the natural sense to build places of worship. Utilizing this information, it was logical to put a sacred complex with a large pyramid there in the description of Bargmord.

As for the fact there was a crystal used in this city, located on a former pole, the question was asked if the crystal, presumed to be at the bottom of the Triangle area, had any influence.

The Council:

"The answer cannot be stated as no or yes. The fact that there is such an appliance in that area, and since it is sensitive to the magnetic fields, then it is part of the overall picture, but its activity is truly secondary."

As for the crystal, or the ball of gold or, for that matter, anything that man would consider of great monetary significance, The Council would have little interest. Had the question been asked, or if it is asked, about the location of a ball of gold, the answer quite likely would be a mild rebuke. The Council's goal is to show us how rich we already are, in resources that will last eternally, if we choose to mine and cultivate those resources.

The Council information itself, as a matter of fact, has been treated like gold to ensure that it is not misrepresented. That is why we are going the extra detail of explaining exactly which elements of the illustrative chronicle are based on The Council's Deep Trance material.

Let us return to pyramids. They were initially constructed for spiritual purposes and later served as stations in an effort to create an earth-wide power grid. The Great Pyramid of Egypt is of Atlantean origin.

The Council:

"You must remember that the Great Pyramid of Egypt is somewhat older than what you may suspect, and also the builders were not truly Egyptian.

"The pyramids that most puzzle man have not been constructed for the purpose of tombs. They symbolized, if one were to understand the true

simplicity of their purpose, it symbolized the gateway to spirituality. Man's interpretation of their purposes have become so overlaid with the egotism of interpretation that the true purpose, the true essence, of their construction has been lost."

Other pyramids in the Egyptian area were built "somewhat later," The Council said, and there was a relationship to the Great Pyramid, which with its surrounding structures was a holy place or "a place of great spiritual illumination." A key to unlocking the prophetic significance of that particular pyramid is the Holy Cubit. Further, The Council said the Great Pyramid was built:

The Council:

"... toward the end of the apex of that civilization, so you would have a mixture of both good and negative [in leadership positions] ...

"The Great Pyramid was built first by those who were considered the initiates or those that had the power, were built first as a source of spiritual enlightenment, then secondly as a point of this power grid that we spoke of before."

The original effort of creating a power grid around the entire earth was never completed. What portions that were completed, however, were utilized. Earlier, we discussed Uhnimer's transport and said that it was propelled by a combination of his thought projections and a quartz crystal unit within the vehicle. There was also much travel utilizing this grid.

The Council:

"The power lines, as you refer to them, was a vibration, an electromagnetic vibration sent out from point to point and during the different periods of man some of his vehicles used these lines of vibration to propel themselves. There were not actually physical connections between these points that collected the power.

"... they would travel in vehicles, not space vehicles and we mean this in relationship to outer space, but in vehicles across the surface of the earth and under its waters."

Before continuing with the highlights of this passage, let us remember that The Council had mentioned previously "flying machines" and "those machines that traveled across" as well as under the water. There were different sizes and types of craft that were propelled by different ways of utilizing the same natural forces.

The Council:

"It was not necessary to have pyramids under the water. On the land was sufficient. These power lines or focusing segments of the power source could be adjusted so that through what [you] would more easily understand as antennas, this could control or this could use the power sources underneath the water.

"[The energy] was a combination of solar energy plus the natural magnetic energies of the earth and combined in a crystal and the structure of the crystal. All elements in God's creation have a vibratory rate and by controlling that rate through the natural processes much can be accomplished. The sun's energy was used to increase the vibratory rate and there were mechanisms in which to control it, but these were extremely simple things."

We have reviewed a couple of the elements utilized in our story, and we have also gained a better picture of our ancestors and their abilities, at least at the time of Atlantis. Let's combine more information on these abilities through time and on the evolvment of the Sons of Light and the Sons of Belial, to get a better idea of how far man has come, not in time but spiritual awareness.

Differences of Opinion

The entity man, in its initial involvement with the physical illusion or manifestation, was basically united in focus and in spiritual quality. As has been said previously, the individual beings or small gods that were created through the Light or the First Creation, and were in the likeness of the Infinite Father, were all unique. They had their own personalities, their own

special ways of growing and experiencing. But they were united within the Divine Will.

Unity was first broken when some of these small gods chose to go beyond the boundaries of the Divine Will. But it is important to remember that not all of these small gods, these special creations, made that choice.

There are small gods who stayed within the Divine Will. Perhaps what we're about to say is the most difficult to accept of all ideas, be they presented in this book or presented anywhere at anytime in history. Certainly, many of us can more quickly accept we could become president, win the lottery, or buy the Brooklyn Bridge, as we can accept this: Pure and perfect beings within the Divine Realms, who are small gods, are of the same essence as every man, woman and child. The only difference is the choices made in how to utilize the life and position that belongs to each.

The drug addict, the killer, the politician, the housewife, the beggar, all are small gods. You reading this passage at this moment, and I who wrote this passage a moment ago, share the same heritage. The only difference between us, between our brothers and sisters in this country or in some jungle village across the sea, is how we choose to use ourselves and our opportunities.

If we find it exciting or entertaining to contemplate this truth, there is one other thing to keep in mind. It is true that the only difference between the beings who manifest as mankind and the beings who have continued to create in purity within the Divine Existence is the choices made. The effort to change the types of choices being made can cover a lot of ground, so to speak, and narrow the spiritual distance between mankind and his godly brethren and his godly self, and his God, the Eternal Love. However — and this is that one other thing to keep in mind —all choices will eventually be made. The charge account, so to speak, has an expiration date.

In the time of Mu, a difference in choices eventually occurred as to how these beings would use their creative potential. Originally, the material world was meant to be a tool for creative decisions of a godly and spiritual nature.

The Council:

"The portions of the Sons of Light that became the Sons of Darkness were those entities that began to become fascinated with the possibilities of creating in the physical form, and in this then you have the breaking away. In the Sons of Light who remained true or the Sons of the Law of One who remained true, their prime point of concentration was in experiencing or expressing only what was absolutely necessary to relieve themselves of the physical manifestation; where that group which developed into the Sons of Darkness began to enjoy the physical, the possibilities of the physical manifestation."

As activity in the physical continued, more and more Sons of Light began to drift away, enticed by what the Sons of Darkness found so enjoyable and fascinating. The Sons of the Law of One, the Sons of Light, become isolated.

The Council:

"They [the Sons of Light] became communal but in a very elite way or in a separatist way. In order to protect the purity of their knowledge of God, they were forced into this, although amongst themselves they were an open community.

"Eventually, the Sons of Darkness grew in power, and as the civilization advanced more, they brought into their physical knowledge or into the material existence many great weapons of war and all the attitudes that go in making up a destructive force. At that time Mu then began to experience the destructive forces of nature. Tampering with the creation of God in unnatural and ungodly ways, they began to affect nature, and nature began to react. Even man against man was an act of nature or was a natural act."

The idea presented in that last passage is of key importance to understanding what happened in these three worlds lost, and to understanding man's true relationship to the material manifestation. The balance of nature, basically, will remain balanced to function efficiently as long as there is a natural world. We function, we create, within this natural world but when our actions knock it out of whack, it will correct itself.

This is the point of blending or meshing, or interaction, between our creativity as spiritual beings, as small gods, and the physical world we are

utilizing. The material existence is here for us to use in acts of creation. Acts of creation that are godly will eventually produce one result; acts that are ungodly will produce the opposite.

An illustration: Our godly acts of creation, from visiting a sick person in the hospital to raising a child properly, are like utilizing building blocks at the sea shore. We build a beautiful edifice, a home, and we have an incomparably marvelous view from this home of the land and of the sea around us. The flip side of the coin: Ungodly acts of creation are tantamount to hurling these building blocks into the sea; totally wasting them and, in effect, trashing the sea. When enough building blocks have been so wasted, the turbulence caused by the splashing and the higher water level caused by the displacement combine to send a mighty storm and flood against the shore. The being who caused all the trouble is washed away, with as little concern for his well being as he showed for the well-being of the world about him.

This rule applies, of course, not just to how we treat the realm of nature but also to how we treat each other. All are acts of creation, godly or otherwise, within the physical realm.

How did man act against man, to help bring about nature's reaction against the civilization of Mu? First, we realize that the Sons of Darkness would not have developed weapons of war unless they intended to use them. But also consider this:

The Council:

"By the time that Mu began to be destroyed the spirit of man was well engrossed in the material form or material manifestation, so that at that time they had begun to develop or had by that time developed many unusual instruments of pleasure and destruction and some of their bizarre forms of amusement was to go against one another in what would be considered today inhuman ways. They had become so gross that they received great pleasure in actually seeing the death of one individual or of an individual, not referring to a particular individual...

"So that it was common sport just to murder, to maim ... there had to be no ill feelings between two individuals, they would simply slowly murder or kill another individual just for the pleasure of watching that individual die."

These are not the kind of fellows we would want marrying our daughters, are they? The Council said that was just one example of what they meant by actions of man against man. As this ungodliness unfolded, Mu suffered the reactions of nature. Lemuria was already up from the ocean and habitable, and the Sons of Light began to escape that which they found so abhorrent.

The vast majority of Sons of Light went to Lemuria. Many Sons of Belial also left Mu, but they went by and large in the opposite direction, to what we consider the Asian continent. Recall from our discussion, in a previous chapter, of the geologic activity, that land was far from what it is today. The edge of the Asian continent at the time of the first destructive forces to hit Mu was a mass of islands. Later, when Lemuria was hit with nature's reactions, the islands were pushed back together. Understanding the forces working out in the Pacific, on Mu and Lemuria through a total of a half-dozen periods of geologic cataclysm, it is easier to see how the fossils of long extinct sea creatures can now be found thousands of feet above sea level in the mountains of Asia.

The Council also noted that some of both groups went their separate ways, heading in the direction generally accepted by the other belief system.

On Lemuria, as Mu vanished completely from the world of men, the Sons of Light were strong and prospered. Eventually, problems began to arise from within and from without.

The Council:

"But there again, there began to infiltrate into the Sons of Light negative aspects, greed and selfishness. So that even amongst these elite, there was a division. There was just a slight changing of the purity of knowledge, ever so slight at first. And gradually, as time went on, this impurity began to infest to a greater degree, and naturally, those Sons of Darkness, by all means, took every opportunity to infiltrate even more, whenever the opportunity allowed them, and they intermingled with the Sons of Light to

bring about an even greater division and more impurity to the truth of the One God and the worshiping in spirit."

We can refer to the elements detailed in that quote as additional wear and tear upon the quality of the Sons of Light. On the one hand, some of them fell victim then, in Lemuria, to the same mistaken choices that had been made by others earlier: greed and selfishness. On the other hand, the Sons of Darkness were always out there, constantly ready and able to pull the Sons of Light down, a notch at a time if need be.

But there was an additional factor affecting the Sons of Light by this time: time. In spiritual reality, we have said, time equals distance. The longer away from the Divine Life, the more distance between the two.

The Council:

"Now during this whole passing of time by the time the Lemurian continent was in existence the Sons of Light or the Sons of the Law of One had lost the brilliance of their truth, of their knowledge of the One God.

"It [the knowledge of God] was not really made unclean. The sharp awareness, the distinct remembrance of their heavenly existence had begun to dull, so that deep within themselves they recalled an existence that had nothing to do with any physical form and they recalled many of the other things that had been made known to them in their heavenly existence or in their spiritual existence. So that although many more of the Sons of Light had been contaminated to a degree by the Sons of Darkness, there was still a segment that held the pure truth, but it was somewhat diminished by the passing of time, similar to your natural forgetfulness over the years."

Across the globe, of course, were other peoples and other intensities of activity through all this time. And, as was pointed out, that includes numbers of Sons of Belial and Sons of Light who migrated to the Asian lands at the first destructive periods to hit Mu. It cannot be said with precision, and it is actually irrelevant, how much time passed from the first to the final forces of destruction that obliterated Mu. But it is obvious that the period is quite significant. During that time, and even when Lemuria was at its peak, there were migrations to other areas.

Lemuria did prosper under the Sons of Light, but in time the Sons of Darkness did become powerful. What transpired, basically, was a repeat of the story of Mu.

The Council:

"Again, then, the Sons of the One God, the Sons of the Law of One, began to diminish in strength. They began to be refined or purified. The less strict believers began to fall away and those that believed deep within their heart or soul clung closer to one another and became stronger. Again, they underwent a siege from the Sons of Darkness. At the same time, Lemuria began to be destroyed as a continent. There were earthquakes, violent storms."

The Sons of Light left Lemuria, again traveling in what we know as an easterly direction, to an uninhabited land that came to be known as Atlantis. That was their general direction and destination in migration during the three periods of destruction that rocked and, finally, sank Lemuria.

The South American and North American continents had moved almost into their current positions by the first Lemurian cataclysm, and Atlantis was ready for occupation. In the latter stages of migrations from Lemuria, The Council said, some peoples did go to these continents. Prior to that, however, there was still too much geologic instability on those continents for them to be habitable. That comment, in itself, gives a good indication of the ages and ages that passed from the rise to the fall of Lemuria. Here's further clarification:

The Council:

"... in the first migrations the lands [North and South America] were too unsettled. Too much volcanic conditions, too many earthquakes. These land masses were moving...

"As they began to come up against the pressure of the Pacific Plate or what is now referred to as the Pacific Plate then they began to stabilize more."

As the focus of The Council's account moved from Lemuria to Atlantis, this insight into the migrations was delivered. It underscores The Council's purpose for delivering the spiritual history of mankind, a purpose that we can easily overlook in discussion of pyramids, strange powers, and wholesale destruction of continents.

The Council:

In Mu's breaking up, it was the Divine Hand that saved His children and saw to it that His children preserved His knowledge or the knowledge of Him. In like manner then, when Lemuria began to self-destruct, we should put it that way, the intervention of the Divine Father again comes into play and makes way for His children to preserve the awareness of Him and themselves, and so these children then move across the water and basically find a home in what is now understood as Atlantis."

Here we shall conclude this segment, and return to tale of Uhnimer and the Atlantean Sons of Light.

Chapter 9 New Sights

A new world opened for Mahtha when they reached the shore. It was as though a new portion of his being was born.

The party had to stop there, as always, to adjust to the change in atmosphere and to do whatever else the men did. Additionally, Sallac said that he had felt a turbulence over the water, and that had to be examined. Two of the young men took Raggaws up the beach a short distance and stayed with him, as instructed. The others were allowed to explore in the opposite direction, as long as they did not wander too far, or enter the water.

"Be alert," Callas said to them as they walked off, and he then had a conversation with Youm-El.

But Mahtha hardly heard, for he was so filled with awe at the beauty of the sea and shore. He, Pulon, Treb and Abbu walked a short distance, and the

other three sat down on a log where the tree line met the beach. Mahtha kept walking.

"Where are you going, brother?" asked Pulon.

"I want to be alone now," said Mahtha. "I'll be back in a few moments."

He walked farther, around a bend in the shoreline that took him into solitude. He was stirred deeply by all the elements of this place.

The waves were rough, and the energy of their assault upon the shore made the water appear deeply angry. Mahtha took off his sandals and wiggled his feet until they sank in the sand up to his ankles. The salty spray enveloped him, and the smell of the sea filled his nostrils. It all was so, so, different from the environment around the village.

A sharply defined ridge ran down from the hills, a few leagues behind him, and entered the sea as a massive spur of jagged rock. Mahtha climbed the rocks and allowed himself to be absorbed by the magnificence. Actually, he did not allow himself, and he knew it. He was drawn to the scene by an inner longing that he couldn't describe.

Leagues and leagues of water; leagues and leagues of sky; an unending ribbon of fine sand lighter in color than the palest earth he had ever seen; and behind, leagues and leagues of rich green forest rolling up and away to the north and west.

The sea, Mahtha came to believe as he sat there, was where he belonged. Living along the shore, perhaps harvesting the bounteous food the Eternal Father placed there, in the sea.

He wondered if man had ever before disturbed the sands that stretched to either side of his vantage point upon the rocks. He wondered if anyone ever felt as deeply at peace, as awe filled and inspired, as he did at that moment. His life's experience was the wooded hills deep within the interior of Atlantis. That was what he knew and he loved it. But here, with vision and mind so open, so unrestricted and unconstrained... It was so eternal.

Eternity. He realized that, for him at least, this place was the key to some inner gateway of further comprehending eternity. Where sea and sky and soil all come together, that point had an eternalness to it...

"Mahtha! Mahtha! Quickly, come down quickly!"

It was Pulon, standing just inside the tree line. He seemed frantic. "Quickly!"

Mahtha caught the emotion. The fear and anxiety were so intense they almost choked him. He bounded down the rock.

"Hurry! In here and hide!" Pulon yelled in an almost laughable voice, a panic-laced whisperscream. With that, though, he vanished.

An instant later, Mahtha was also gone. He dove the last few feet into the trees. His brother flopped across him and tugged him into a small hollow behind the trees.

"Father and the rest are hiding up there," Pulon said, gasping for breath. Mahtha was filling with apprehension.

"It's, it's a ship, or like a ship, Mahtha; it is so strange! Youm-El said to hide."

"What are you talking about, Pulon? What ship?"

Pulon had to take a deep breath before he could continue. "It is in the water, coming around the point where the men are."

Mahtha was puzzled. "IN the water?"

"Yes, yes. IN the water. In it. A strange thing. It has a big cloth catching the wind, a cloth with a design and, and, see for yourself!"

Mahtha gaped at the sight, forgetting they were to be concealed, and Pulon had to push him down.

The vessel was as Pulon described it. With nothing else on the water for reference, he could not tell how far out the vessel was. But it was big, bigger than any transport he had ever seen before. And it was in the water, not above the water like a transport would be.

The massive cloth was puffed out by the wind, to push the vessel through the water. Mahtha admired the ingenuity of it.

Then he squinted, as though it would help his eyesight cover the distance more efficiently. He was confused, and so was Pulon.

"Its sides move," Pulon whispered.

For a moment the vessel did appear alive, a mighty sea beast slithering up and down, like a tree worm, for propulsion. But finally he realized the movement did not roll from front to back, like the worm, but was uniform. Up all at once, back, down and forward; up, back, down and forward...

Sticks! The movement was sticks being worked by men to push the vessel; sticks helping the wind. But he couldn't understand why he was not able to see the men more clearly. The sticks were only in the middle part of the vessel; they did not extend to the front or the back. The way the vessel was built, the top of the side was parapeted, and the great sticks jutted out from holes between the parapets. As the men, facing the back of the vessel, dropped the far end of the great sticks into the water and bent over, he could see their profiles. But, then again, he could not. That is what made him think he was having difficulty with visibility in this new environment, because the men seemed to appear so strange. Certainly they were brutishly large.

But behind them was a higher side or wall, a deeply burnished wood backdrop to their labors. It seemed to form a box on the bigger platform that was the vessel itself. Once or twice Mahtha thought he saw some movement behind and above that wall, as though it separated the men with the sticks from something on the other side. The movements were fast glimpses of what appeared to be the heads and shoulders of people, but adorned in gay colors and, quite oddly, easy to see clearly.

At the back of the vessel was a pyramid-shaped structure of a very shiny metal. A man appeared, walking in front of the wall but behind and slightly above the men with the sticks. He, too, was clearly visible. He wore a metallic piece on his head, and some kind of cloth on his shoulders, but his midsection was bare. He had wide bracelets on his wrists that matched the head piece in sheen and color...

The vessel was too far past him now to see anything more.

He rolled over onto his back and looked at Pulon.

"What do you think it was?" Mahtha asked his brother.

"I don't know. Did you see the design on the cloth?"

Mahtha nodded as he recalled the sight. It was chilling to the soul. The great cloth was the color of blood with the border alternating rectangles of gold. In the center was a circle of gold, with a black pyramid in it and five black stars arranged around the peak of the geometric design — one star right above the point and two descending on each side. In the foreground of the circle, at the base of the pyramid, was a representation of a man's torso and head. The figure was blood red highlighted by black to make grim, angular features stand out: arms folded across the chest, an angular headpiece similar to that worn by the man he had seen walking, high cheek bones and a straight and taut mouth. The only other color was the eyes. They were all white, like the man had no irises or pupils. The eyes gave the figure a cold, heartless and unending stare.

"Mahtha? Come. Lees get back to the others," Pulon said. He crouched as he moved back up the beach, and after a short distance Treb and Abbu joined him from their place of hiding. Mahtha finally snapped out of his daze and ran to catch up.

Youm-El and Sallac had everyone but Raggaws gather together. Raggaws they left tied to a tree.

Sallac spoke first.

"Most of you know me. I come from Prinel and our village is not far from Natruccu on the far western waters. It is there that this family that rules the land and persecutes believers has much property and enterprise. Some of it, they say, is for the greatness of Atlantis; the rest is part of their personal treasure.

"It was there I first saw something like what you have just seen, three seasons ago. It may have been the same one. This is not propelled through the mind; but through the torment of imprisoned..." He hesitated as he looked at the candidates. "... the torment of prisoners and slaves."

Mahtha spoke: "What good is this vessel? Surely transports are faster and safer?"

"It is a new mark of sadness for the world," said Youm-El. "Those who live in darkness are losing their knowledge of the Way of Oneness. Perhaps something as large as that vessel cannot be moved by them anymore. But what is important to us now is that it was here, on this day, at this time.

"I do not know how," Youm-El continued, "but they could be looking for us. We must use greater caution in our travel through Rica."

Uhnimer added an observation: "When I was moving about Bargmord, I saw the colors of that cloth many times. They covered the city for the new king. They are his colors. The symbol was on banners. It is the sign of Ciopp."

"It seems almost too soon for the symbol to be so proudly displayed, so far from Bargmord," said Hamesh.

"Unless," interrupted Youm-El, "unless it was prepared before the throne was available to him."

"That would be the act of conspirators, who knew when the king would die," Sallac added. "There has been much mystery, much hidden from the people, in Natruccu. Perhaps we now have some understanding of why."

After a conference, the men decided to run Raggaws in and out of the forest, by transport and by foot, to tire and further confuse him as they waited to see if anymore strange vessels happened by. At dusk, when visibility was weakened, they would move out from concealment, transports single file and as close to the water as considered safe.

Finally, the course would be altered slightly. A direct path to the east would take them just south, but within sight, of the Islands of the East. These were playgrounds for the Sons of Belial and the royal administrators. Normally, because they did not want to be observed from the southernmost island in the chain, their course would swing to the south. Since they would be leaving at dusk, though, there was virtually no chance they would be seen.

It was almost a journey of an entire cycle of daylight, or darkness, to the coast of Rica; and then an entire cycle and most of another to the final destination. Even with this delay, a hard effort would get them there at the appointed time. But they would have to partake of the traditional ceremony now, during the wait to leave Atlantis, a land of growing darkness. These circumstances upset all the men, though they showed positive strength for the candidates. Several of the young men could sense the turbulence, but they accepted the gift of their elders.

Youm-El and Uhnimer were especially touched with despair, each wondering if their actions were responsible for the troubles.

Spider Webs

The sun was long gone when Wert approached the Third Temple. He was filled with satisfaction and delicious anticipation of what would happen on the morrow. The vilest of the whiteworms would die. He would receive all the credit, especially if Raggaws also happened to die in the assault — if he was not already dead. His capture and, in the plot they had devised, his certain torture as a non-believer, was all the rationale they needed if they had to defend the attack.

More than two days of arguing with Brak and plotting with Tustqun and the others had produced the final scenario. The king would be surprised and overwhelmed with satisfaction. For all practical purposes, the heart of the whiteworm religion would vanish. The remnants would be returned as slaves for the royal house and as subjects for the inquisitiveness of Tustqun and his fellow wizard-priests. And, Wert was certain, he would be a governor. Not bad for the son of servants from the Clusters.

It was time for enjoyment, and the pleasures of the Third Temple were exactly what he had in mind. Perception plant tea, ambrosias sweet and elevating, music, women ready, new explorations... it had been too long already.

The music itself seemed to dance past the great columns of the temple entrance and down the sleek marble steps to the courtyards, escorted by pulsating lights of alternating color.

Wert noticed two figures hiding behind a shrub, looking up the knoll toward the temple. It was obvious from their behavior that they did not want to be seen. And it was just as obvious, to Wert, why they did not want to be seen. They were believers, whiteworms. He went cold with hatred. He concealed himself and watched them for a time.

"I think we can go in and no one will know," one of the young men was saying to his companion.

"No. No, I don't want to. It is wrong and it will only lead to trouble," responded the other, who was distinctly the shorter of the two.

"What are you afraid of?" goaded the tall one. "We won't do anything, we'll just look. How are we going to know for sure if it's evil in there if we don't see for ourselves?"

Wert's mind whirled with ideas. He was going to have more fun tonight than he could have hoped for.

"Well," the short one said, "if my mother and father say it is a place of darkness filled with death, that should be sufficient. Your parents say the same thing; so do the elders. I don't think I want to take the chance."

"Then let's get a little closer, at least, and watch some of the people come out, to see what they're like," the tall one said.

When they turned around they physically bumped into Wert.

"Oh, please, sir, give us your pardon. We are sorry," stammered the short one, and his companion babbled an unnerved agreement.

Wert was on the ground, looking stunned and surprised, but it was his own plot that knocked him to the ground.

"It was an unavoidable mishap," he said in the friendliest tone he could create. "Do not be concerned. Let's go in together and lift goblets to forget this embarrassment."

The tall one's eyes sparkled with excitement, but the short one grabbed his friend's elbow and pulled him back a step.

"No, we are leaving," the short one said.

"But why? It seems to me you have not yet even been into the temple," Wert said.

The short one mustered enough courage to say, "We don't think this is the type of place for us. It's, it's a bad place."

Wert acted like his personal integrity was mortally wounded. "I come here on occasion, and do I look like some beast?"

The two were embarrassed, and they shook their heads.

"Bad is a matter of degree," Wert said philosophically. "There are some people who occasionally harm themselves by too much of the pleasures here."

But if one knows himself and is confident in himself, he can have great pleasure that is truly harmless. Why, some of Bargmord's most influential citizens come here; even some of the royal house."

The short one was listening earnestly; the tall one was hooked.

"If the people of your family think otherwise, I am not disagreeing with them. I am only saying to you that their beliefs are such because of the way things were many, many ages before. Circumstances are not the same, but we all haven't seen that yet. Do come in for a brief time; stay with me and I'll be your guide."

"Come on," said the tall one. "It will be all right."

Wert smiled broadly. "The both of you appear to be entering manhood, am I right?"

The tall one nodded.

"This is the best site in all of Atlantis to meet the people who can help you attain success in life," Wert added.

The short one hesitated, and then declined. "You can go ahead. I will take a walk by the river and then return to this spot and meet you."

The tall one looked apprehensive.

"I won't say anything to anybody," the short one said reassuringly. "You can tell me about it, then maybe we will go together some other day."

Wert would be satisfied with one victim. He latched onto the tall one with a masculine gesture of friendship.

"Are you sure you won't join us?" he asked. Meanwhile, he was gently guiding the tall one towards the source of the enticing music.

The short one shook his head and walked away.

Wert was going to let his companion live. But he would never be the same and that, Wert knew, would be greater torment than his death to the enclave of believers from which the young man came. The tall one was going to be introduced to the most irresistible of all substances, known as Third Eye. And Wert had a few other surprises in mind.

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If Wert were alive today, in the end of our 20th century, what would he be called? A drug pusher? A bigot? A deviant? All of the above?

Forget for a moment the gulf between the Sons of Light and the Sons of Darkness, and of Wert's hatred for those devoted to God. He enjoys a little music, a little intimacy unrestricted by antiquated morals, a little booze, and some drugs. In our world, the drugs are not acceptable, at least on the surface. There are still plenty of so-called casual users in the upper strata of our society. Are they any different, in this respect, than Wert?

Wert is in many ways a 20th century man. He wants more out of life, and he will do what he must to get it. He may be a little more overt, and he may not feel the need to rationalize like modern man, but the basic drive and the basic results are the same. He feels hatred and bigotry but, again, maybe he's just a little more honest about it than much of mankind is today. That could be because the people in power were more open in their own bigotry. It wasn't too long ago that a government in power overtly practiced bigotry and persecution, which helped hurl the nations of the world into a nightmarish war.

And, as long as we are talking about bigotry and hatred, there are any number of religion-inspired conflicts to which we could refer, now and in our past. So a running conflict between Light and Darkness, as explained by The Council and as portrayed in our illustration, is by no means outlandish. If one stops to contemplate the comparison, the likenesses between much of modern man and the worst aspects of the deep, deep past are so close that it is scary.

Play it Again, Sam

Remember the oft-quoted line, that those who do not learn from history are condemned to repeat it? Let us look at what The Council said about the history of some elements we have incorporated into the story. Back in 1977, the question was asked: "Can you give us an answer as to why there is such an increase in drug use, the lack of morals, and is there a relationship between this and the rock music, and what will be the eventual outcome pertaining to the young people of the world?"

The Council:

"There is most assuredly a definite relationship between the drug culture, the lack of morality, whether it be the social injustices or the physical immoralities that exist, the rock music, these all are related in the respect that this is the last big front that is being moved ahead for those who have turned away from the Divine Light of God. In their desire to recruit new soldiers, they use all diverse means to tantalize and tease the physical. But this is a battle that has been going on for man since the very beginning of Creation and then, too, a great upsurge of this in Lemuria, then Atlantis, and now in this time.

"The most direct link with the past would be that of the continent of Atlantis where in their final days between the good and evil that existed there was a great use of drugs, music similar to that of the rock music of today. That music was more of a form of music that would be electronically reproduced as opposed to actual, the percussion and wind instruments, although they were used at that time. That music was used to stir the vibrations of the most base desires in an individual and so it does its job today too as it did then.

"The drugs, of course, no explanation is needed in that. How it destroys the free will, and the knowing of right and wrong. It is a lazy man's way to spirituality and little does he know that it leads only to the pits of darkness and not to the higher consciousness. Oh, there are some glimpses of expanded consciousness with the drugs, but these are only false hallucinations. These if anything are the combined negativity touching a little bit of the truth only to entice the individual or group of individuals even into less godly states. One must remember negativity is as cunning and as

deceitful as one can imagine and even more so. And it is quite that and quite probable that negativity does expand a consciousness to a certain degree only to entice it to fall further, to entice others to become part of it.

"As the final days approach, naturally more and more of these devices will be used, so that truly the wheat can be sifted from the chaff. So that the winnower will have the grain cleaned. And as time goes by you will see an even greater division between those that live a moral life and those who live a physical life."

Does history repeat itself? The Council said previously that the Eternal Creator is consistent in that he repeats things in the hopes we will finally learn. That is one example. Mu, then Lemuria, then Atlantis failed and vanished. That is another example. Sex, drugs and rock-n-roll were problems then, and now. Yet another example. And we haven't touched the realm we normally consider history, recorded history; that history which generated the old saying in the first place.

Someone once asked what caused the fall of the Atlantean people.

The Council:

"Greed, selfishness. That's always the cause of the fall.

"As each motion that is started or each principle set forth that is established in unity so that all may enjoy all that there is, there is always an element which wishes to destroy this; there is always a select group who wish to maintain control and power. They wish to individualize themselves, to keep themselves separate, and this is nothing more than a repeat of the original sin. You must always prove instead of just accepting. You must always stand out instead of being a part of the total things. You see, this is the negative aspect."

Again, a pretty good example of history repeating itself.

Now that we have discussed some more specific acts or factors that contributed to the collapse of the three worlds, let us briefly consider the mechanics of the destruction. The Council, in general terms, explained that

storms and eruptions and quakes did the trick. Aside from one blow of destruction, they have not gotten into any other specifics. The important lesson, as they have stressed, is why the end came for Mu, Lemuria, and Atlantis, not how.

Before we examine that one specific reference to how, let us not forget the underlying principle of why. It boils down simply to the fact that we are small gods, powerful and creative beings. All of our actions, basically, in the physical realm have an influence on this realm, positive or otherwise. Our actions, simply put, affect nature. Negative actions affect the physical illusion or physical manifestation in a like manner. The Council once explained it this way.

The Council:

"We are not talking about individual acts of negativity. You have to consider the entire realm of activity. You cannot even consider just one generation, it is an accumulation. Whenever you go against nature, there has to be some correction made."

In the case of any specific destructive event to strike either Mu, Lemuria or Atlantis, we are dealing with, at the very least, thousands and thousands of years for the negativity to accumulate and force a "correction." But each time, the time was less. Reiterating that the pattern of growing negativity eventually leading to purification or correction was basically the same for Mu, Lemuria, and Atlantis, The Council explained one important exception.

The Council:

"... the basic difference then would be the escalation in what transpired, you see. The cycles as they become more gross, thus bringing about the need for purification, become shorter and much more intense...

The one specific blow to a continent to which The Council has alluded was the first one, the initial destruction to hit Mu. But the specifics of how, again, were secondary, for The Council was attempting to bring us an awareness of what happens during a polar shift. Polar shifts, they have said, were in fact the mechanism for correction a number of times. Remember that, as The

Council discussed the Atlantean city in the location where our story places Bargmord, they said that area was at one time a magnetic pole.

The author personally recalls a moment in a college geology course, when the professor was discussing how mankind can see the evidence of polar shifts by the orientation of metallic elements in rock. The professor said that science does not know exactly what the effects of a polar shift are, except the obvious one in which all current compasses would have to be read backwards. Electrical systems might show evidence of a disturbance, things that run on batteries may be affected. But nothing really serious on a large scale, science presumed. With those exceptions, much of the world may not even notice.

No one in the class thought any differently. He was the professor, a trained geologist, and he told us what he could. The picture was not clear, but it didn't sound any worse than a mild inconvenience. According to the information from The Council, that is a very drastic error.

The Council:

"In such times when the magnetic poles have moved you have had tremendous catastrophes on the surface of the earth. You cannot truly imagine an entire continent being ripped wide apart such as the occurrence in Mu in the first break-up. There you have a land mass almost as large as the United States being torn completely in two; not over a period of years, but in seconds — ripping apart and dropping.

"What chance would anyone have? Not even in the air were they safe because of the violent reaction of the molten core; the water, the steam, completely annihilated everything in the air and on the land. And the shock of that was felt around the entire globe and such catastrophes as that warped the time as you know it. So even time, as you are aware of it, undergoes a certain shock or change. There is something almost as you would understand a state of suspended animation.

"Look what happens when you have a slight tremble on the face of the earth such as that that destroyed the city of San Francisco some years ago. That was nothing. We would not even consider that a breath, let alone a sneeze."

Before we continue, let us be clear on one point. This material came from The Council in 1978. The reference to the San Francisco earthquake was to the big quake of 1906, which turned the city into rubble; and not to the 1989 quake that got so much attention.

To go further on this specific topic is to drift into the areas of time and time frames and the mechanics of how different physical illusions can be transpiring simultaneously. That is another book. Let us just make a couple necessary points.

First Point: Mankind, in his awareness of recorded history, has never experienced a polar shift. He will. Here's an exchange with The Council to further illuminate the situation:

C: The changing of the poles, although you may feel it comes gradually, it does not. There is a building up, of course, but once the poles change it is a traumatic shock. It is an experience that upsets the entire magnetic field of the earth and since you are part of that it can also affect the electromagnetic construction of your being so that time could freeze temporarily and some very unusual things can transpire. Man has not experienced a polar change and God forbid when he does. If you think your bombs can cause havoc, man has not begun to dream yet.

Q: When you say man has not experienced a polar change, are you referring to present man or present history?

C: Naturally, naturally. Your little quivering of your axis now is only the build-up because you will not only have instantaneous freezing and raining of ice, you will have instantaneous burning and raining of fire.

Q: Is this the fire that is spoken of in Revelation?

C: That is something for you to think about, isn't it?

Second Point: Even though the quote in "First Point" can be considered something of a prophetic statement, bringing to mind frightening visions of

Armageddon, not everyone will experience the physical Armageddon.

When a Trance session was held in October 1990, the world was filled with fear over the Iraq-Kuwait crisis. This request for insight was made: "I wish The Council to comment on the troubles in the Middle East and the unrest as far as everybody is concerned this might be the beginning of Armageddon or something preceding that?"

The Council:

"Well, you must remember that your future is beginning at this very moment. If man begins to seriously consider that an Armageddon that is cloaked in blood and destruction, if man believes that this is the beginning, most assuredly it will be. But our suggestions would be consider it only a selfish move or action motivated by selfishness and greed. Look at it in this light: Men can live together. There is no need for an Armageddon in a physical sense.

"If one were to understand the Bible as it was intended to be understood, one would realize that the Bible speaks first of a personal Armageddon, the resurrection of self after the battle of conquering the animalistic nature that he possesses. If man cannot grow from his own personal Armageddon, then it is more than likely that he could create what some claim to be the final physical battle and the destruction of the earth. The Divine will not destroy your living space, your sphere of existence, but man could have the power to override what God has given."

Mu underwent that traumatic polar shift with its incredible annihilation. That episode sounds so frightening. And, twice more Mu was shaken and finally crushed into non-existence. The same basic pattern held for two other stages of mankind. This was all nature's washing away of the filth, the negativity, upon it.

But through all of that our living space, our sphere of existence, survived. Perhaps this is the one area in which the physical entity mankind of today is superior to the physical entity mankind of those three yesterdays: We could be creating such negativity that we will not just sink an island continent, we will destroy the planet. A sobering thought.

Throughout the course of what SOL calls "The Council Experience," that is, the dozens and dozens of Trance Communications already spanning three decades, The Council has concentrated on what is essential for humanity's reawakening and growth. For our purposes, we are interested in why mankind fell flat on his face in these three past worlds so that, it is hoped, we can avoid a repeat of history. How and what we create within this sphere of existence is a very essential point. It must be remembered that we create constantly; as The Council said in the last passage cited, we are creating our future now. It may be difficult to clearly perceive how all of our acts, from the treatment of self to the treatment of others to the treatment of the planet, are unalterably woven together. But they are, and we can begin to perceive this truth more clearly with a little effort.

Before we enter the concluding phases of our journey into worlds unknown, here is one particular quote from The Council that ties together the creative actions towards self, others, and the planet.

The Council:

"Your world is not the best place to live. Many of you who are older remember a time when the countryside was green and lush, where the air was sweet and the water was as clear as crystal. You have a responsibility, not only to yourself, but to your children and your children's children to provide that same beautiful garden for their future.

"It is never too late for man to resurrect himself from materialism into spiritualism, but there is only so much time. We beg you, we plead with you, begin the quest for your Godhead. Your world is in the condition it is today because of the attitudes that its people hold. One cannot grow only with himself, but man grows only when he shares and communicates and serves others."

Chapter 10 The Human Beast

The mission delegation had slipped away from shore without incident; four transports fashioned for medium loads or for as many as six passengers,

traveled single file over the water for a good portion of the night.

All the participants were silent, for a great unified concentration from all the men was needed to intensify the propulsion, to reach Rica more swiftly than had ever been done before.

During the journey over the rolling sea, the young men contemplated on the insights and prayers of the pre-mission worship. Something awaited them; what, they did not know. They played key phrases from the ceremony over and over in their minds: phrases like "be with us as we descend to take your light to a darkened place"; and "forgive us all for our portion of blasphemy"; and "may your Earth Kingdom be uplifted and healed in all its manifestations."

Mahtha kept seeing that vessel, that strange vessel and the peculiar men with the sticks. He would not have given that aspect of it a second thought had he not seen that other man, who was clear to his vision; and what was it that Sallac said, after the vessel was gone? It all seemed related to the mission, in Mahtha's sensitivity, and it all seemed very ominous.

They ate small bits of hardened bread and dried produce, sustaining them while they sustained the rapid pace to Rica. That was one of the preparations for the mission, no meat or other sustenance from animal sources for 22 days.

Mahtha fell into a deep sleep but was awakened by a fantastic change in the air. It startled him, and he sat up and looked over the edge of the transport, only to see darkness. At first, the darkness seemed no different than it was hours earlier. But that did not agree with what he was told first by his nostrils and tongue, for the taste and smell of the air itself had changed. He was too foggy in his state to comprehend. Then his skin spoke to his inner being, for the feel of the air was different. Then, the sound of travel...

The blackness of night changed hues, changed depths, and as he began to awaken more fully, he realized what had happened. The sea was behind them. Unrecognizable shapes were in the distance when, before, there was nothing but sky meeting the turbulent waves.

They must be progressing at an amazing rate, he thought, for there was no period of transition to Mahtha's senses. The air, spiced with the tang of salty moisture, simply changed to a sweet but almost oppressive dampness. It was almost like running headlong into a field of grain, there was such a difference.

At the arrival of the day, the transports were well inside Rica and heading east by southeast. They stopped near the base of an awesome, bare mountain, along the edge of a vast plain. None of the candidates had seen such terrain before, or felt such an atmosphere. They were there only long enough for morning worship, some exercise, and to gather water from a stream that hurtled itself over a large cliff and flowed out into the plain.

Pulon, Mahtha and Treb were together briefly after the prayers, watching the water tumble down in a powerful, unending sheet, and straining to see as much of the mountain as they could. The upper reaches of the mountain were hidden in clouds.

"I wonder how far it is to the top," said Treb.

Youm-El's inner prayers were much the same. With the exception of the uncertainty and the guilt that influenced the prayers of Youm-El and Uhnimer, their pleadings to the Father were much the same as the other men and the candidates. All were deeply concerned about the village; for some reason that none could quite understand, the concern was even more intense at that time.

###

The captain of the warrior force cursed loudly.

"Master Wert, that fool! " he added at the end of the diatribe. The captain was livid with anger and fear: anger at the new king's toady for establishing such an unrealistic deadline to reach this destination in the middle of nowhere; and fear of what that toady, Wert, may do if the destination was not achieved according to the timetable.

The transporting of the death beam was excessively time consuming, for it was large and cumbersome and required the mental efforts of eight men working and walking in unison. They had succumbed to the exertion several times already; the darkness was thick and that made progress even slower. Now this, a crack in the bed of the transport.

The captain kept his warriors from getting too far ahead, which meant keeping those things he so detested even farther behind.

Wert's orders were simple: Have the warriors in position near the fields in the valley and along the river before first light. Then, sweep the upper reaches of the ridge with the beam at the first sliver of light. That would annihilate, by Wert's estimate, more than half the villagers — those in morning prayers at the worship house and those still in their homes in that sector.

The remainder of the whiteworms would either still be in their houses, closer to the bottom of the ridge, or they would be arriving at their fields for the day's work. The assault of the beam would send them rushing into the upward attack of the warriors, who were divided into two categories; captors and slayers. One march, from the valley floor to the remains of the worship house at the top of the village, and the main attack would be complete. The village would be destroyed.

The battle orders included the stipulation that the warriors use swords and spears only, to leave plenty of new blood and fresh meat scattered about. The large beam, certainly, but the personal beams also, charred too extensively for Wert's desires. Then, the final insult. Those vile things and their handlers would be loosed upon the remains and upon any stunned stragglers. Scribes and observers were with all three elements, to bring back accounts of how intense was the horror the whiteworms had to suffer.

Even the captain, as callous as he was and as proud as he was of his fortitude, shuddered with disgust at the plan. He was filled with pity for the survivors, and for what they would witness before being taken back to Bargmord and a life of nightmares.

As he waited for sufficient repair and reinforcement of the transport bed, he fantasized about running his sword through the reproductive organs of Wert. He would leave the sycophant impaled like that, stuck naked to a tree with his life's blood running out over his manhood. And then let the things Wert has such a demented fondness for have their way with him.

"Captain, what happens if we are unable to follow our orders as given?" It was his aide.

"Well, I don't know," he said with a vicious glint in his eye that the aide could see in the lantern light. "Maybe we'll have to kill Master Wert before he knows what happens. I think we could deal more rationally with the others."

The aide knew there was much truth in the captain's jest. "Give me the order, and I will be glad to follow," he said. He also hated Wert, right down to his shadow. The two had watched Wert's plotting and politicking through the years until now they, too, had to do his bidding.

"The transport is ready, captain," said the engineer responsible for moving and operating the beam.

"Let's commence, then; we still have the time to make our objectives."

###

The candidates were practically pushed out of the way by the men, once the journey was complete. Lanterns were lit, to reveal a patch of seeming impenetrable briar thickets. But several of the men removed sod from an inlet in the thicket, and under the sod was a flat stone covering a tunnel.

One by one the men disappeared into the tunnel, until only Uhnimer, Meeka, the blinded and bewildered Raggaws, and the candidates remained.

"In you go," said Uhnimer, motioning to his sons and the others. "We will follow with the intruder."

The tunnel went down at a sharp angle for many steps, and then leveled off. It was cut through living rock, damp and dark and dreary. Soon after he reached the bottom of the incline, it occurred to Pulon to start counting his steps. He evened his pace so the steps were as equal as possible in size. It was a long and difficult trek, for the floor was just as uneven as the walls and ceiling. As Pulon counted, it was 893 steps from when he started counting, well inside but still near the entrance, to the beginning of an distinct upward climb that lasted another 322 steps.

Once, Mahtha looked back to see his father and Meeka levitating a board with Raggaws, still blindfolded, tied to it.

Finally they were out, and they all took deep pulls on the fresh night air. Again the candidates were brushed aside by the busy men. They were going in and out of an open doorway of a thick, squat, wall of cut stone, and carrying crystals, metal rods, and other objects of peculiar configurations.

When Uhnimer and Meeka arrived with the intruder, Mahtha asked them what was going on.

"It is not your time to know son," said Meeka. He looked kind but somehow sad and careworn and he talked. "But, soon enough. Soon enough."

Mahtha spotted the trail of a tear on Meeka's cheek.

The two men stood the board up against the wall and untied Raggaws. The intruder, throughout his ordeal, had gone from contemptibly vulgar and threatening, to brave silence, to a facade of brave silence, to his current state of quiet fear and loathing. All the Sons of Light on the journey, even the candidates, could easily interpret the man's emanations.

Suddenly, there was no one there except the six young men and the sulking Raggaws. The others had simply vanished, just as the candidates could sense the night weakening, ever so slightly. There was nothing they could do but wait.

###

At that same moment it was still deep night at the village, many hours to the west. Durrea, the elder who had been so concerned about Uhnimer's state of mind after the intruder had been caught, was startled from sleep. He had not rested well since the mission delegation left, but this was more than worry. It was a shock, a bolt of warning, that blasted through every fiber of his body.

He thought it best to stay awake and alert, but he was filled with a great foreboding. Was it the krukssk, or another monstrosity, or something else?

Durrea dressed and walked outside. He knew better than to ignore his sensitivity, but he did not know, at this moment, what to do.

###

Wert, as best as he could think at that moment, pronounced the evening a triumph. He left the delicious interludes, in the gardens behind the third temple, only because he wanted a few hours rest before preparing for his big day. Every detail would be in place by early afternoon, when the report would arrive. Then he and Tustqun and Yudmn-Bor Ek would meet with the king and give him the news from the field. A special envoy in solo transport had orders to come immediately with the glorious results.

His mind was filled with incredible visions even then, hours after he had filled himself with the ambrosia and the tea, and the Third Eye. Imaginings of how grand tomorrow would be, how heroic he would be, drifted in and out among the expanded horizons of reality.

Wert remembered the tall one, whose name was Desster, son of Hamesh, from some silly village of worms somewhere to the east. Wert giggled, seeing in his mind how Desster was now seeing the world correctly. No more of that bile about Light and the Eternal God.

He rolled onto his bed and laughed about it all. What a grand night! How Desster's family and village will whimper with agony over his transformation. And, he thought to himself, he will get that short little piece of worm filth. Desster will help.

Wert was almost asleep, his thoughts spongy from all that he had ingested, when a new vision flashed through his mind. He was pinned to a tree by a sword through his manhood, screaming so loudly that blood vessels burst in his throat and the life spurted out his eyes and nose and mouth.

He screamed and sat up, and the vision was gone.

###

"I wonder what Wert, the dog's ass, is doing at this moment," muttered the aide to the captain, as they studied the rough map Wert had given them. They were weary and filled with frustration. They knew then that it was an impossibility to have the three forces in place and ready before sunrise."

"I don't think he is worried about us, that overconfident little simp," responded the captain. "If we fail, he will know that he is not to blame."

"Do we alter the orders?" the aide asked.

"Absolutely not. There will be nothing but his own ridiculous plan to review, success or failure. With luck, it will not be too long after the sunrise that we are in place and can commence."

On they moved, toward the sleeping village; sleeping, that is, except for Durrea.

###

The candidates watched in growing awe as the night weakened. So shaken by what they were seeing, they quit wondering what happened to the men.

What had appeared in the night as a thick, squat wall of cut stone was now transformed, before their eyes, in the growing light. The wall was in fact the base level of a massive building, a man-made mountain. At the top of the wall, which was straight and was just higher than the tallest of them, was a setback of several steps and then another wall. But this next wall was graded

backwards or inwards. It rose to another setback, and then there was another straight wall, then yet another setback and another graded wall.

There the structure ended. It was something of a pyramid in overall appearance, but unlike anything they had before seen. As the light strengthened even more, they could clearly see the top. There were men up there, men in bright green robes with hoods trimmed in white. They were standing around a pyramid frame of golden metal, glistening magnificently in the daybreak. There was a crystal needle at the very peak, and as they looked more closely, small crystal pyramids at each corner of the golden frame.

They could not be sure who the men were. Their faces were hidden by the hoods, and they stood perfectly still.

"Let us pray, young men; let us pray."

The startled candidates spun around. It was Youm-El, radiant in a robe like those above were wearing. He had a thick silver chain around his neck, a chain from which hung a silver circle in which was mounted a series of three pyramids, descending in size within one another, with a crystal globe in the center of the smallest one; which was the precise center of the amulet.

The six young men fell to their knees. Raggaws, still blindfolded, tensed in anticipation.

Youm-El held his arms high and wide, as if he were inviting the new day to fill his being. At that moment the sunlight broke over the peak of the building and the pyramid frame and the crystal pyramids ignited in a flash of white and gold light that seemed to fill the entire Earth Kingdom.

Tears of surprise and revelation burst forth from the candidates, and they quaked and bowed until their lips touched the earth. They all heard the voice of Meeka in their hearts, the voice that had said during preparation, "You will bow and kiss God's great gift to all man, before becoming men. You will know when it is time to bow."

Youm-El bellowed in a voice that filled the air and echoed across the land, "Father, Great Liberator and Eternal Love, we beg you hear our words and bless our humble service.

"Thank you for the gift of life, for the inner sight, and for the companionship and support of all men. Thank you most of all for the Great Earth Kingdom that is our home and the gateway to our return to your boundless heart.

"Father, protect us as we minister to these victims of mankind's broken promise; forgive each man-child here and throughout all the days for our part in the blasphemy.

"Work through us, Great Liberator, to help liberate these victims from a measure of their plight. Use us to shine comfort upon the physical and peace upon the spirit.

"Thus so be it, Father of all."

Youm-El's last words reverberated all around. Before anyone could move, and as the golden and white light began to fade, he spoke again.

"Father, you know the conditions that are different this day. We plead with you together this day as we have done throughout our journey, shield the village and the families that we have left behind.

"Again, thus so be it, Father of all."

A mighty wind rushed across the scene, as the young men slowly got to their feet. They looked at Youm-El and to one side stood Uhnimer and Meeka, elders from the village; and on the other, Sallac and Hamesh, representatives of the other villages under the Forum of Elders. Their attire was like that of the others.

"Listen, listen and understand," said Youm-El. "Here, in this place and at this moment in your life, you will know the depths to which man has fallen. This service that we shall render is given out of love for those to whom we

will minister, out of love for those who have contributed to this unspeakable abuse of our blessings.

"All of us who have come to this place in the ages before you, candidates for manhood as full Sons of Light, we all are most sincere in our wishes that this experience brings you to a greater at-one-ness with the Light."

Hamesh and Sallac walked over to Raggaws and removed the blindfold and the binding on his hands. "You will stay with us for now, for you may not be safe here," Sallac said without looking at him. Raggaws was too stunned by all he had heard, and by the pain of light upon his eyes, to say anything.

Uhnimer motioned to the young men to follow, and they joined him and Meeka and followed Youm-El around the massive base of the structure. To the west and north and south, the terrain rose to make this place a bowl-like hollow in which the structure was nestled. They were to the west of the structure, and as they rounded the northwest corner and headed east, they could see the land dropped away into, a vast valley and plain, now drenched in morning light.

On the east side, they followed a narrow pathway down toward the valley. As they walked, the young men stared in fascination at what lay before them. There was very little vegetation, sparse trees and some, scrubby brush in every direction except behind them. Below seemed to be a village, small structures of mud and stone and wood all cramped together here and there; and natural caves and holes dug into the sides of hills behind the structures and on either bank of a stream that ran north-south, separating the village from the rolling plains.

Youm-El stopped and turned back to the young men. "You may be shocked and frightened by what you are about to see; you may be sickened; but show no emotions but kindness, compassion, and openness. If anyone feels threatened, fall back behind me, Meeka or Uhnimer. We are the most trusted by the inhabitants."

Before the coming delegation, massed together in the center of this sad place that passed for a village, was a delegation of the residents. They stood like

stone, and were still too distant for any one to be recognized.

It was Meeka's job to explain all that would transpire to the candidates. He dropped back to them and said, "We call this place the encampment. The structure back there is the Temple of the Earth Kingdom, the fountain head for the many Sanctuaries of the Earth Kingdom of yesterday and today.

"These are the ones we will begin with today," he added, pointing to the group standing in the distance. As they drew closer, the young men felt eyes watching them from hidden places in the structures and in the caves.

The people before them, the villagers, were not people; the young men stopped and, for a moment, stared. Meeka quickly rebuked them.

"Move forward with courage and kindness," he admonished. "Smile and be brave. We must escort these to the altar atop the temple."

The residents were monstrous looking, so many different features of face and figure and all so abnormal and frightening. It was all Pulon could do to maintain a semblance of calm; inside he was weeping uncontrollably. He wanted to scream and run away.

The pace of the group had slowed to almost a crawl as they covered the last steps to the creatures.

Mahtha was beginning to understand. Many of these were like the men with the sticks: human features but large and thick and covered with hair; massive brow ridges and sloping foreheads. They were the easiest on the eyes.

Others had features reminiscent of pigs and dogs and even of equus. Some were agonizingly thin, with skin like a serpent or skin thick and hard, in mottled shades of brown and gray. Some only had one eye, with a seeping hole where the second should have been. Others had no hole for a second eye, it never was there. Most stood on two legs, but the arms of others were more like the forelegs of animals. Some of those were on all fours.

Treb's knees became weak and he leaned against Uhnimer for strength. Uhnimer gave him a hug of encouragement. "You must be strong now, young Treb. They need us."

Youm-El approached what appeared to be the leader of the residents. Slowly, Youm-El lifted his left hand and touched the creature's face. Gently, he caressed it, and it smiled after a fashion and gurgled in pleasure.

"We have come again," said Youm-El. "Will you accept us?"

The leader, whose facial features vaguely resembled a ram even to the hint of curved horns on the side of its head, lay on the ground at Youm-El's feet. It snorted.

The other creatures broke into a cacophonous array of bleating and barking and yapping.

Youm-El bent down on his knees, and then bowed to the leader.

"Thank you," he said. "Let us begin."

Meeka gestured for all the candidates to come to him. "These are animals, the creations given to the Earth Kingdom to assist mankind.

"This is what mankind, those who have fallen into the ways of Belial, have done."

Treb and Mahtha asked simultaneously, "Why, and why are they here?"

"Become better men this day. Serve these victims of darkness, and when we stop for rest this evening, I will tell you."

Human hearts broke many times that day, in that place, as the six young men learned how horrible mankind can be. They were so shocked and saddened, they were not sure what they saw, but they wished that they would never have to see it again.

Chapter 11

Thy Brother's Keeper

The Council has said often, as it is stated in many religions, that there are really no degrees of ungodliness or sin or separation. What man does is either ungodly or godly; it either brings him closer to his true essence, his Creator; or it separates him further.

But cruelty to animals always seems much worse than, say, lying to get out of jury duty. It often seems worse than say, committing adultery or cheating on our income taxes. To some people, it may even seem occasionally worse than certain murders and acts of violence. Undoubtedly, there are Irish Protestants and Catholics who would be more upset over the torture of a pet than the shooting of someone from the opposition. The same can be said of Wert-like bigots in America, South Africa, or in Muslim nations. And, certainly, in India a cow is more precious than a diseased beggar.

Most of us get upset with the unkind treatment of animals. We do not want nature's creatures raised just for the skin. We question some of the methods of raising and caring for certain animals used for food products. We are angered to hear of animals experimented on unnecessarily for cosmetic products, or treated with insensitivity after being used for legitimate medical research.

Child's play, all of it, compared to what our ancient ancestors did to members of the animal kingdom. Early man tampered with animals and created freaks, monstrosities. This discussion may fall into the area of disbelief for some; just remember, The Council said do not throw away what you cannot accept today, for tomorrow it may serve you.

The first reference by The Council to this nasty skeleton in our ancestral closet came when they were explaining, in 1977, that there was no so-called missing link relationship between man and ape.

The Council:

"And what adds much to the confusion is that there was a time when man did in fact experiment with animals and much of the confusion lies in the

bits and pieces that are found of those animals, the bits and pieces that have been found, because man did at one time attempt to create human form from animal."

As the young men at the encampment asked: Why? And why here?

Our tale locates an encampment in Africa; then called, for our purposes, Rica. This place is not unlike Olduvai Gorge in Africa, where many remains of hominid creatures have been discovered and subsequently added to humanity's family tree. We will explain this deliberate element of the story momentarily.

First, why? To answer that question, our attention must be returned to the very beginning, of this book and of the physical world itself. Remember the being of light, in the opening pages of our journey? That was mankind at a time, you could say, before time itself. Time and the physical body were not yet defined, and the natural world was much less dense than today; one might say the earth was in a condition that so eludes precise description, solid but not nearly as solid as we think solid must be.

Remember that certain angels challenged the divine beings or small gods in what The Council called the division of the heavenly forces. Angels are creations of a different nature that were to serve God, The Light or the First Creation, and the small gods. Some chose not to do that but instead challenged the small gods and, exhibiting the ungodly attribute of intellectual pride, some of the small gods set out to teach the lesser entities a lesson.

It could be compared to a maid telling the master "there ain't no way" she's going to mop the floor, he can do it but she still expects a full wage. Smart guy that he is, he says, "Oh, yeah? I'll show you. Give me that mop. How much am I paying you again?"

Once that started, the small gods had to create on their own and some of them eventually reached the point where they could not create in perfection or, in other words, couldn't return to their natural state. Thus they were given the right to hone their creative abilities in a physical illusion or realm.

That plan, to utilize a physical realm, centered on creating a higher quality animal. The Council has presented this idea or portions of this idea, so difficult to truly comprehend, to mankind on several occasions. Each time, as is their strategy for most effectively arousing the slumbering wisdom of modern man, they refined the awareness. Here is a bit of insight into the process, from The Council's presentation of "The Creation." They noted that Genesis says the beasts will have the foliage of the plants to eat.

The Council:

"And so then the working ground then was to develop a more bountiful, more beautiful, more perfect foliage or fruit for the animal so that the animal would grow even in greater perfection. Some of the entities that made the original entrance did create through their spiritual abilities, through those powers of their soul or their real beings and did overcome the challenges, but many did not. Those beings that did not became infatuated with the carnal aspects of the animals. They viewed the gross reproduction, the gross actions of those animals, with fascination for they in watching realized that this was a much lower way or form of creation that they themselves were capable of. So then they became infatuated with the carnal aspects of these animals, and some instead of working with those creative forces that dealt with the vegetation, the fruits, the sweetness of creation, the fortifying things of creation, they began to deal with the carnal aspects."

The next Trance, they added this information to the picture.

The Council:

"It was not for the entity man or those challenged spirits or small gods to be directly involved with the end product of the creation, but was to work at that intermediary level wherein those lower creations could either accept what was provided and then allow the natural development to occur or to choose as they wish. Now, this is in reference to the animal manifestations or creations, so that the entities then were to develop the foods of a higher vibration that would cause or bring about a better developed animal, a more refined animal or we will say and go one step further, an animal that was capable of discernment or thinking, through the process or the steps of evolution...

"... those entities that became infatuated with the creative or reproductive cycles of the animals then, of course, went away from their creative ground; in other words, they were to create at a higher level and allow the lower level then to accept that creation that would be given to them for either their growth or their regression and this would have been through the accepting of the refined food or foliage."

Those entities who were distracted to the creative aspects of the animal lowered the vibratory rate of the animal segment or kingdom. This caused those who had not succeeded in returning to the heavenly realms, but who were trying to work within the plan, to have to create a foliage or food of a lower vibration for the animals. Essentially, the entire vibratory range of this manifestation was lowered, and everything became more dense. The conclusion to this material:

The Council:

"Now, this example may seem somewhat less than what many would expect; nonetheless, this is what transpired. It was a higher creation creating for a lower creation... In other words, the entities were gods then to the animal kingdom and also gods to the vegetable kingdom."

Do we understand so far? The small gods were to refine their abilities by creating a higher quality of food for the animals, which was to be their way of creating a more developed animal.

It is understandable if some of us are, to put it bluntly, so egotistical we see this original creative plan as less glorious than other possible reasons for being here. Some years after this material was given, this author was preparing a lecture that would include mankind's original plan. During a Trance to clarify some points, I jokingly referred to our original role as glorified gardeners. The Council gently criticized the joke, for it belittled our nature and our position. Some months later, when the subject came up again, they added this material:

The Council:

"... the one thing that should be understood is that man was to create an environment for animals to evolve into a conscious productive animal. Now, there is a danger in making such statements, and that is that one may assume then that animals were to have the thinking capacity that man thinks he enjoys now. Probably animals would have done a better job, but that is beside the point."

(After our laughter, they continued:)

C: No, again, in seriousness now. The animals were to be raised up in such a way so that although they were animals that they would understand an entirely different concept of service between themselves and their caretakers. In other words, if man had only become dense to the point where he was still spiritual enough where he need not partake of solid food, then there would have been an entirely different relationship between man and animal. Do you understand?

Q: Yes, yes.

C: So it is very hard to explain in a manner that would make any sense at all as to just how the animal was to be fulfilled, if we may use that term. It was not just to be an experimental laboratory where you proved you could create. There was no doubt but that you could create. It was: Could you create within the laws of the Divine? Could you create peace and harmony? And so the Divine gave you all the essences of creation. He gave you a stockpile of energy, elements, whatever you wish to call them, depending on whatever level you are speaking of them. And then you were to formulate these, to develop them, so that something would be created and would live. And the final result of that then would be an added glorifying factor to your Father through your hands. Do you understand?

Q: Yes.

C: Originally, when we spoke of this particular situation, we kept it fairly simple although we have given some indications that it wasn't quite that simple. Now, you have a little greater understanding. Yet there are limits to what we can say because, first of all, the language is limited and, second of

all, it would be extremely hard to conceive of a creation where spirit, that is man in his spiritual form, could live alongside of animal in its most natural or dense form, yet have a relationship that would bond them together that would bring a glorification to God the Father. Now, "bond together," we do not mean tied so that they were inseparable. Do you understand.

Q: Yes.

C: But bond in the sense of working for each other and with each other for a higher glory. So what the Divine Father gave you was an innocent playground where no one or nothing could be harmed. Well, the one problem with that is that He still allowed us and you all our free wills, and that is what we have done with it, what you have done with it. What you have today is what man returns to his God. Quite a difference from what was intended, what man through his nature has returned. Now, does that make things a little clearer?

Q: Yes, indeed, it does. Thank you.

C: We would suggest that possibly a better understanding of what the spirit or man, what all of you and all of us, were originally supposedly to have done with the creative essences that the Divine gave us. Hopefully you have a better understanding of that. It wasn't just a simple thing of developing a food source so some animal would become nice and fat and healthy and romping through some lush meadow. Originally we gave it in that simple form, but it is not really that simple. It was to go beyond that, but to actually raise the animal up to the point where its consciousness had a quality to it and an understanding, yet it would not reach the point of man's intellect. Do you understand?

Q: Yes.

C: Now, man today on the face of his earth has proof that an animal can be understanding, can be protective, can realize the weaknesses in man and come to man's aid. It amazes us how animals can recognize a human in need or a human in danger and come to that human's aid, and yet brothers, men, cannot do the same thing.

This material makes it quite clear that there was always supposed to be a special closeness, a special relationship, between mankind and the animals of the earth. Yet, in our story we see horrifying results of man's abusing the animal kingdom. What a truly sad thing, that mankind so abandoned his intended effort, his promise, so to speak, and brutalized the very creatures he was to help.

Is The Council's brief explanation above sufficient, that certain small gods got distracted from the creative plan by the animal's method of creation? If one thinks about it, and remembers how low man can get today, it could be sufficient. But The Council has gone into much greater detail. When they first mentioned the "bits and pieces" of experiments, someone asked if those experiments were during the time of Atlantis. The exchange:

C: Yes, but Atlantis was not the only one that did that, you see.

Q: Is that relating to the myths of, like, centaurs?

C: Yes, but this has been elaborated on so that it is more palatable now, you see. But there were in fact animals developed at that time by the dark side that were used solely for the sexual purposes to satisfy their masters who were, of course, fully human, So there is where you have that stemming from.

Q: What kind of a soul would those beings have?

C: They have no soul. They have only the soul of an animal. They have no soul that is comparable to yours. And those individuals that have blasphemed against creation in that way are still certainly paying for such trespasses.

Today, we have some forms of genetic science making what we consider astounding achievements. We have also been made aware of the concept of cloning, that is, building a duplicate vessel from genetic material. Such modern abilities, when compared to the abilities of the people of Mu,

Lemuria, and Atlantis, are very crude. The Council once described us as being in "the caveman days."

The abilities practiced back then, even if they were being utilized for ungodly reasons, stemmed or flowed from the natural creative abilities of the small gods.

The Council:

"To give some idea of how such things were accomplished, we would have to go back to the very beginning when there existed the ability with each individual, each being, to manipulate through the soul power, through the processes of the mind. In other words, the gifts of the soul or gifts of the spirits, would work through the process of the mind and in the very beginning then such games as controlling the development of the animals through the mental activities, actually through the soul activity, that would be funneled then through the mental activities of the semi-solid being or man. As these activities increased then the semi-solid being or man began to solidify to a greater degree. Now, this gives you a better understanding of the description we gave you of the beginning time ... At that time then man was able to produce things simply through the mind. As he began to become more gross, then it was necessary to function this production or productive facet through grosser extensions of the mind, thus the need for mechanical devices came about...

"... This is basically how the technology of Mu developed. So it was the mental expression that created the gadgetries needed and through all this experimentation, all this time, they actually developed for this purpose very advanced systems for tinkering or playing with nature. When the mental faculties became too gross so that the spiritual faculties could no longer manifest properly, then before that avenue was shut down they began to develop tools of their trade. Consequently, they ended with advanced laboratories for playing with creation."

We have constructed our illustrative tale in Atlantis, with a loose reference to the precise time as somewhere in the deepening shadows before the first destructive forces struck the continent. This was done so that we could be more flexible and still not misrepresent any of the material offered modern

man by The Council. The creatures at the encampment in eastern Africa have a variety of appearances, from somewhat similar to man to grotesque and animal-like. We have also indicated the presence of these monstrosities as slaves (aboard the ship) and as warriors (en route to the village of Uhnimer's people). These elements, the general appearances and the location, and the uses, are based on a number of revelations from The Council. First, let's deal with the appearance or type of animal-man that has been created through time.

The Council:

"In the very earliest times of Mu and Lemuria, many of them were almost half-man and half-animal. In other words, that which you consider the centaur would actually have been an animal created for the satisfaction of sexual desires of those in Mu and Lemuria, you see. By the time Atlantis came around, such animals then as that had been more or less done away with. Oh, yes, there were a few of that type here or there, but basically they were a very rare breed. In Atlantis they created animals that were more human looking than animal and could function almost as adequately as a human being. But, of course, they were animal and were without soul."

How we get the menagerie of appearances in the encampment at Rica is from other references The Council has made to the cast-offs of experiments and to the interbreeding and numerical growth of these monstrosities into a subservient class.

We have referred to the soul powers or natural powers of the small gods, man, diminishing as these civilizations rose and fell. The powers decreased, or faded, and tools and laboratories were developed in their place. But the labs, like computers today, were only as good as the people operating them. So that near-human looking beasts were the goal in much of the Atlantean work, there were failures in addition to those deliberately made more animal-like.

Two exchanges with The Council, one from early in a Trance and the other from later in the same Communication, deal with several elements: time, location, and product:

Q: Our next question is that there have been many scientific discoveries of what is believed to be primitive men in East Africa. These seem to be the oldest skeletons of humans or near-humans that have been found. Do these findings correlate to the laboratories of Atlantis?

C: Not just Atlantis.

Q: Lemuria and Mu, also?

C: No, Lemuria and Atlantis.

A brief discussion at this point in the Trance noted that any experimental stations selected by Mu "may not necessarily be in the place that they are now" but that does not mean "all those places have been inundated by water." (Remember, the question was asked about East Africa, with a particular area in mind. No one asked where there may be evidence of Mu's experimentation.) Then, in discussing the found remains, The Council said:

The Council:

"... these abnormalities that mankind had found or that your scientists have found are simply the remains of the experimentations made by the earlier races and they may have been the encampments of those creations but are in no way related to man."

The second exchange, later in that Trance:

Q: Yes, I have one (a question) that goes back to that area in East Africa. You used the word "encampment." I envision a bunch of these creatures forced to live out in the boondocks by themselves. Is that right or a proper way to look at that area?

C: Not necessarily. At the time when such experimentations were performed, many times the abnormalities of the experiments were not done away with properly or tended to properly and were simply dumped as excess garbage. Do you understand?

Q: Yes.

C: And since you are talking about living creatures, they will have a tendency to band together as a means of protection.

In other words, The Council is saying that the creators of these monstrosities did not force them to live in a specific area. The beasts that were not being utilized gravitated to like victims and stayed together.

Slaves and warriors? Two quotes:

The Council:

"There was also a segment that was interested in developing an animal existence that would be more apt to be classified as slave labor. When this effort was not completely successful, then those in ruling power began to enslave their own kind as you see that exists today in your world."

"Then they began to feel that they could turn these animals in more nearly perfect human beings so that for warring purposes they could be better controlled because these subservient creations could not always be depended on; they had to be watched and watched very carefully since basically they were animal and although they had been bred for habit purposes, they still had not perfected an animal that could be completely trained. Many of the subservient animals were bred to look more human than animal and again these were sold to the highest bidder for the satisfaction of personal desires. Those that were less human looking were sold to the buyers for work purposes."

Take a deep breath and consider what has been said. First of all, we can rationalize and say our latter ancestors were not as sick as the earlier ones because they liked their animal "playmates" to resemble humans and not be a half-and-half beast like a centaur. But, either way, none of these people would be elected as trustees for the Society to Prevent Cruelty to Animals.

Also, note that the vile institution of enslaving men had its roots in our distant past, when the effort to enslave animal-men failed.

We have a mission in our story, a sacred tradition in which the Sons of Light traveled from their village in Atlantis to an encampment in East Africa. They are there to help the animal victims of the Sons of Darkness. That the Sons of Light traveled to the encampments was never stated as such by The Council, but they have explained that there were definite efforts to help.

For example, we talked previously about the uses of pyramids. One of the later uses, as referred to in the story, of pyramids was to help these creatures. We will explain this more clearly after returning to the encampment:

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Most of the day went by as the Sons of Light escorted beast after beast to the top of the Temple of the Earth Kingdom. There, the unfortunate monstrosities laid under the golden pyramid frame. The seven men stationed there focused on the crystals. At times, when the candidates were nearing the top with the next creatures, they would hear a faint hum and detect a change in the light and a vibration in the air inside the frame.

The day was filled with pitiful sights, and with signs of encouragement. Many of the creatures seemed more calm, more joyful, when they came down from the Temple. Those with diseases, wounds and festering sores were also treated specifically for those ills, and they were generally healed.

"Now, I understand," Pulon said to his father during a brief rest for sustenance. "Now I know what all the preparation was for. I will stay true to the Light and try to ease this suffering, and ungodliness all over."

Uhnimer gazed upon the boy with saddened eyes. "I pray that you do, child. But there is still something else you will learn."

Mahtha heard what his father said, and he and Pulon both looked at Uhnimer in confusion, and with just a hint of apprehension. Uhnimer said nothing more, and motioned them to return to the healing efforts.

Hamesh and Sallac prayed throughout the day while staying with Raggaws out of the lines of activity. Raggaws tried to remain detached from the scenes

before him, but hints of pity and horror crept into even his face.

The intruder could not understand why he and his two guards remained separated, but it suited him just fine. Then, in the mid-afternoon, he found out the reason. They were resting near the base of a hill, about 60 steps from the path leading to the Temple. One of the beasts, walking forward with two of the young men behind it and the men Uhnimer and Meeka in front of it, suddenly stopped.

It sniffed the air, turned towards Raggaws and growled lowly. It walked slowly towards the intruder, snarling and baring its teeth in such a hateful way that Raggaws' blood went cold in sheer terror.

Hamesh and Sallac stepped in front of Raggaws, and the beast stopped. Youm-El then appeared on the scene and faced the beast. He held the amulet forward and it began to glow.

"Have peace, and know that no man will harm you or your kind here again," he said in a firm but kind tone.

The beast withdrew.

Hamesh turned to Raggaws, "Some of them can tell what marks are on a man's heart."

"They can also tell," Sallac added, "what men have been eating animal flesh in recent days."

The beast was escorted to the top, and the one just treated was brought down. Uhnimer and Meeka stopped momentarily, as Youm-El came to them.

"After that threat to Raggaws, it is time to tell the candidates the rest," Youm-El said. All the young men heard, and they were puzzled.

Meeka took them aside and told them to sit down. "I will tell you of some events going back to the last age of man and beyond, events that began a horror that comes to us in our time.

"Some of these beasts did not start as creatures of the Earth Kingdom, the creatures that man is to care for. Some of these sorrowful things are your brothers. They are men."

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The Council:

"The other extreme, was that in the time of Mu and Lemuria as the Sons of Darkness reached their ultimate power, they began to take true creations of God, true beings, and create animals out of them. At first through the mental processes in the very beginning they were able to clone a human being into half-human and half-animal. Now, not clone in the normal sense as you have mentioned it, but they attempted to genetically change that being so that upon its birth it was no longer completely human but was part animal physically and so they developed then a strain of beings such as these, and those were very definitely incorporated in these animal beings and so you had a mass then of beings that were similar in appearance yet half were true animal and half were true human beings, true Children of God."

This ghastly habit of some men, tampering with the physical structure of man and of animal, certainly added heaping amounts of negativity to one side of nature's scale of balance. Thus, it was a great contributing factor to the cleansing or purification that struck Mu, Lemuria, and Atlantis.

But it also created an awesome personal imbalance, unusual karma, which burdened the perpetrators immensely - and may still to this day. The Council's material on karma or debt, and resulting reincarnation, is in itself another book. But it must be said here that, in our souls' quest for correction and balance, many of those who so abused man had to experience the same situation in another lifetime. If correction had not been made while they were the man-animal beasts, the ones with human souls, other extremely severe payments were necessary.

In the instances of men who played with animals, they could not return to the physical manifestation in that situation because the animal vessel cannot hold the essence of the small god, the soul. That is why, in one of the earlier

quotes cited in this section, The Council indicated some of those souls are still paying for those particular acts of ungodliness.

Another applicable quote:

The Council:

"Play with a hot enough fire and it will take an awful lot of water to put it out. Basically, what we are saying is that the more severe you injure others, the harder it is for you to make the correction, and in some cases it make take many, many lifetimes to correct or make amends for the injustices done. No situation or condition is so isolated that you can be guaranteed that it can be done in one experience, because you must remember the extenuating circumstances that are caused by the action."

Extenuating circumstances, they are like the ripples in a pool that spread out to bring turbulence to all the surface — all that from the dropping of just one tiny pebble. The Sons of Darkness who tampered with creation were doing considerably more than throwing a pebble into a pool. More than, even, throwing a mountain into the sea. The extenuating circumstances included the mixing, the interbreeding, of the man-animals with the animal-men. Further:

The Council:

"Eventually, the lower class people then became intermingled with these creations so that there was a definite blending or merging, but in time it was hard to tell which was which."

This is where corrective efforts, using pyramids and other gadgetry, came into play:

C: Now, although originally the pyramids were used as a source of power for transportation and what have you, later on they were also used as a source or, shall we say, an effort to raise the consciousness of the true beings and those half-animal and half-man beings. If you recall when we discussed that, you see, the situation had gotten to the point where there was such a confused mess or such a confused group of beings that the "normal"

populace could not tell the true man-animal from the true animal-man. Do you understand?

Q: Yes.

C: So as in a moment of despair, now that is those who wished to correct the situation, those who were working on the positive side, attempted to use the pyramid structures and other devices to raise the consciousness or try to implant a soul of some sort into the entire mass, this entire subservient or sub-existing mass. Do you understand?

Q: Yes.

Q(another Trance participant): No. How do you force a soul into a clone.

C: You cannot, that is the point. But they had gotten themselves into such a situation that they were not sure which was which, so as a godly effort they just worked with all of them, hoping that if anything could be done at least they were making an effort.

Protectors

Now, we have a better understanding of how deeply into ungodliness mankind of the past slipped. But, before we move on to some concluding scenes, let us mention a bright spot in all of this. It is an example of the godly use of our natural abilities or powers of the soul.

Recall that Pulon and his friend, when descending from Eagles' Perch, saw three equus and a horned one. Equus was a term selected for our story to name the small horses of the day. The horned one, of course, is a unicorn.

Meeks, the chronicler, told the six young men the story of the unicorn when they rested that first night.

His account may have gone like this:

The Council:

"The unicorn in its original manifestation came from the very early days of Lemuria. It originally was a creation of the Sons of Light or the Sons of the One God of the Law of One. It was considered a cherished pet and was basically a very early form of a horse; now this was at the time when the horses, or what you refer to as horses, were quite small, somewhere in the area of 20 to 24 inches in height, that is at the shoulders or the front hoof area.

"The Sons of the Law of One found an unusual fondness for the ancestors of your present day horse. They were a gentle animal, very loving in nature and very peaceful. From appearances, looking upon the small creatures, that had a great deal of affection for man, had a great deal of closeness to man, and were somewhat protective of man. They were very communal in their own group or in their own families. They were a very gentle-natured animal, but they had very little means of protection from the more ravenous creatures of that time.

"So in an effort by the Children of the Law of One to offer the creature a means of protecting itself through their mental abilities utilizing the genetic structure of the animal itself, they made the necessary changes wherein some of these animals would be born with a horn in its forehead.

"Although they did not attempt to create this in all of these little creatures, they did attempt to influence the genetic structure of some of them. Those that were born then with the horn in the forehead became the guardians of the rest of the herd.

"The horn has a brilliance to it, much as gold has a brilliance to it, and it would catch the play of light; and as it moved its head then this light would reflect off this horn, and it would scare other predators away. At times, it was actually used in protection, but not all of these creatures carried the horn, only some.

"Eventually, what you refer to as a unicorn was in existence up until it reached the approximate height of 40 inches according to your understanding of size. When the nature of that animal evolved to approximately that height, then the last of the unicorns came into being.

After that they naturally died away. As what you know today, the horse evolved then in its present state. Now, this is not to say that the whole family of animals evolved at the same rate. Some grew or evolved into a larger animal much faster than others."

The last passing of the unicorn, in our understanding of time, was approximately 17,000 years ago, according to The Council.

Someone asked The Council if this creature had any mystical or magical powers, as often portrayed in fiction.

The Council:

"Not necessarily magical or mystical. If one would give it qualities that would be of a spiritual nature or a nature of purity or a nature of service in that those of the horse family that did manifest the horn would not take it upon themselves to have a mate but acted as a guardian for the herd.

"So that these were, how shall we put it, soldiers of the herd whose life it was just to protect. They did not take it upon themselves to have a mate.

"So their whole life was a service to the others. Now, let us understand clearly, there was not a large number of these animals, and they were only useful as long as the animal remained small in its evolution. As evolution brought the animal into a larger size, then the number of these unicorns were less and less. We must also remember, too, that the evolvement was not uniform, in other words, as far as size goes. So although at the time of the last unicorn, you did have what you understand as a horse, not all of these animals were the same or not all of those animals of that family would truly have been considered a horse, based solely on its size or general appearance."

After reading the terrible way in which man in those ancient days treated the animals, it was uplifting to hear the story of the unicorn. And yet, there was one more very significant element added by The Council. The unicorn would never have been required in the first place, to protect the herds from which they came, if it had not been for man's ungodliness.

The Council:

"In the very beginning no animals were considered predators. All animals lived side by side. It was not until the negativity of man and its influence on the material that brought an aggressiveness to the animals.

"Remember, you as souls control all things. Your aggressions towards one another, you manifest not only in your relationship with one another but will manifest throughout all of creation that you influence or are a part of."

Keep that phrase in mind: "You as souls control all things."

Let's return to Atlantis.

Chapter 12 Day of Tears, Day of Triumph

Despite the weariness of the entire party, despite the shock that still clutched the hearts of the six young men, despite tradition's call for a more ceremonial and time-consuming exit from the encampment, the Sons of Light were gone before sunrise the next day.

All were more than ready to go midway through that day, such was the burden to the spirit in that place. Even sharing in the obvious joy their effort to heal and uplift brought to those pitiful creatures was inadequate to prevent melancholy from settling on them.

The candidates found, though, that investing all aspects of their attention on the incredible situation served them best. They sensed that, through this experience, the last vestiges of naivety and childishness were fading from their state of awareness. For example, there was a rudimentary chain of authority amongst the creatures, one that only had little to do with brute strength or ferocity. That was something Pulon and Mahtha both noticed in the first few hours of labor.

"Perhaps it would be better described as cooperation," Pulon said as he, Mahtha and Treb broke away from the others for the midday meal of water and dried fruit. The other three candidates seemed more at ease near Youm-

El, because it was obvious to them that the creatures respected Youm-El's position and authority as they did. Pulon had been observing the creature which bowed before Youm-El and it seemed to be accorded the same respect from the creatures, if such a comparison could be made, given by men to Youm-El, the senior and most sensitive elder of the village and of the Forum of Elders.

A half-dozen other of the creatures seemed to form a body of authority, for they communicated with the leader often, and traveled between the leader, the holes and hovels throughout the encampment, and the center of the encampment. When almost the entire group had been escorted to the Temple of the Earth Kingdom, these leaders split off into different directions and brought other creatures to the center. The process repeated itself time and again.

Meeka came to the three young men. He spoke lowly, more as if he did not want to unnecessarily disturb even the air. "It is the custom at this place for the leader to provide additional insight about this situation after the evening meal. Then the chronicler gives greater background and answers questions.

"However," he said with a sigh, "we may find that custom must be set aside even more than it has already. So if you have any questions to this point, and they can be answered briefly before we conclude the meal, ask them now."

"Yes, I," said Treb, scooting from his seat in the dirt more closely to Meeka. He was deadly serious. "Has anyone from the village, well, from anywhere — has anyone been harmed while serving here?"

Meeka looked at him straight in the eye. "Yes. Several Sons of Light have died here, and numerous others have been injured. Remember the elder Johath, the great chronicler whom I replaced? Remember he did not have a left arm? He lost it here as a very young man; in fact, his first time back after his mission of the Rites of Growth."

All three of the young men gasped, and moved closer to Meeka.

"What happened? Tell us, please," said Treb.

"It was, Johath told me, a routine mishap here, caused by his own forgetfulness. A wounded creature, like some you have already seen, was being escorted inside the temple and it was overcome with its own pain and fell. Johath simply reacted, and grabbed the beast to help it up. It bit his arm off. We must use as much caution here as we do compassion."

Meeka then explained the situation with Raggaws and the creature: "It is impossible to know for sure, but we think that may be a true man-beast. In its torment, and with its mutated senses, it may be able to somehow know that Raggaws is not only our enemy but his. It may know Raggaws is of the kind of men who destroyed him and condemned him to a life in this nightmarish existence."

Pulon asked, "How long has this place been here? What do the chronicles say?"

"The chronicles are unclear about that," Meeka answered. "Either this encampment, or another site nearby, originated before the last great migrations of our people from the old world."

"Years beyond count," Pulon responded, "it is almost too awful to believe."

"That is one very important reason why we come. Many, many, Sons of Light have been lost to the shadows because they stayed away from such service. The only way a man knows if he is staying strong is to test his strength constantly. A man can be overpowered from without, by not maintaining sufficient strength; or he can be overpowered from within, by thinking he is strong with only memories as proof."

Mahtha and Pulon both pondered those words during the return journey, for it seemed to them much strength had been tested, and in ways they did not suspect when they chatted with Meeka during the meal. They learned, at dusk that day, that it normally took two long days to deal with all the needs in the encampment. The mission delegation would rest for the night inside the temple.

But, as dusk came, Youm-El insisted that they work without stop, through the night. The plan did not please anyone else, but they knew if Youm-El insisted on it, there had to be a very good reason. The men on top of the Temple, who focused so earnestly on the crystals and the creatures to affect the uplifting, had to be rested; and Uhnimer and Hamesh and Sallac joined the rotation early. Working through the night also meant the creatures' nocturnal habits had to be contended with, which had created several tense and dangerous moments, moments when the force of their nature (and perhaps a deep resentment of man) teamed with the night.

The rapid departure was also at Youm-El's insistence. The group pushed as hard, if not harder, for speed on the way home as they did on the way to the encampment.

It became readily evident that Youm-El was brooding over something that tormented him deeply. They all felt it and maintained a silence on the journey, partly out of respect for Youm-El and partly so they could try to sense whatever it was, and whatever else may await them.

As the new night came, when they were crossing the waters, Hamesh collapsed to the floor of his transport.

"What is it, brother?" asked Sallac as he helped him to his feet, "exhaustion?"

"More than that, more," responded Hamesh in a somber tone. "I fear something has happened to my family. No, that is not correct, Sallac. I know something has happened to my family. It is clear."

Pulon and Treb, with the two elders and Raggaws, felt more afraid and helpless than ever before, hearing Hamesh's words and seeing a darkness shroud his countenance.

It was mid-morning when the party, minus Sallac and Hamesh, approached the wooded ridge that was their home. Longing and apprehension was transformed to fear, anger, horror and confusion unlike anything they had ever known.

Virtually all the trees for many square leagues were gone, only charred trunks remained standing; and wisps of smoke still curled up from many of them, and from the blackened rubble that sat where houses and common buildings had been.

The transports slowed and stopped on the last cultivated field at the base of the ridge. The delegation stepped out and wandered around aimlessly for a few moments, staring at the devastation before them.

With no trees, the great area that the village had covered with all its homes and gardens and gathering places, appeared so much larger than it ever had before. And it was all gone.

Halfway up the ridge and to the east, a giant fire was burning.

The others were aroused from their numbness by Youm-El's voice.

"This is my doing," he said firmly, as though he wanted no mistakes made in punishment.

The answer came to Meeka quickly. He looked at Uhnimer and at Youm-El, and back at Uhnimer.

"What do you mean?" asked Glour, another of the mission delegation. His words mixed with those of Raggaws, still blindfolded: "What is it? What is the matter?"

Most of the others had scattered up the ridge, at different speeds, and involuntarily uttering different sounds of shock and tragic surprise.

Meeka said, "Youm-El, you seek to protect Uhnimer from self-condemnation; you both feel you are to blame." Uhnimer was so choked with sorrow and guilt, he turned away so no one could see his face. Meeka put his arm around him for emotional support. "This is not your doing," he said. "Nor is it yours, Youm-El; it is only the doing of the Evil One."

Glour was less of a sensitive than Uhnimer, and he understood none of this. He begged, "Youm-El, tell me, please, what has happened?"

"I was followed back from Bargmord," Uhnimer said lowly, his back still turned to the small group. "That is the only answer."

As Uhnimer spoke, Meeka ignored the protocol of asking permission of Youm-El and he removed Raggaws blindfold. The intruder twisted his head around and squinted, and as Meeka untied his hands, he shielded his eyes from the bright light. Then he froze. His eyes widened, and he staggered backward. Meeka knew he was genuinely stunned and afraid.

Youm-El spun around and pierced Raggaws with a cruel gaze.

"You were not alone that night, the night we caught you. There was another, was there not?"

Raggaws was, at first, dumbfounded at the vicious and accusatory tone. His mind was overwhelmed with conflicting thoughts and emotions. Just as he went to open his mouth, a pitiful wail rolled down the hill: "NOOOO)! My child, my child..."

###

Wert was still so filled with anger that he could not speak; he could not even power the transport.

Imbeciles, vermin and scum! he thought to himself. They can't even carry out a surprise attack on a village of sleeping worms and get it right. When he returned from the scene he would feed the captain to the warrior beasts as a reward; at least they got it partially right, and they didn't have the advantage of half a pure brain!

Yes, he promised himself, he would take care of the captain.

The first observer to arrive back at Bargmord had not a slick, neatly packaged report of total destruction and torture and humiliation, all that the

worms deserved and that he had personally planned for. Instead, most of the village had obviously been alerted, so surprise was not complete. Additionally, the prongs of the assault became uncoordinated and did not strike as ordered. Battle progressing, the observer's report concluded.

"Pro-GRESSING! DAMN THEM!!" he screamed, startling his driver and affecting the speed of the craft.

Many women and children, and even some men, fled into the woods. Some got to small transports to escape. Some leaped into the river and swam and floated away. It was certain that only 29 worms were killed in a village that, by his estimate the night he was there, held at least 300 souls.

What most caused Wert to quake in anger was how many of them died: in a struggle for the death beam. They actually surprised the small contingent of the Royal Guard, which had authority over the beam, and for a time had the upper hand! It was just unbelievable.

From the information gathered after the force had returned, Wert suspected that not all the villagers were even present. If he could confirm that, it would help swing more of the attention on the ineptitude of the captain, as field commander, and off he and Tustqun as the architects.

The villagers who fought for the beam tried to destroy it, and caused it to topple over, crushing a Guard Trooper and the chief engineer. And when the warriors approached the fields and then the village, they found few to kill but, instead, found themselves facing the possibility of death because the worms gained temporary control of the beam and turned it in their direction. That lasted just long enough to send the warriors back down the ridge at a frantic pace; but the beasts were coming up the ridge with the smell of blood in their nostrils and with the understanding they were free to kill. Thus, two prongs of the assault were turned on each other.

The warriors never did reach the top of the ridge as planned. It took the survivors of the Royal Guard to drive the villagers away and, so angered at being attacked, they obliterated all life with the beam and then burned the entire area.

Wert's anger grew instead of lessening, for he continued to see his career in shambles because of these truly worthless Sons of Light. Warrior beasts, no one cared about except perhaps Tustqun's people. The death of warriors, the trained fighters of the Atlantis Army, was a grave matter. But that an engineer and Troopers of the Royal Guard died, in an operation he helped plan without the knowledge or permission of the king, could cost him everything.

He would find an answer to his dilemma at the village of the whiteworms; he knew it.

The solitary transport approached the region of the village. The driver, from the warrior class and hand-picked by Wert, was armed with a sword. Wert had a small beam weapon. With them was an observer from the assault, an observer who already understood that he had a rewarding future ahead of him if his subsequent report helped Wert.

###

Raggaws thought about lying to Youm-El. No, he could say, he was not with anyone when he came. Obviously, he realized, they must think this destruction was related to his visit; maybe they know there was another; maybe they are...

"Yes," he said, as much to end his own confusion as to aid the cause of these men. "I was with another, an advisor to the new king, a man named Wert." When he said it, he felt different, as though all the events of recent days had created a great stress on something inside and his surrender to Youm-El's question was the final bit of strain. Something changed; something was different.

Youm-El and the others turned and walked towards the destruction, leaving Raggaws alone, free and standing right next to the transports.

When Uhnimer and his sons reached what had been their home, they saw the charred figure in the yard. Pulon broke into uncontrollable sobbing and

staggered away; Mahtha and his father hugged each other in bereavement.

"Go, son; go for now and see if you can gather what transpired," Uhnimer said after many minutes. "That is a job Meeka will need help with. Help from someone strong."

Mahtha left, and Uhnimer turned to the questions and the pain within.

How long, he wondered as a new eruption of sorrow filled him, how long will man suffer so? His bitterness and pain began to flow like a storm-swollen stream, overwhelming its banks and bringing ruination to all in its path.

All the wisdom that he had, all the answers, all the insight, had been powerless to save his Chalani, his home, from torment and destruction. So crushed was his reality that an intense drive, unlike anything he had ever felt before, grew within him. He wanted those responsible, he wanted them found and put within his reach. He would end his pain and avenge his wife and village piecemeal — and in his mind's eye he could see it — ripping bit after bit from the bodies of those responsible. They will cry and he will rip, they will beg and he will rip, they will cry for death to shield them and he will rip...

"Oh God! God!" he suddenly yelled at the sky, "Oh please, help me. Save me from these thoughts and forgive me."

Uhnimer began to beat his fists against the earth again and again until he collapsed into a sobbing hulk. As he lay there, the sound of his own weeping faded and, in the distance, he could hear the weeping of his brothers. The spark of a thought appeared in his mind, and it bound itself to all that he had been, and the two elements nurtured and encouraged each other: Belial cannot win, they cannot win, Chalani did not die in vain; Belial cannot win, they cannot win, Chalani did not die in vain...

The thought became a chant within him, causing the powerful and frightening lust for vengeance to begin to soften, to lighten. A small island of peace, a measure of control, emerged within the storm.

When he felt he was emotionally and physically ready to move again, he sat up. A cool, fresh breeze caressed his face, tearstained and flushed from the boiling hurt and anger he now hoped he could control. He took a deep, deep breath, and it felt so very good...

"Uhnimer! Thank the Father it is you, and you are safe!" Uhnimer looked around to see Borth, a young man who attended his passage several years earlier.

"I grieve with you over your loss; we all grieve, I," the young man swallowed hard. "Mother and father both..." he slumped onto the ground.

"What happened, Borth? Who did this to us?"

"Durrea saved us," Borth began. "Somehow, he realized what was about to happen and he started waking up the people; sending most women and children fleeing, and directing a few older men along. I stayed and fought, and so did many others."

Uhnimer looked at Borth with a painful curiosity. "If the women were warned, then why Chalani and why your mother?"

The young man cried. "The beasts got mother. She wouldn't go..." It took several minutes for him to recover.

"I don't know about Chalani. She is, Oh Father, help me... she is whole, Uhnimer, so their weapon got her and not those things. Why she was here? I don't know; maybe in the darkness and confusion she wasn't awakened."

Uhnimer asked about the others. Durrea and several others died by the great weapon, and some were killed as they finally gave up and ran from the beam. Borth said the villagers were gathering in scattered spots for many leagues around. A few, it was believed, had even followed the river almost to the coast.

"How is it that there is still such a large fire burning over there?" asked Uhnimer, pointing halfway up the ridge.

"That fire consumes the bodies of their dead, which were many. Counting the beasts, there were at least 40 of them to die here. Every few hours one of us who are hiding nearby come here to drag another to the flames and to see if any help has arrived."

Uhnimer reassuringly squeezed Borth's arm and said, "Let us look for ways to help." He thought focusing on other matters, for now at least, would stave off the return of great grief.

"We have several wounded some leagues downstream," Borth said. "Could we take a transport to bring them back?"

"Bring them back to what?" Uhnimer answered. Borth had no answer. "I guess I still have not accepted. It was so, it was..." The young man could not go on.

"Do not try to explain now," Uhnimer said. "I understand. There will be time for that later. Let us go."

"But Uhnimer," Borth said in a pleading tone, "I killed a man." They stood in silence, staring into each other's eyes, for many moments. Uhnimer could read the confusion, the shame, the hurt in the young man and it added another wound to Uhnimer's ravaged spirits, that so good a soul as young Borth had been forced into such a position.

The tears streamed down Borth's face. "It was in the struggle to keep them from using that weapon they had. All of the people there were fighting, with axes and stones, anything they could find. One of their warriors came at me with his sword but I jumped away. I knocked him over and then, then, I got the sword and I stabbed him."

Uhnimer ministered to the young man's needs. In the voice of a strong, comforting father, he said, "You are not at fault, Borth. You were acting in your defense, and in the defense of your people. Do not feel ashamed."

"The Infinite Father knows more than we, Borth. He will see us through this, and he will care for those who have left us. Let us forget our woes and go to your group down the river."

With that they walked to the transports. So much emotion had assailed Uhnimer, that he did not notice that Raggaws was no longer there. Just as they began to enter a transport, Raggaws said, "Stop, stop or he will kill you."

Borth and Uhnimer looked up to see Raggaws with three strange men. Borth immediately recognized the attire of the man with the sword.

"A warrior, the ones who attacked..."

Uhnimer threw his arm up to wave the young man into silence, but the warrior was so tense he mistook it for a gesture of hostility. He leaped away from his small band and lashed the sword at Uhnimer.

"Wait, fool!" yelled Wert, but it did no good. Uhnimer and Borth jumped away from each other as the heavy blade crashed onto the frame of the craft. Uhnimer screamed a hateful, animal-like sound as he leaped at the warrior and knocked him down.

Someone screamed "NO!" behind him, and Borth rolled past his line of vision and bounded up and back at the group. Uhnimer and the warrior struggled for an instant, but the warrior flipped Uhnimer and brutally kicked him in the head. In another instant, he was standing up with his right foot on Uhnimer's abdomen, the sword flew high over his head and then he was driving it down at Uhnimer's stunned and bleeding head.

A flash of reddish light struck the warrior in the side of the face and knocked him off Uhnimer. He dropped the sword as he fell, and he threw his hands over the place where flesh and cheekbone burned so badly.

Uhnimer rolled over frantically as he looked to see what else was happening. Borth had one of the men down, and had just struck his head

with a stone. Raggaws, the intruder, stood as a stone, staring at the warrior in disbelief. He had a small beam weapon in his hands, and he then shot the warrior again, killing him.

Borth lunged at Raggaws and grabbed the beam device, but Raggaws offered no resistance. The other man had dashed away, and they could see him entering the trees near the river.

"That was Wert," Raggaws said, still with a dazed expression on his face as though he could not believe what he had done. "He was with me when I came here. He must be responsible for all this."

Uhnimer needed to hear no more. He snatched the beam device out of Borth's hands and hopped into a transport. Such was his intensity that when he snapped his focus into place, to power the vessel, the transport leaped to life and streaked towards the river.

In seconds he was past the trees and was crossing the river. He saw Wert, dripping with water and fright, running as fast as he could along the other bank. Uhnimer raised the beam device and aimed, his focus diverted so the craft coasted to a stop just at edge of the water. He wanted to kill Wert, he wanted it in a way so powerful he thought that he would burst from the desire. But he did not give in ... Chalani did not die in vain.

He threw the device out into the water, and the dark burden of vengeance flew with it. He felt renewed and strong again, and he prepared to catch the wicked man called Wert.

But before he could start, he saw something that struck him like a bolt of lightning. A krukssk.

Uhnimer had never seen one before, and it was more hideous than anything he could have imagined. Larger than two men, maybe three, standing on their shoulders; with massive, muscular legs and a thick tail. It had two arms that were clawed and looked so tiny, but were probably bigger than the arms of a man. The monster's head was huge and gruesome, with a wide

gaping mouth filled with fearsome, sharp teeth — large teeth, very large teeth to be seen so clearly from Uhnimer's position.

It lumbered out from the trees as Wert ran past and it was standing there, watching the man as though it could not decide at first what it was.

Then it took several large hops, almost like a bird, and roared with a voice from hell. Wert looked over his shoulder to see what was following him and he screamed too. For an instant it seemed he found a reserve of energy, for his pace quickened. But he was running too fast to maintain control, and he stumbled and fell. The krukssk hopped once and he was above the man. Wert screamed and screamed. The monster bellowed again, but this time in a different tone, a tone of triumph. Wert tried to scoot backwards but the monster took one step with its right foot and pinned Wert's leg to the ground.

Wert was whimpering and crying, and the horrid sorrow of the scene penetrated the shock Uhnimer felt as the nightmare played out before him. But he was too far away to be of any help, even if he could overcome the sheer terror he felt at seeing the beast.

The monster roared and roared for what seemed forever, as Wert wriggled and screamed and cried. Then the krukssk slowly bent down and growled right in Wert's face. It bit into his shoulder, and half of Wert's torso vanished into the monstrous jaws. The beast made a deep grunt of satisfaction and the sound mixed with the crackling and smashing of bone and flesh. The total effect was a sound like "krukssk."

One more dying scream from Wert. The krukssk raised up, tipped its head way back and snapped and chewed, and Wert was gone.

The beast walked into the trees and was gone.

Uhnimer stumbled out of the transport, and flopped face down into the water of the river, desperately hoping it would jolt him back to reality. He rolled onto his back and sat up, so that his legs remained in the clear, cool water. He watched a twig float downstream, down to an atmosphere that was green and fresh and sweet. He looked above the treetops on the other side, and

could see that blackened ridge, and the smoldering ruins where the worship house had been.

For the longest time, he could do nothing or feel nothing. He could not cry or laugh. He just sat, waiting for the sting and the joy of life to return to his being.

###

Here, we are almost at the end of our tale.

The Council tells us that the Sons of Light and the Sons of Belial did engage in open conflict. And there were weapons like that described in the assault on the village.

The Council:

"You see, where today it was necessary to drop a bomb to kill all those that inhabited a city, back in the times of Mu and Lemuria and part of Atlantis all that was necessary was to focus a crystal. No real destruction. Just a quick death. No after effects. Just an intense heat and a complete deterioration of life. But today you must first learn to destroy and maim in a very gross way with your bombs and with your radiation; then you refine the crystal to what you call a laser. As each destructive wave comes, as each negative waves comes, it brings with it a greater intensity of destruction, of hate, of negativity, of atrocities. The blow is much quicker and much more devastating than before, so back when man was able to kill a thousand people, today he is able to kill a million at a time."

Something to consider, isn't it?

Now, for the krukssk. If this monster resembled a Tyrannosaurus Rex, that is because it was a Tyrannosaurus Rex. We all know, of course, that science has told us absolutely that the dinosaurs lived long before any apelike creature that is supposedly an ancestor to us. Well, the best minds of the day some years back had the western world convinced the sun revolved around the earth. That didn't make it so.

A further unveiling of this aspect of The Council's material, and a further unveiling of reality is at hand.

Chapter 13

Knowing Ourselves

We have, as promised early in this book, soared into worlds unknown. It is hoped that the journey to this point was at least entertaining if not enlightening. As we enter the final phase, let us put things into perspective.

We cannot unlearn what we have learned in life. We can, and must, add to it. And we can hold on to that body of knowledge while relearning something else that is generally forgotten. Our society proclaims that it has, among its loftiest of goals, the desire to create a free-thinking and open-minded people. But in reality, in the world of mankind, power naturally protects and enhances its own power; authority shields itself; and what has been attained tends to warp the viewpoint so that the preservation of the act of possessing takes precedence, even over the object itself.

In other words, it is fine to float among the philosophical clouds of free thinking, as long as the ideas that represent the power of the day are not threatened.

Here, sojourners, continue with the knowledge of your own past; that is, of what you have wondered about, the questions you have had, and the stirrings of uncertainty deep within. All this is you, as is the knowledge presented by outside sources throughout your time in the world of men.

We keep and compare all, and utilize what serves our purpose the best, for that is the way of the human mind. A critical point in the quality and applicability of awareness, then, is purpose some-thing we forget as much as we forget that free thinking is not always as desired as we are told. Is our purpose of learning to determine the answers we have been seeking, answers to the questions: Why are we here? What is the meaning of life? What else is there to reality? Or is our purpose of learning to impress our friends, our neighbors and ourselves?

If we are sincerely desirous of utilizing information and knowledge to begin narrowing the gap, (nay, chasm) between our physical and spiritual essences, then we are heading in the right direction. With that as the case, areas of apparent incompatibility between different units of understanding are welcome. Such a situation is seen in the creation versus evolution debate. The friction created between them, as time passes, will wear away that which least serves our purpose. So, we must keep the purpose properly attuned and directed, and eventually we will end up where we want to be.

Consider what we have touched on already, and what we will present on this final journey, as another path in the right direction; maybe, you will discover the best path.

As I was about to begin this final section, I had the opportunity to visit a fine institution known as the Center of Science and Industry in Columbus, Ohio. It is a place of marvels, and we were additionally blessed to see a traveling exhibition of animated, life-size dinosaurs.

The hours of examination, investigation, and inquiry were truly enjoyable, and I probably learned as much as my sons did. One of the things I learned, though, was that I never before realized how well we know how little we know. Science hedges its bets masterfully, couching its uncertainty (that aggravating rascal) in terms so well-crafted that the general perception is that theory is fact. How curious that such misconceptions are allowed to linger, when misconceptions that do not serve the status quo are stomped on like ants at a picnic.

This realization, formulated as I read all the signs and placards in dozens of exhibits, brought to mind the sport of wrestling. Science seems to have the upper hand, the control, in matches against many adversaries from the realm of ignorance. But these opponents are truly worthy, and science cannot score the decisive pin. It's difficult for the casual spectator to track, during the course of a match, how many movements or strategies attempted by the seemingly superior wrestler have not worked. Just the same, it is difficult to observe how many theories and fractions of theories or supports for theories, have changed over the course of time because, it came to pass, that they didn't work.

This now brings up the first of two areas with which we want to deal: early man and dinosaurs. Previously, we discussed The Council's explanations on the illusion and flexibility of time, on weaknesses in testing for precise ages, and on ancient human-like remains being evidence of man's experimentation with animals.

The Council has stated emphatically that man is not a part of the animal kingdom. The plant and animals kingdoms have undergone an evolutionary process, but man is separate. We are the Children of God, in essence small gods, whose manifestations in the physical world must function the most efficient way according to the laws of nature.

Here is one way to tell that we are separate.

The Council:

"All flesh is different; and all your scientists would have to do is examine the flesh of man and examine the flesh of a monkey or a bird or a lizard or a snake and they would see there is no basic grounds for that concept [that man is related to the animal kingdom]. It is man's way of eliminating the price of self-indulgence. When you eliminate a Creator and His influences and His rules, then you eliminate the responsibility of answering to anyone but yourself and in that respect then you can do as you please and as it suits you to serve only yourself. Once you bring in the concept of a higher being, a God, then you must answer to that, thus comes a judgment, thus determines or brings about a need for a form of action or a set of rules which then in your concept inhibits your free will. So you see it gradually unfolds into the same thing, selfishness."

Someone then asked, is it correct then that the only similarity of form and substance between the bodies and men and animals is because the rules of nature are the same for all.

The Council:

"Yes, also that some animals do in their activities resemble or function under basically the same activities that you as a man do. Some animals have a highly refined social structure, just as you humans should have; although we

dare say, as we look upon the face of the earth now, you could learn a great deal from the social structures that animals maintain amongst themselves and their own kind. At least in the animal population you do not see wanton killings amongst their own."

Science continues to hang broken old bones onto our family tree like baubles on a Christmas tree. The previous quote cites a pretty good reason, and one that does not apply just to the efforts of scientists, but to all of man: With no superior being to answer to, we can get away with murder.

Here is an exchange that is more specific, not just on man and evolution, but on how we are misinterpreting the evidence of the transgressions from our distant past. The questioner noted that the significantly different Neanderthal man lived simultaneously with present man then died out. Just what was, the questioner asked, Neanderthal man?

The Council:

All aberrations of what you understand as man in your present ability as far as documenting history, you will find ultimately are the spin-offs of previous efforts by nations or civilizations to create either animals of burden or servitude or to turn soul-existing entities into animal-type entities.

Q: You mean all the different names we have for different beasts or creatures, such as Java man, Neanderthal man, Cro-Magnon man, this, that, and the other are...

C: Well, first of all, let us back up a little bit and look at what you really have. You have many names but what really do you have to prove there was such an existence.

Q: Bones.

C: Bones? And how many specimens do you have? How many full-fledged carcasses complete, you are speaking only of the bones, do you have? Do you have a sufficient quantity to say, "Here is a quote 'group' of these beings?"

Q: No. Not that I can think of.

C: There have been animals, and we do mean animals, that have been on the face of the earth that none of you, none of your scientists, are even yet aware of. Could it be possible that some of these "bones" may just have been stretched a little; placed to fit a concept that someone has already preconceived? Now, let us back up. We are not saying that these things that you have mentioned have not existed. What we are saying is that do not place quite so much importance on them, especially in relationship to the possibility that these are your forerunners or your ancestors. They are not, absolutely, are not. What some of these bones are, are the castoffs, runaways, and murdered creations of not only Atlantis but even Lemuria. These, in some areas of the land, were sent en mass to mine, to do labors of such nature, to even start agricultural communities, especially those dealing with foodstuffs that could not be grown in other lands or in the mother land; so you will find remnants of this and that, here and there. God forbid, if it has taken you this long to come where you are now without having to start from some monkey form of body."

One last quote on this topic, with a slightly different twist, to broaden our understanding of the topic. The question: "When will we finally realize the truth and quit with the physical evolution of man?" The answer:

The Council:

"Well, as soon as the ego of some of these scientists is brought to bay. It is simply egotism on the part of the intellectuals, trying to make something that does not exist. They want to be their own gods. Do you see? They want to say that they have achieved, that they at one time swung in the trees and through their intellectual prowess were able to climb down out of the trees and stand erect and make them what they are today. Pure egotism. Common sense would indicate other than that, but men of intelligence, men of pride, and we might say women too, are so bloated with their own self-love that they cannot see the trees for the forest. There is a difference in the flesh. Now, hear this, we have said this before: There IS a distinct difference in the flesh of man and in the flesh of animals. That alone, that alone is enough to tell anyone with common sense that man is not related and never has been related to any animal."

Whoopsasaurus and Friends

We should have a pretty good idea of who and what we are, and how and why we got here. Again, to be clear: This knowledge, this different path to at-one-ment with our true selves and with the Infinite Creator, comes from the perspective of the Council, who is standing on the portico of the House of the Infinite Creator. We not only have the advantage of their perspective (far better than, say, the yard next door). We also have the benefit of knowing they reached their position by experiencing and successfully completing the physical expression, or the life cycles of the earth.

Man is a small god, so far gone from his natural place that he doesn't recognize it. The members of The Council are also small gods but they are almost back to their starting point, inside the front door of that magnificent House.

"You as souls control all things," The Council said in a quote cited a few pages back. We have skirted the significance of that concept through this entire effort. Here now, it is made much clearer. Understanding it, even to a degree, is like opening the eyes of our spiritual reality, our true selves, for the first time.

This reawakening, reawareness, comes in conjunction with a discussion of dinosaurs. Modern man doesn't believe man and monster lived side-by-side. The Council says differently. Here is why. The question asked, basically, was: What were the dinosaurs? The answer:

C: They basically are the monstrosities created by, originally, let us put it, they had their seeds in Mu. So they are actually the playtoys or monstrosities of that period, not in the final version or edition as is seen according to your paleontologists or archaeologists or historians. Those were the latter day versions. Through each cycle, through each civilization, they were used as the sporting animals of that time. When it came into the period of Atlantis then they were not only used for sporting but also for honing their destructive tools or they were used as targets to find and hone their destructive tools or equipment. Those last few, now we are not talking in

terms of two or a dozen or a hundred, but those last few that were not totally destroyed met their end in other ways. Very well.

Q: Did a comet help to knock a whole bunch of dinosaurs off? Is that one of the ways?

C: Well, can you tell the difference between a comet and such a tremendous explosion or eruption that would change the atmosphere?

Q: No.

Q (another): What about the changing of poles, was that a part?

C: There was a parallel or a number of things going on. Part of the actual end of that particular age or those particular animals was due to a polar change, but also the final ending came because not only a polar change but also massive eruptions. Now this is not to say that there have not been some large, large comets hit in your physical history, yes this has happened, but the greatest disaster has come from the violent eruptions and quakes that occur at a polar change or can occur.

One of the questioners restated modern man's understanding of how the dinosaurs developed over millions of years, with "the great dinosaurs coming in the middle and late periods." "What happened?" the questioner asked, "Did the process get away from the Mu-ites or whoever it was? All of a sudden they had more dinosaurs than they could handle?"

C: The actual genetic changes that were made were made, how shall we put it, caution was not taken in how many test animals were used, nor was there a proper consideration given to the breeding habits and the number of the animals' ability to reproduce in one period of gestation. Do you understand?

Q: Yes.

C: If you make one change in the genetic structure of an animal, you can assume that at that particular time that will be probably, in most cases, the only change that will occur. But what happens a hundred years down the

road? Will that cause some other changes to transpire? And if you make these genetic changes with specific purposes in mind, are you able to see the entire set of ramifications that may transpire from that or is your sight limited to only that particular change and possibly one other potential effect it may have? Do you see? Do you follow what we are saying?

Q: Yes, it is similar when we remove a natural predator for one animal we are overwhelmed by, when we remove the coyote, we were overwhelmed by jackrabbits.

C: Yes. So what originally intended to be a definite plan by the greed, the negativity, the lack of foresight, the lack of consideration, it got out of hand, and it began to run its own path that could not be controlled. They, in most cases, outgrew the expectations of those who were doing the genetic changing or who were involved in it. The purpose of such animals for their strength and their ability to be used as animals of burden or labor, it did not take long for that realization to be lost and develop into what could truly be called monstrosities. Some of the more docile animals did not prove to be such a problem, but those that were carnivorous proved to present quite a problem and have some very serious effects on some of the societies at that time. .

Q: They sort of ate some of the people?

C: Of course. If you just think in those terms you are limiting their influence. Can you imagine a tremendous animal, the waste it produces, and the amount of food it eats? Now, you may laugh, but that waste does have a very definite effect on nature. It can make a ground so fertile that it can create a lot of other life forms that would not have been created. So it turned into quite a serious problem. Some of the inner waterways were absolutely off-limits because of aquatic animals that were far too dangerous to even consider encountering.

Q: The myth of the sea monster or sea serpent?

C: Well, you still have those. There are a lot of things that this planet contains that you are not permitted to know about.

Q: Not permitted by governments or not permitted by our own selves at a higher level?

C: Well, if it were left entirely up to you, you would know about it all. Does that answer your question?

Q: Yes. When these humans started experimenting with animals for their own selfish benefits, they did start with something? They started with a godly creature? They started with something and began to change it? I am thinking of, like, turning a rabbit into a tyrannosaurus through time.

C: No, they started with a single cell or less. What do you think, you just came into a world all made up? You made it. You were given the elements and you created it, you evolved it. You had agreed to work within certain limits and create a particular form to exercise your creative potential, and you, of course, got what you have now. Far from what was ever originally intended to be. It truly was a one shot deal, if you want to put it in those terms. Drop in and drop out. But you did not want to let go; you did not want to drop out.

"You started with the elements to create life. You evolved. You determined what animals would develop into what animals, what cells would develop into what organs, what size brain this animal would have and what capabilities it would have, what were its instinctual potentials. You name it. You created it."

Q: But, Council, is it not true that there were many animals on our earth before we came, some 150 million years ago?

C: Before you decided to get involved enough to take on a physical body, certainly, you worked in a spirit form during all that creation.

Q: Yes, I understand, thank you. But then on Mu the ...

C: The form solidified on Mu.

Q: Then we started to create what turned out to be the dinosaur monsters?

C: Yes. Your original invasion, if we may use that term, of Mu, the body that you originally created when you actually touched down on Earth was what is commonly understood as a light body. It was not as solid or dense as it is today, far from it. Do you understand?

Q: Yes.

C: And, of course, as you became more and more involved, then you became more and more dense. The Garden of Eden was a beautiful picture painted of the original state of Mu. You certainly were naked because your bodies were not that solid to wear anything.

Unbelievable? Perhaps. But keep it in the back of your mind. This is another unit of information to compare with all the others pouring down on you; compare them all and utilize from each what best serves your purpose.

So, to conclude: Dinosaurs were the result of an effort gone wrong, a mistake, a major problem caused by the incorrect attitude of the small gods, man. We control all things, and we have erred.

Doesn't it all sound familiar? It is something our mothers said to us as children, our teachers said to us as students, our ministers have said to us as parishioners. It can be said in a thousand different ways, and The Council is trying to help us see that truth, something mankind desperately needs as we enter a new millennium.

There was a time before, when man needed help in trying to see that truth. Let us return one last time to Atlantis where, this time of help was foretold:

The Darkness and the Light

The Sons of Light from the ancient village, now destroyed, spent many days trying to collect their thoughts, their courage, as well as trying to collect their scattered people.

Youm-El told them, later on that first day back from the mission, that he had strongly felt another presence on the night Raggaws was captured. But he chose not to pursue the sensitivity. Uhnimer, Meeka and the others tried to sooth their friend and leader, but their efforts did little good. Youm-El removed himself their presence for many days, and wandered in the forest and along the river, fasting and praying and meditating.

With lookouts posted for protection, the men worked day after day to salvage what could be salvaged and to bring a respectful and fitting conclusion to the village of their fathers.

As the work was concluded, before they left the scene for the last time, they gathered for prayer. Uhnimer and Meeka led the ceremony, and there was much contemplation and much sadness.

Youm-El appeared. They yelled greetings to him, but he did not answer His countenance was strange. Youm-El rose his hands high over his head.

"Now hear, oh Sons of the Law of One," he proclaimed with an authority unlike any they had heard before.

"The darkness known today is but a whisper of the darkness that will come upon the world of man. This land, once a jewel to the eye of the Infinite Creator and Great Liberator, is but now a vile ash. Even temples once dedicated to the Father have become places of wickedness. Its time to be crushed into dust is on the horizon.

"Tribulation will come times three, and the final payment for man's past transgressions against creation will have been made.

"Through all these events, the darkness will grow and settle upon the minds of men. Man will be blind to himself, and Belial will flail his arms in the blackness, destroying many of those who cannot see.

"There will be a place where the Divine Spark shall be kept, safeguarded, from the darkness so abundant. This place will be deep, deep within the hearts of the Children of the Light, and of their children, and their children,

for ages beyond measure. The Flame of Truth shall not go out. It will be hidden, but safe.

"The Sons of the One God will know many earthly princes, but no king until that appointed time, when preparations will have been made and the road will have been made straight away, that the Sons of the One God will bow before the King of the Light.

"Until then, they shall safeguard the light from the darkness.

"Thus so be it, the light will be carried in the hearts of the few, where the truth shall be known, until that illuminated truth shines forth as the avenue upon which The Son of Light will come to man.

Youm-El walked away again, and was seen no more by Uhnimer or the people.

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And so it came to pass, as Youm-El prophesied. Through years uncountable before his time, it had been so; and through years uncountable after his time, until a night through the humblest of all, the Light came.

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The Sons of Light, the Children of the Law of One, carried the torch of truth within their beings. Long past memories of spiritual grandeur, they continued not just to believe, but to know.

Until that appointed time, the world continued to become a darker place, darker than ever before. Because, even in humanity's times of illumination as the ages passed, there were fewer and fewer souls reflecting out the Light that the Divine was offering. More and more children would not eat at the Fathers' table, feeling that it was no longer their right, their place; feeling that they were no longer worthy.

But the Divine has always left the table set and the door open.

Epilogue

At the beginning of our trek, the phrase "soar to worlds unknown" was used in an attempt to tantalize and tease the mind: Did we recall hearing it before? Where? In what context?

I pray the effort — to illustrate in a special way that each of us is an entity unending — was at least somewhat successful. If only one element of this book stays with you, the reader, let it be the reinforcement of that knowledge: we are forever.

The phrase, incidentally, comes from the last verse of the traditional hymn, "Rock of Ages." The name implies that no matter what the age, the time, of mankind, that a foundation of spiritual strength is always available upon which to build a new awareness, and from which to achieve final and complete reunion with the Divine Essence.

The Council Experience, which at this writing is composed of more than 1.25 million words from Trance Communications, can be likened to another face or facet of that rock. As mountain climbers will make a new challenge and gain new rewards by taking a new path up a great rock, so The Council Experience can be a new path to traverse. We leave you with these words from The Council.

The Council:

"In all of man's written knowledge there is much truth, much truth; and as we have said many times before, there is nothing new that we can give you. All that we can do is clear away some of the confusion that exists, to point out the half-truths and its distortions, or to point out the truth and its warped view or misunderstood deliverance....

"Our purpose is to do away with as much of the misunderstanding and the rationalization as can be achieved through those who wish to accept what we express. There is no one way, and any one who says that the Divine and His Love is so narrow and so selfish as to exclude all those who do not comply exactly with what some people say is the way ... well, we do not feel that we

need finish that remark. Remember, the Divine Source that you recognize as God the Father is much more loving, much more just, and much more understanding than you can comprehend, and He has not made the way so narrow that only an elite group can travel that path."

Thank you, readers. Thank you.

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About the author

Denny J. Highben

Author Denny J. Highben began his career in journalism while still a high school student in Massillon, Ohio, working before classes and on Saturdays for the hometown afternoon paper, "The Evening Independent." He served as a military journalist during a tour in the United States Marine Corps, then returned to The Independent and worked his way through college at Kent State University. He graduated cum laude with a degree in journalism and history.

Highben and his wife, Sherilyn, decided it was important to raise their children near the family roots, so he remained at The Independent until the size of their family outpaced the size of a local journalist's paycheck. During his years in journalism, Highben received multiple awards from the Associated Press and United Press International, and was a member of the Newspaper Guild and Investigative Reporters and Editors. He covered everything from crime to local and national politics, and wryly notes that "they are not always the same" (although one of his investigative pieces did get the local mayor charged with a misdemeanor). He traveled to Mexico and Central America for a series of stories, and appeared in an HBO documentary on "Violence in America," detailing the Ohio background of mass murderer James Oliver Huberty. He also authored a weekly column for eight years, mixing observation and commentary with humor.

Highben's journalism career was already into its second decade when he met psychic and deep trance sensitive William Allen LePar. Concluding that LePar and the astounding events in his life were legitimate, Highben began researching and writing about LePar and his trance communications. "If

someone had predicted I would accept psychic phenomenon as fact before I met LePar, I would have laughed in their face,” he now says. In addition to numerous contributions to a newsletter produced by associates of LePar, Highben has edited other writings and written the books, “Who Put the Horn on the Unicorn?” and “On the Brink: The Coming of AIDS.” He is currently working on a biographical piece about LePar.



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